

"I Do As I Darn Please" By—?

Silver Screen

10¢
IN CANADA
15 CENTS

November



Dolores Del Rio

GET A SIGNED PHOTOGRAPH OF ANY STAR



IT TAKES MORE THAN THIS TO BE QUEEN OF THE MAY . .

THIS is Pamela . . . pretty and charming . . . adding to her good looks with a "permanent." The big Spring party is on at the club tonight, and Pamela would like to be voted the Queen of the May, or, better still, the queen of some suitor's heart . . . But Pamela will never be queen of anything . . . people with halitosis never are . . . it is the millstone about many a lovely neck . . . and all so unnecessary.

Why take a chance?

The insidious thing about halitosis (bad breath) is that you yourself never know when you have it. But others do, and give you the cold shoulder. What do they care how attractive you are if your breath is a

nuisance! Why offend others unnecessarily? You can put your breath beyond suspicion in a second or two. Simply rinse the mouth with Listerine, the quick deodorant. Listerine attacks fermentation, declared by a noted dental authority to be the cause of 90% of mouth odors. Then it gets rid of the odors themselves, leaving the breath sweet, agreeable, and wholesome. Don't forget also, that Listerine overcomes odors that ordinary mouth washes, devoid of antiseptic power, fail to conceal in several hours.

Never make the mistake of assuming that you are immune to halitosis. Fermentation takes place even in normal mouths; consequently anyone is likely to offend at some time or other. Don't take that chance. Use Listerine every morning and every night and between times before social engagements. It is so pleasant, so refreshing, so safe, so effective.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

Listerine quickly checks Halitosis (Bad Breath)

"OUTRAGEOUS!" *Says* MODERN SOCIETY

"SPLENDID!" *Says* THE MODERN DENTIST



IT ISN'T BEING DONE, BUT IT'S *One Way* TO PREVENT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

CAN'T you just hear the shocked whispers flash around a dinner table at her conduct? . . . "How terrible" . . . "How perfectly awful" . . . And they'd be right—from a social angle.

But your dentist would come to her defense—promptly and emphatically.

"That's an immensely valuable lesson in the proper care of the teeth and gums," would be *his* reaction . . . "Vigorous chewing, rougher foods, and more primitive eating generally, would stop a host of complaints about gum dis-

orders—and about 'pink tooth brush.'"

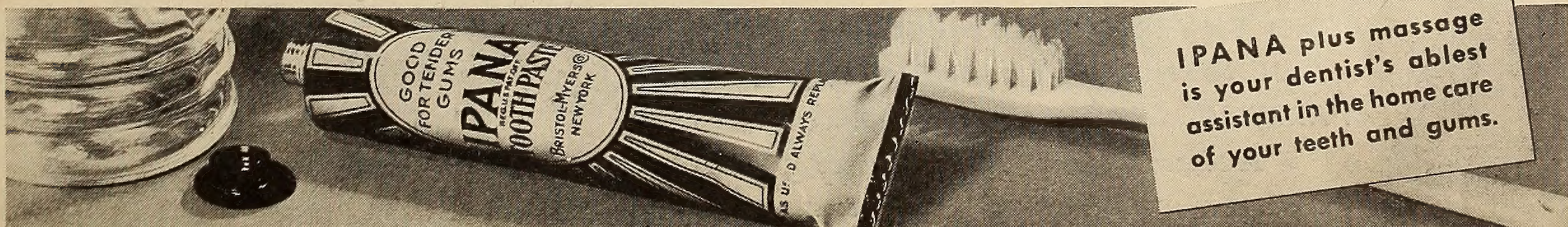
For all dentists know that soft, modern foods deprive teeth and gums of what they most need—plenty of exercise. And of course, "pink tooth brush" is just a way your gums have of asking for your help, and for better care.

DON'T NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH!" Keep your teeth white—not dingy. Keep your gums firm and hard—not sensitive and tender. Keep that tinge of "pink" off your tooth brush. And keep gum disorders—gingivitis, pyorrhea and

Vincent's disease far in the background.

Use Ipana and massage regularly. Every time you brush your teeth, rub a little extra Ipana into your gums. You can feel—almost from the first—a change toward new healthy firmness, as Ipana wakens the lazy gum tissues, and as new circulation courses through them.

Try Ipana on your teeth and gums for a month. The improvement in *both* will give you the true explanation of Ipana's 15-year success in promoting complete oral health.



IPANA plus massage
is your dentist's ablest
assistant in the home care
of your teeth and gums.

YOU HAVE WAITED 7 YEARS FOR THIS!

M-G-M again electrifies the world with "Broadway Melody of 1936" glorious successor to the picture which 7 years ago set a new standard in musicals. Roaring comedy, warm romance, sensational song hits, toe-tapping dances, eye-filling spectacle, a hand-picked cast.

THE GREATEST MUSICAL SHOW IN SCREEN HISTORY!

**SING THESE
SONG HITS!**

"On a Sunday Afternoon"
"You Are My Lucky Star"
"Broadway Rhythm"
"Sing Before Breakfast"
"I've Got A Feeling
You're Foolin'"

by Nacio Herb Brown
and Arthur Freed, com-
posers for the original
"Broadway Melody"

BROADWAY MELODY of 1936

with

JACK BENNY • ELEANOR POWELL • ROBERT TAYLOR

UNA MERKEL • FRANCES LANGFORD

SID SILVERS • BUDDY EBSen

JUNE KNIGHT • VILMA EBSen

HARRY STOCKWELL • NICK LONG, JR.

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Directed by Roy Del Ruth • Produced by John W. Considine, Jr.

REFLECTING *the* MAGIC of HOLLYWOOD

NOVEMBER 1935

VOLUME SIX
NUMBER ONE

Silver Screen

ELIOT KEEN

Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON

Western Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL

Art Director

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COVER PORTRAIT OF DOLORES DEL RIO BY MARLAND STONE

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

The OPENING CHORUS

A Letter from
Liza

DEAR EDITOR:—

I have decided that Kentucky is my favorite state. I have never been there, but if you know of anybody who wants to give me the trip it seems a nice idea. I am grateful to Kentucky, not because of the Derby and the mint julep, but because of Irvin S. Cobb



Una Merkel

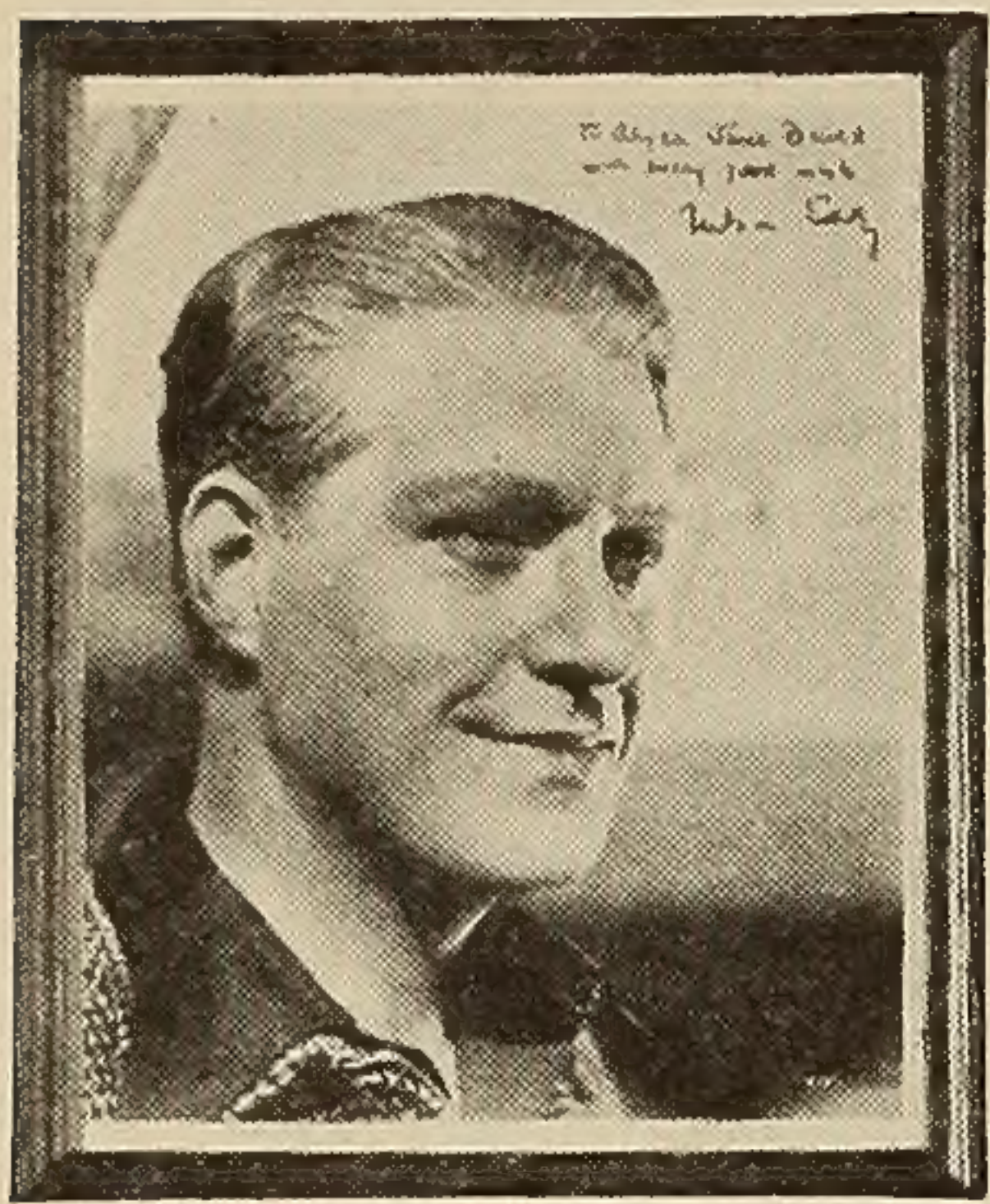
and Una Merkel. Both born in Kentucky and endowed with good Southern wit.

I had the grand fortune to be invited to one of Mr. and Mrs. Cobb's famous Sunday luncheons, and the laughs began when Mr. Cobb, in his working smock and resembling a man carrying a rolled top desk (the author's description of himself), squatted down to mix the mint juleps, all the while explaining why he likes chitlings, and the laughs did not end until five hours later when he escorted his guests to their cars and remarked: "Before I came to Hollywood I always heard of the big luxurious automobiles you people drove out here. But every time the Cobbs give a party it looks like a second hand car sale."

I only have space to tell you one of Mr. Cobb's stories, which concerns our little Shirley Temple. Mr. Cobb was strolling around the Fox lot when Shirley called to him, "Come over and see my playhouse, Mr. Cobb. You can climb over the fence, but there is a gate." After he had inspected the playhouse Shirley took him to see her rabbits. (She started with two, but now there are eighteen.) "Would you like one?" Shirley asked, and poor Mr. Cobb agreed that he would. "White or black?" inquired Shirley. "The white ones are prettier but the black ones keep cleaner." "Dear me," said Mr. Cobb, "I just remembered, Shirley, that eighteen makes a set of rabbits, and I wouldn't want to break a set for you." "Oh, that's nothing," said Shirley, "I can get plenty more where these came from."

One of the grandest times I ever had was the afternoon that I went shopping with Una Merkel to get her wardrobe for "Riff-Raff," the picture she is making with Jean Harlow and Spencer Tracy. Shopping for a movie star's wardrobe might sound like a mad adventure in Molyneux, Chanel and Schiaparelli, but such was not the case. We drove down to the wrong side of the tracks in Los Angeles to the Famous Store, where a five dollar bill is still a lot of money. There Una bought an evening dress to wear to Jean's wedding for \$1.98, shoes for .59, stockings for .10, etc., and knowing the Merkel humor as you do you can just imagine what a swell time we had trying on things. But the laugh was on Una. When she stepped from behind the dressing room curtain in a seventy-nine cent street model four fans rushed up and said, "Miss Merkel, please give us an autograph." Una did, and then making a wry face said, "Wouldn't you just know they'd recognize me. When I'm dressed up they never do." It's life, I always say, *c'est la vie*.

ANOTHER CONTEST FOR SIGNED AND FRAMED STAR PHOTOGRAPHS



Framed photo of Nelson Eddy which he inscribed to Alyce Jane Baird. The letter that won this prize is printed below.

This is the prize won by Lena Mae Northam. Read the winning letter.



Some of the Winning Letters



Randolph Scott signed this picture for Mae Ashworth. Her letter is cute.



A beautiful photo of Claudette Colbert, signed, framed and sent to Ruth L. Menge.

"I HAVE LONG been waiting to air my views about my favorite," writes Alyce Jane Baird of Pembroke, Me.

"To me he is a concoction of Daniel Boone, Ivanhoe and Caruso. A Daniel Boone because he is delightfully American. An Ivanhoe because he appeared like a knight rescuing a damsel in distress. A Caruso because of his glorious baritone voice. You have my secret. His name is Nelson Eddy."

Now look in the upper left hand corner.

"Stars may come and stars may go
My favorite star is Jean Harlow!"

"UNLIKE SOME movie fans, whose favorite screen star changes every few weeks, my favorite always remains the same. Although there are others I like very much, lovely Jean Harlow holds first place in my heart," writes Lena Mae Northam of Gibson, N. C.

"Through the ups and downs of her screen career I have stood by her in loyalty and devotion; rejoicing with her in her happiness and sympathizing with her in her sorrows. Best wishes to her and may she continue to star in more and better pictures for many years to come!"

Jean signed in blue ink so that it hardly shows.

"GOOD OLD Randy Scott! The first time I saw him, I longed to warble 'The Stars and Stripes Forever!' Continental accents and old-world manners became mere aspirin-invitors in the face of that lovely American grin," writes Mae Ashworth of Mt. Vernon, Ind.

"He's something new in men. Don Juan with a sense of humor. A handsome man without a preen. A he-guy with parlor manners. The answer to a maiden's hysterics! If he doesn't develop into the greatest actor-charmer since Valentino, somebody's wrong—and I don't mean me!"

You get a nice picture.

"CLAUDETTE COLBERT is my favorite star, as she is so natural and sincere it is hard to believe she is acting," writes Ruth L. Menge of New Haven, Conn. "I think one of her best performances was the night club scene in 'The Gilded Lily,' when she tried to impress the guests that she had forgotten her lines. It was a difficult rôle yet acted so convincingly. She can play a light or serious part equally well."

"Regardless of the theme, Claudette Colbert's pictures are always very entertaining and never disappointing. Her charming personality is relied upon to make them a box office success."

Claudette likes that "Gilded Lily" scene, too.

"I HAVE chosen Bing Crosby as my favorite star," writes Kathaleen Peara of Peoria, Ill. "I like him because he acts natural, as do real live people, and I am very fond of his voice. I think he is a wonderful crooner. He seems to me to be the ideal person that I always had in mind. He is quiet and does not seem to be too active and he apparently does not care for publicity, as most actors do. I think he is different, that is why I like him."

To be a crooner and remain regular, that's something.

"CAROLE LOMBARD to me is sheer magic. She has shaped her career slowly, demonstrating an ability that is astonishing and a charm that is breathtaking," writes Emajo Stage of Tulsa, Okla. "With your beauty, poise, success, aided by your loveliness, Carole, you're the Top!"

The photo that she has signed and inscribed to you is being framed. Wait!

The fifty winners of the signed, framed photographs offered in September have been notified by mail.

Read these CONDITIONS and enter THIS CONTEST

1. In addition to the letter each contestant must fill out and send in the coupon which appears on this page.
2. Please limit your letters to just as few witty, clever, brief thoughts as possible. No letters over a hundred words considered.
3. You can enter as many letters as you wish providing that each is accompanied with a coupon.
4. You may write about any star in the movies and your letters will be judged solely on their intelligence, originality and neatness.
5. The star's name appearing on the coupon must be the star mentioned in the letter.
6. This contest closes at midnight, November 7, 1935. Entries received after that time will not receive consideration.
7. In the event of ties prizes of equal value will be awarded to each tying contestant.
8. Address your letters to Star Photograph Editor, Silver Screen, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

Editor,

Star Photograph Contest,

Silver Screen, 45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

Herewith is my entry in your contest. If I win I should like to receive an inscribed and framed photograph of

Your Name

Address City State

This coupon invalid after Nov. 7, 1935

A RECKLESS, BEAUTIFUL WOMAN..

Cool, calculating, hard, she spun the Wheel of Fortune in a roaring cauldron of untamed, clashing humanity . . . the Gold Coast . . . Against this sweeping canvas of a nation in the making, Samuel Goldwyn has created a production so magnificent, challenging and thrilling to the imagination that it will hold you spellbound.

SAMUEL
GOLDWYN
presents

BARBARY COAST

with

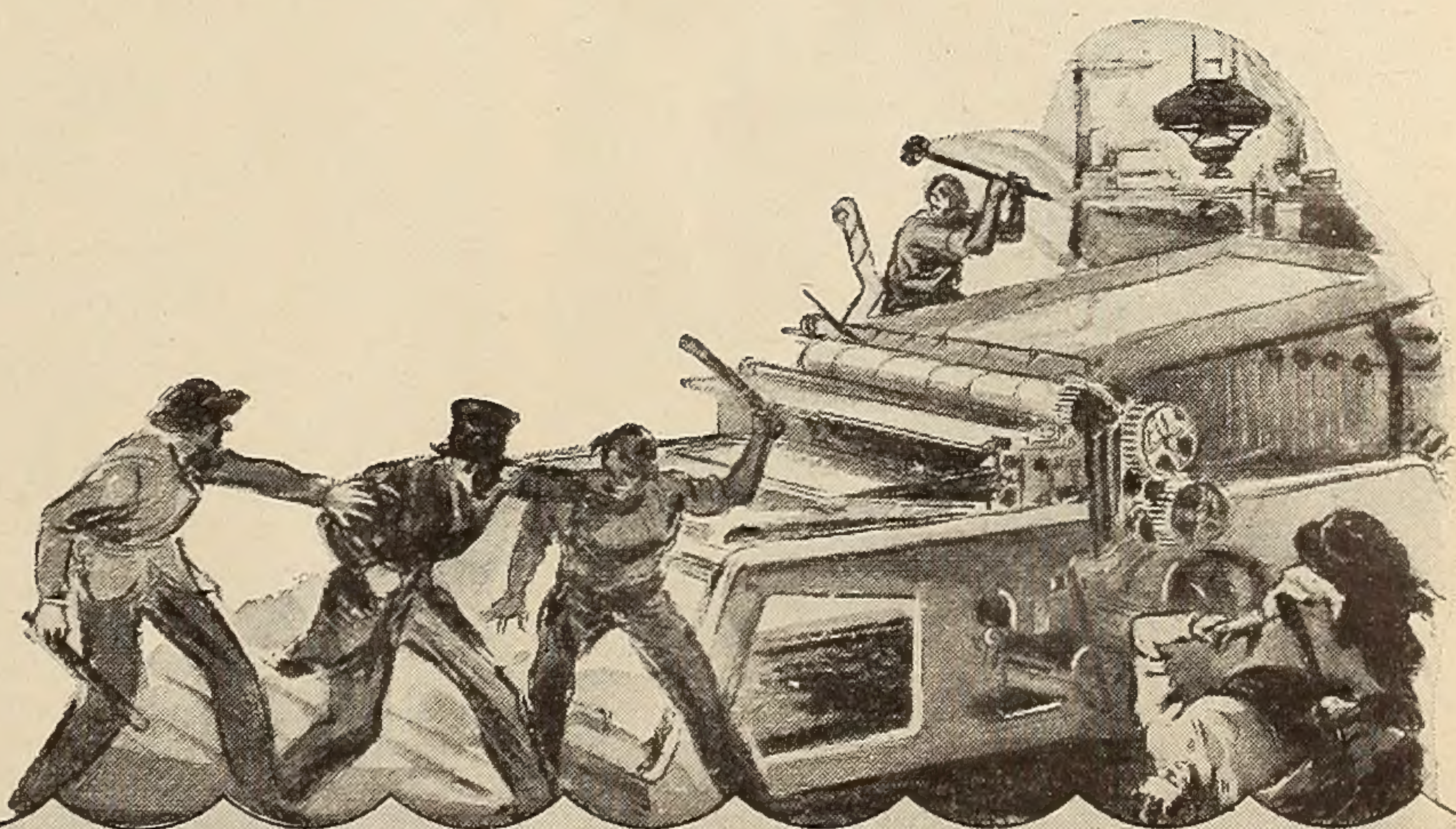
MIRIAM HOPKINS

EDW. G. ROBINSON

• JOEL McCREA •

Directed by HOWARD HAWKS

Screenplay by Charles MacArthur and Ben Hecht • Released thru United Artists



REVIEWS!

Tips On Pictures

Joan Crawford can make even a phone call seem intimate.



ALICE ADAMS—Excellent. Katharine Hepburn doing her finest characterization in Booth Tarkington's poignant drama of a small-town family that runs into such pathetic difficulties when it tries to jump the social hurdles. (Fred Stone-Fred MacMurray.)

ANNAPOLIS FAREWELL—Fine. All of us have a patriotic, sentimental streak hidden away somewhere and this film brings it right out on the surface. Hail to the Navy! . . . is the general idea and the cast includes Dick Cromwell, Tom Brown and Sir Guy Standing.

ATLANTIC ADVENTURE—Fair. All about a newspaper reporter (Lloyd Nolan) whose love for Miss Nancy Carroll causes a series of melodramatic happenings on board an ocean liner.

BONNIE SCOTLAND—Amusing. The team of Laurel and Hardy choose the land of the heather and blue-bells for their present fling into comedy, and create plenty of laughter to the accompaniment of the bagpipes.

BRIGHT LIGHTS—Good. A new angle on burlesque performers. Now you'll learn that they are hard-working people who take their jobs pretty seriously, even as you and I. (Joe E. Brown, Patricia Ellis, Ann Dvorak.)

CALL OF THE WILD—Fair. The great open spaces of the Klondike lure our friend Clark Gable in this romantic Jack London novel, and way out there we also meet Loretta Young, Jack Oakie & Reginald Owen emoting picturesquely—in spite of the climate.

CAPPY RICKS RETURNS—Good. Peter B. Kyne wrote this political yarn around his fictional hero "Cappy Ricks"—played very capably by Robert McWade. (Florinne McKinney-Ray Walker.)

CHINA SEAS—Good. When that grand he-man, Clark Gable, sails the China seas he's terrific! Don't miss him, girls. Especially with Jean Harlow and Rosalind Russell to worry him on his way. Men will like this rip-roaring drama of the sea also. (Lewis Stone-Wallace Beery.)

CRUSADES, THE—Excellent. One of those stupendous epics by Cecil DeMille which will prove as hearty cinema fare as a full eight course dinner. Henry Wilcoxon as Richard, the Lion Hearted, Loretta Young as his wife, and Ian Keith simply swell as Saladin, the Saracen chief.

DEATH FROM A DISTANCE—Good. If you find yourself absorbed in scientific mystery stories, this film should appeal to you. Cast includes Lola Lane, Russell Hopton and George Marion.

DIAMOND JIM—Good. Edward Arnold gives a remarkably clever impersonation of one of New York's far-famed men-about-town at the turn of the century. Binnie Barnes as Lillian Russell, and Jean Arthur as the girl he loves and loses.

EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT—Amusing. A small town band (Patsy Kelly, Frances Langford, Alice Faye, George Raft) making a stab at big-time via the amateur radio hour. You'll enjoy this.

FIGHTING YOUTH—Fair. A football yarn with our old friend Charles Farrell as the grid-iron hero. Can you imagine that? The campus background is diverting and the cast includes June Martel, Andy Devine.

FORBIDDEN HEAVEN—Fair. This has the same key-note as the picture, "Seventh Heaven," even though the plot is totally dissimilar. London is the setting, with Chas. Farrell as a soap-box speaker who almost be-

comes a member of Parliament. (Charlotte Henry-Beryl Mercer.)

GOOSE AND THE GANDER, THE—Fine. A frothy bit of comedy all about a mix-up in wives and sweethearts, with a few deft jewel robberies to add a bit of sparkle to the dialogue. In cast, Kay Frances and Geo. Brent.

HERE COMES COOKIE—Amusing. If you are the type that eats up goofy comedy—the goofier and screwier the better—then see this latest Burns & Allen hodge podge by all means. Otherwise, keep far, far away.

HI GAUCHO—Fair. There is some lilting music and plenty of colorful atmosphere in this story of cattle ranching in the Argentine. In cast, Steffi Duna, John Carroll and Rod La Rocque.

HIS FAMILY TREE—Good. James Barton as Old Man Murphy, who hops over the Atlantic from Ireland to see what his son's up to in America, only to find the latter, under the cognomen of Murfree, failing to go places politically until he changes the name back to Murphy.

JALNA—Fair. If you read the many series of novels about the Whiteoaks of Jalna (one of those perennial fiction families) you may enjoy this a lot. Otherwise it may seem a trifle dull. (David Manners, Kay Johnson, C. Aubrey Smith.)

KEEPER OF THE BEES—Good. All is sweetness and light in a Gene Stratton Porter story. Hobart Bosworth is the Bee Master, Edythe Fellows is Little Chum & Neil Hamilton is the gent who is treated to a good dose of clean wholesome living. (Betty Furness.)

KING SOLOMON OF BROADWAY—Fair. A melodrama with the familiar night-club, gangster routine that is fair entertainment. In cast, Edmund Lowe, Dorothy Page, Louise Henry, Pinky Tomlin.

LITTLE BIG SHOT—Good. Sybil Jason, a little girl from So. Africa, is Shirley Temple's latest rival for celluloid honors. And she proves herself a grand little mimic and a charming actress in this film so slyly reminiscent of "Little Miss Marker." (Ed. Everett Horton.)

MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE—Amusing. All W. C. Fields' admirers will want

to see him in his devastating rôle of a hen-pecked husband . . . and will howl with laughter when the worm turns, so to speak.

MANHATTAN BUTTERFLY—Only Fair. A night-club melodrama, with its attendant interludes of torch songs and dances. (Dorothy Granger, Dorothy Burgess, Kenneth Thomson.)

MURDER BY TELEVISION—Fair. Bela Lugosi is cast as an inventor in this recent mystery film, which deals with a new type of murder, and June Collyer is the romantic interest.

ORCHIDS TO YOU—Good. As the owner of a fashionable florist shop Jean Muir is the recipient of many of her customers' intimate secrets—one of which eventually leads her into a compromising position. (John Boles.)

REDHEADS ON PARADE—Fair. A musical with the somewhat familiar backstage plot, with John Boles and Dixie Lee (Mrs. Bing Crosby) in the leading rôles.

RETURN OF PETER GRIMM—Interesting. Those of you who like gentle philosophical tales with a hint of the supernatural will relish this adaptation of a very well known play. (Lionel Barrymore, Helen Mack.)

SHE GETS HER MAN—Fair. ZaSu Pitts as the country waitress who achieves notoriety through a spectacular robbery and is catapulted into the world of big doings. (Hugh O'Connell, Lucien Littlefield.)

SHE MARRIED HER BOSS—Fine. This has some of the keen sparkle and gayety that we enjoyed in "It Happened One Night." Claudette is the girl who marries her boss (Melvyn Douglass) and his whole family as well!

SPECIAL AGENT—Fair. Another melodrama dealing with the G-Men situation. This one has its full share of hair-raising situations, as well as a romantic triangular situation that involves Bette Davis, Ric Cortez and George Brent.

STEAMBOAT ROUND THE BEND—Fine. This is one of those two pictures left as a memorial to us of that grand wit, philosopher and actor—Will Rogers. It is a story of the Mississippi, during the '90's. You should not miss it.

STORM OVER THE ANDES—Good. With Jack Holt playing a romantic soldier of fortune who casts his lot with the Bolivian forces in a recent war, you'll find plenty of red-blood melodramatic action in this. (Antonio Moreno-Mona Barrie.)

THIS WOMAN IS MINE—Good. An effectively staged tragedy of circus life, filmed in England, with such excellent performers as Gregory Ratoff, John Loder, Katharine Segava and Richard Bennett in main rôles.

TWO SINNERS—Good. All you sentimentalists who like to curl up on a divan with a romantic novel will get plenty of satisfaction out of this film which is replete with heart throbs. (Otto Kruger, Martha Sleeper, Cora Sue Collins, Minna Gombell.)

WAY DOWN EAST—Fine. Once done as a silent with Lillian Gish and Lowell Sherman, this melodrama of New England will thrill you again today in its somewhat modernized talkie version. (Rochelle Hudson, Henry Fonda, Margaret Hamilton.)

WE'RE IN THE MONEY—Fair. With Hugh Herbert as an absent-minded attorney employing two such comely process servers as Glenda Farrell and Joan Blondell, you're in for a lot of laughs with this one.

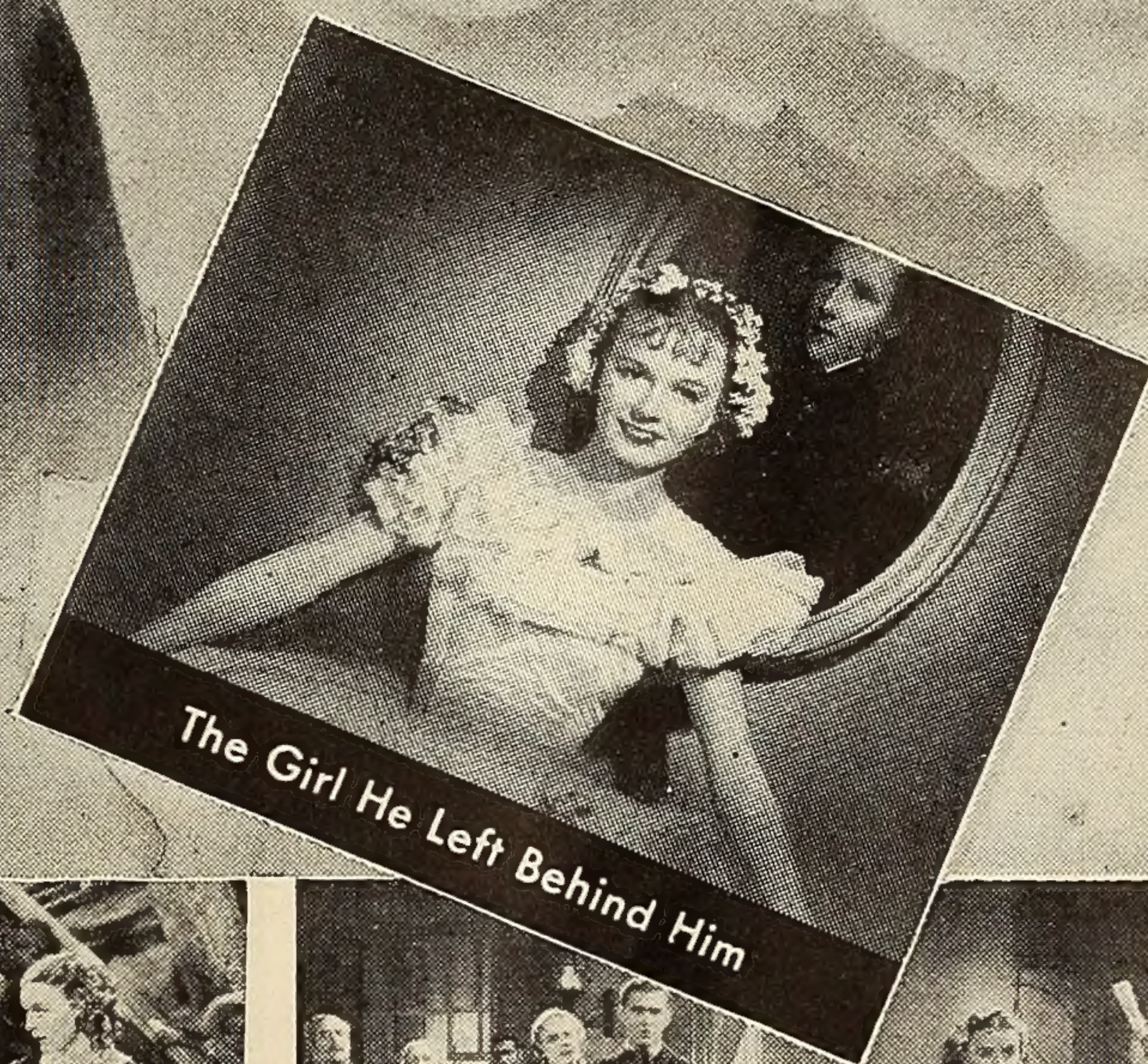
Next Month A Special Feature!

How to
GIVE YOUR
CHILDREN
A Shirley Temple
PARTY!

Mrs. Temple is planning a Christmas party for Shirley. **SILVER SCREEN** for December, out Nov. 7th, will give the details of this party. Give *your* children a Shirley Temple party also.

"So Red the Rose!"

The Flower of Southern Chivalry
Dewed with the Shining Glory
of a Woman's Tears . . .



The Girl He Left Behind Him



Slaves in the First Frenzy of Freedom



A Son of the South Goes Forth to War



A Daughter's Love Heals War's Wounds



A Last Sad Parting as the Bugles Sound



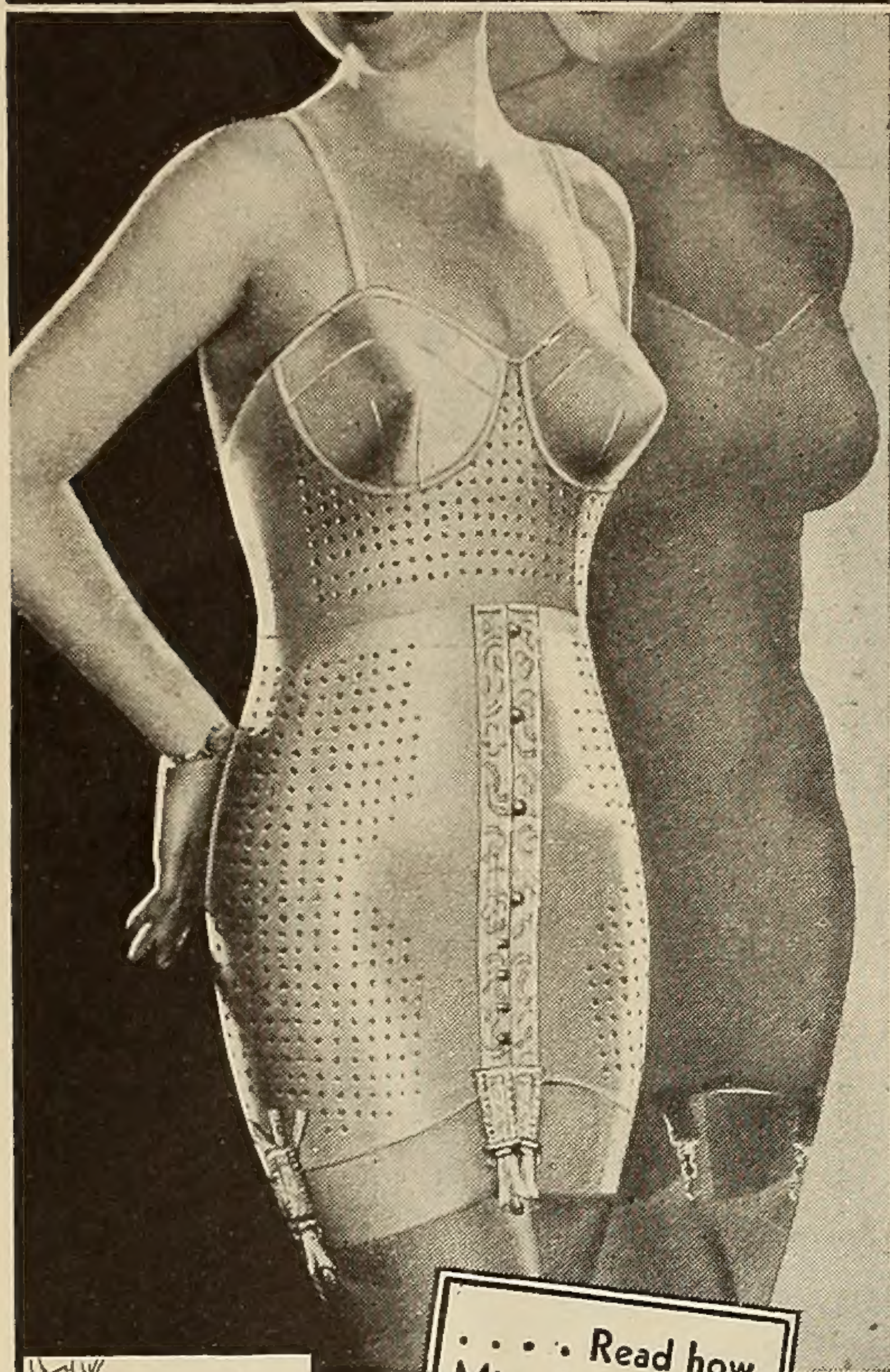
Women Await the Dreaded News



War's Axes Smash a Southern Home

"SO RED THE ROSE," starring MARGARET SULLAVAN and Walter Connolly with Randolph Scott. Directed by King Vidor. From Stark Young's novel. A Paramount Picture.

TEST...the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE
... at our expense!



... Read how
Miss Jean Healy
reduced her hips
9 INCHES!

"I read an advertisement of the
Perfolastic Co. and sent for
their FREE 10-day trial offer."



"They actually al-
lowed me to wear
the Perfolastic for
10 days on trial..."

"and in 10 days,
by actual measure-
ment, my hips were 3
INCHES SMALLER"

"In a very short time
I had reduced my
hips 9 INCHES and
weight 20 pounds."

WE want YOU to test the Perfolastic
Girdle and Uplift Brassiere at our
expense! Test them for yourself for ten days
absolutely FREE! We are so sure that you
can be your slender self without diets,
drugs or exercises, that we make this
unconditional offer...

REDUCE Your Waist and Hips
3 INCHES in **10 DAYS**
... or no cost

Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly

Worn next to the body with perfect safety, the
tiny perforations permit the skin to breathe as the
gentle massage-like action removes flabby, disfig-
uring fat with every movement... stimulating the
body once more into energetic health!

Don't Wait Any Longer — Act Today

You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely
in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle
and brassiere will reduce your waist and hips
THREE INCHES! You do not need to risk one
penny... try them for 10 days... at no cost!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept. 7311, 41 EAST 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing
and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and
Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and
particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Post Card

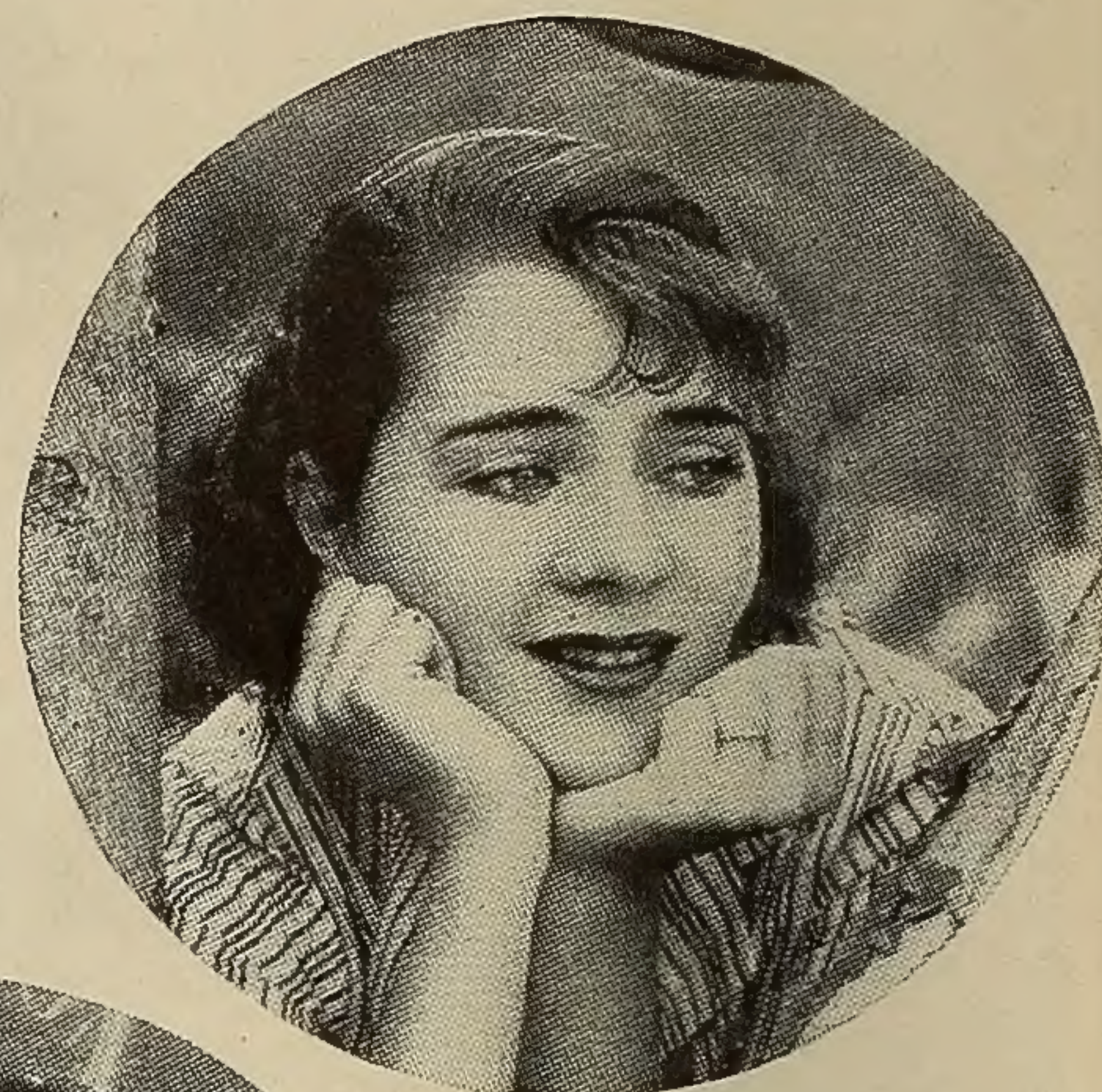
Last Chance To Vote In The SILVER SCREEN Gold Medal Contest

Who Is The Most
Popular Player?
(Either Man Or
Woman)

FILL out the coupon below
with the name of the star
who is your favorite, and help
to award the Silver Screen
Gold Medal for the Most Pop-
ular Player. This is your last
opportunity to vote, for this
Gold Medal Contest will end
on November 7, 1935.



Bill Powell. Will he win
the medal?



Ruby Keeler.
Her popularity
is increasing.



Norma Shearer.
Although she
has been out
of pictures, she
retains her
popularity.

The star receiving this award can have
the satisfaction of knowing that he or she
has received an absolutely fair and im-
partial election.

Ballots are being sent in from all over
the country, and the winner truly will be
the Most Popular Player on the Screen today.

Every true fan feels a sense of obligation
to the star who gives him the greatest
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player goes through many rehearsals and
many difficulties, to please you. It is a
little thing that you are asked to do. Vote
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Help To Select The Most Popular Player

THE FIRST TWENTY NAMES IN
THE VOTING AT THE END
OF THE FIRST MONTH.

These Names Are Arranged Alpha-
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Charles Boyer	Ruby Keeler
James Cagney	Myrna Loy
Claudette Colbert	Jeanette MacDonald
Gary Cooper	Fredric March
Joan Crawford	Robert Montgomery
Bing Crosby	Dick Powell
Nelson Eddy	William Powell
Clark Gable	Ginger Rogers
Greta Garbo	Norma Shearer
Jean Harlow	Shirley Temple

Fill Out This Ballot. The
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Votes Will Be Awarded
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**SILVER SCREEN GOLD MEDAL
CONTEST, 1935**

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SILVER SCREEN



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THAT WAS THREE CENTURIES IN THE MAKING
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from the classic comedy by
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
accompanied by the immortal music of
FELIX MENDELSSOHN

The Players

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Since there has never been a motion picture like A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, its exhibition to the public will differ from that of any other screen attraction. Reserved seats only will be available for the special advance engagements, which will be for a strictly limited period. Premieres of these engagements will be not only outstanding events in the film world, but significant civic occasions.

Make-Up News
from
HOLLYWOOD
...and it's about you!



Jean Muir in Warner Bros.
"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"

EXCITING NEWS from Hollywood! Max Factor, make-up genius has discovered a color harmony powder that can make you look radiant, young, instantly! The discovery resulted in creating make-up for screen stars...it might have still been a professional make-up secret if beauty editors and society women had not begged Max Factor to tell them how he made up screen stars to look so alluring...now you too may share this magic secret.

Max Factor's Powder will enliven your skin, give it youthful radiance because it is created in color harmony shades—one for you and one for every type from brunette to blonde. The uniform texture gives your skin a satin-smooth finish that lasts for hours. Being pure, it will keep your skin fine-textured, young just as it does for famous stars.

You will find Max Factor's Powder in color harmony shades for blondes, brunettes, brownettes, redheads at your favorite store. Use it and discover how lovely you can be.



Max Factor's Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar.

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Powder, Rouge and Lipstick in Color Harmony

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SEND Purse-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. ★ Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page Illustrated Instruction Book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"...FREE.

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Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE
Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here.
Only 0 Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE	

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BEAUTY IS ALWAYS CAUSE FOR Thanksgiving

Do Not Leave
Your Good Looks
At The Table.

By Mary Lee

THANKSGIVING ahead! And a danger signal booms "beware" to you who want to celebrate and still keep your figure. One star we're sure will heed that signal and do her feasting sensibly is Greta Garbo, who is so lovely and slender in "Anna Karenina" it gives you a positive thrill to see her!

We don't hear much about Garbo's secret of slenderness because she never lets herself get to the point where she has to do strenuous things for reducing.

Just why this tradition of going into a regular orgy of over-eating in honor of our austere Pilgrim ancestors, we never could understand! As a beauty editor who's trying to help you along in matters pulchritudinous, we think eating orgies are one big mistake, thoroughly unnecessary and no help at all to our Pilgrim fathers who've been beyond eating for a long, long time. They probably wouldn't like our Thanksgiving dinners. We gorge as if we were honoring the pagan Romans, who used to have their feasts lying on couches so they could eat and drink themselves into insensibility and then pass out gracefully without bothering anybody else.

Let's take Thanksgiving dinner as a test of restraint in eating. Honestly, a little knowledge of what foods do to you and enough will-power to turn down the pound-producing ones, form the safest, sanest way of keeping your figure within bounds. Of course, if you tip the scales far beyond where you're supposed to, you should take reducing treatments or use fairly strenuous methods to bring your poundage down. But weight taken off quickly has a way of coming back, like the cat, and it's pretty easy to undo all the good work with a few weeks of unwise eating.

Elizabeth Arden, whose figure control regime is responsible for some of the loveliest forms on and off the screen, blames acid foods as the ones most guilty of producing overweight. Excessive use of salt is on her black list, too. Not because salt is fattening, but it holds liquids in the body. Here's how you can enjoy a Thanksgiving dinner with Miss Arden's approval:

If you must have cocktails, drink them with the full knowledge that alcohol puts on weight. Gin drinks are the least fattening, particularly if they're made with fruit



The rare beauty of Garbo in "Anna Karenina" is eloquent of her self-control

juices instead of vermouth.

A fruit cocktail or clear boullion will do you no harm. Avoid seafood as it is acid and consequently fattening. Eat celery, and if there's a choice in olives, pick the green ones. Give the nuts a wide berth.

Rye crisp or melba toast made of rye bread is tasty and easy on the figure. Use butter very sparingly.

You can eat your turkey with a clear conscience. Not too much, of course. But steer clear of gravy, rich stuffing and heavily sweetened cranberry sauce.

Except for lima beans, peas and corn which contain much starch, you may eat your fill of vegetables. There's broccoli, string beans, spinach, squash, carrots, turnips, onions, Swiss chard—a whole raft of vegetables that are excellent to help counteract the acid in your system. Baked potatoes are not fattening if you don't use butter. All other potatoes are.

Stick to fruit or vegetable salads. French dressing is best as the lemon, vinegar or mustard it contains are alkalizing. Mayonnaise made with mineral oil is less fattening than when it's made with olive oil.

Fruits and water ices are the best desserts, "figure-atively" speaking. Bananas are not fattening, but prunes are. Cheese, cakes and pies, especially heavy mince pies, are disastrous!

Drink black coffee or tea with your dinner, but no water. Drink all the water you can put down between meals, but avoid it while you're eating. Water interferes with quick digestion and the foods which stay in your body too long are the ones that are converted into excess fat.

Now that you've agreed to take your Thanksgiving dinner "slimmingly," keep up the good work!

THE LAST



DAYS OF



POMPEII

A MERIAN C. COOPER PRODUCTION

with PRESTON FOSTER • ALAN HALE
BASIL RATHBONE • JOHN WOOD
LOUIS CALHERN • DAVID HOLT
DOROTHY WILSON • WYRLEY BIRCH

A dream of barbaric
splendor! A feast
of pagan revelry! Scenes
of startling magnitude!
The Pompeii of storied
glory! The mighty arena
with its combats! Earth-
quake! Seething Volca-
no! Stricken thousands
madly fleeing before its
wrath! . . . Mightiest of
spectacles! . . . the mov-
ing background for the
most human of great
love stories!

RKO RADIO
PICTURE

Directed by
Ernest B. Schoedsack

Around And About The Studios And Lots Where The Stars Earn Their Orchids.

By
S. R. Mook



At Paramount

THE department this month, for those of you who are interested, will consist largely of doings at this studio and R-K-O as they seem to be the only ones where there is anything going on.

First crack out of the box over here we run into The Wonder Boy again—Joe Morrison. This time Joe is in a story of the CCC camps called "It's a Great Life." And guess who wrote it? None other than Arthur Lake who used to be a star at Universal and who played in "Harold Teen" as a silent picture.

Well, Joe, as I told you, is a worker in in the CCC Camp where he meets Paul Kelly. He takes Paul home on a visit and Paul promptly falls in love with Joe's girl, (Rosalind Keith).

This morning Joe is sitting in his tent jealously looking at a letter for Paul from Rosalind. Paul, knowing nothing about the letter, Joe's feeling for Rosalind or anything else, comes whistling in.

"Hello, Johnny," he says cheerily.

No answer from Joe.

"I said 'Hello,'" says Paul crossing the tent and giving Joe's head an affectionate push.

"Letter for you," says Joe curtly, jerking his head away from Paul.

"Now who could be writing to me?" Paul wonders.

"Mary!" Joe snaps.

"Why so it is," Paul beams, opening the letter and glancing hurriedly through it. "She sends you her best."

"Oh, she does, does she?" Joe snaps. "Well, ain't that swell of her?"

"Say, what is all this?" Paul asks, seeing that something is wrong.

"I suppose you don't know," Joe sneers. "I suppose you can't remember a thing about cutting me out."

"I never cut you out," Paul retorts.

"No?" Joe sneers some more. "I suppose she wasn't my girl? Well, I guess I had it coming to me. That's what you get for taking a hobo into your home."

"Now you listen to me," Kelly breaks in, stiffening a little at Joe's insult. "Mary told me herself there was nothing between you two."

"You're a liar," Joe bursts out, socking Paul on the chin.

"That'll be all," says the director. Well, I should think so!

"Hello, stranger," says Joe when the scene is over. "You should have been up on location with us."

I express my regrets—very politely—and proceed to the next set. This one is called "Hands Across the Table." It was written by the famous Dorothy Parker and her hus-

band, the infamous Alan Campbell, who is quite a wit in his own right—or should I say "in his own way."

In addition to this, the star of the picture is none other than that ravishing beauty and scintillating wit, Miss Carole Lombard.

"Hi, Toots," says The Wit as I make my entrance.

studio couch and the window.

Carole rushes in with a bottle of iodine, kneels down beside him and starts dabbing furiously at his arm.

"Are you hurt?" she asks.

"Hurt, sire?" Fred retorts, "I'm dead!"

"You poor thing," Carole mocks.

"Oooh! Ouch!" Fred yells as the iodine begins to penetrate.

"Doesn't hurt," Carole consoles him. "What in the world happened?"

"I fell off the cot," Fred admits ruefully.

"You did?" Carole gasps.

"I fall off every night," Fred begins in an aggrieved tone, "only you sleep like a sailor and never hear me."

"Do you dream?" she demands.



Here is love in war time—and cruel Fate. Josephine Hutchinson and Helen Westley weave their magic for "The Melody Lingers On."

"Where the devil have you been? Bing and Dixie were over for dinner one night last week and I 'phoned you to come but you were out of town. Boy, howdy, did they get high and did we have fun. You know, 'Was I drunk and was he handsome and did my ma give me hell.'"

"Miss Lombard," Mitchell Leisen, the director interrupts, "if you don't mind, I'd like to make a take."

"Take it," Carole begins, "and—"

"Places, please," calls Mr. Leisen hurriedly.

Well, people, I'm telling you, if I haven't had a time of it on this set. I have a still picture made and get all the dialogue for my yarn and then Mr. Hays won't OK the still picture because Mr. Fred MacMurray is in his shorts. I have to stick around until they finish that scene and get on to the next one.

Nobody'll tell me the plot of this picture, except that Carole is a manicurist and Fred is a sort of high class gigolo. Something's happened because he's spending the night in her apartment. When the scene opens (the one I'm allowed to report) he's lying on the floor between a

"No!"

"You should," she informs him. "You'd meet a better class of people."

There's a little more to the scene but
[Continued on page 16]



Joe Morrison and Paul Kelly in a story of the CCC Camps—"It's A Great Life."

**"YOU'RE EASY ON THE EYES, JEANIE—
I COULD LOOK AT YOU FOR LIFE"**



**Romance comes
to the girl who guards
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SMOOTH, LOVELY SKIN wins romance—and keeps it. So how foolish it is to let unattractive Cosmetic Skin destroy the loveliness that should be yours!

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stale cosmetics. Use all the cosmetics you wish! But to protect your skin—keep it lovely—use Lux Toilet Soap ALWAYS before you go to bed at night and before you renew your make-up during the day. 9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap!



USE ROUGE AND POWDER?
YES, OF COURSE! BUT
THANKS TO **LUX TOILET
SOAP** I'M NOT A BIT
AFRAID OF COSMETIC SKIN

**JOAN
BENNETT**



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B LONDES, why put up with dingy, stringy, dull-looking hair? And why take chances with dyes and ordinary shampoos which might cause your hair to fade or darken? Wash your hair 2 to 4 shades lighter with Blondex—safely. Blondex is not a dye. It is a shampoo made especially to keep blonde hair light, silky, fascinatingly beautiful. It's a powder that quickly bubbles up into a foamy froth which removes the dust-laden oil film that streaks your hair. You'll be delighted the way Blondex brings back the true golden radiance to faded blonde hair—makes natural blonde hair more beautiful than ever. Try it today. Sold in all good drug and department stores.



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FLIGHT presents a superlative lipstick of unsurpassed indelibility . . . lustrous color, borne by a new emollient base which banishes forever all danger of dryness and irritation. You would expect to pay three times as much for the protection that only **Flight** can give.

A worthy companion to this unequalled lipstick is the **Flight** rouge compact—which can only be fully appreciated by being tried. Like the lipstick, it comes in all popular shades.

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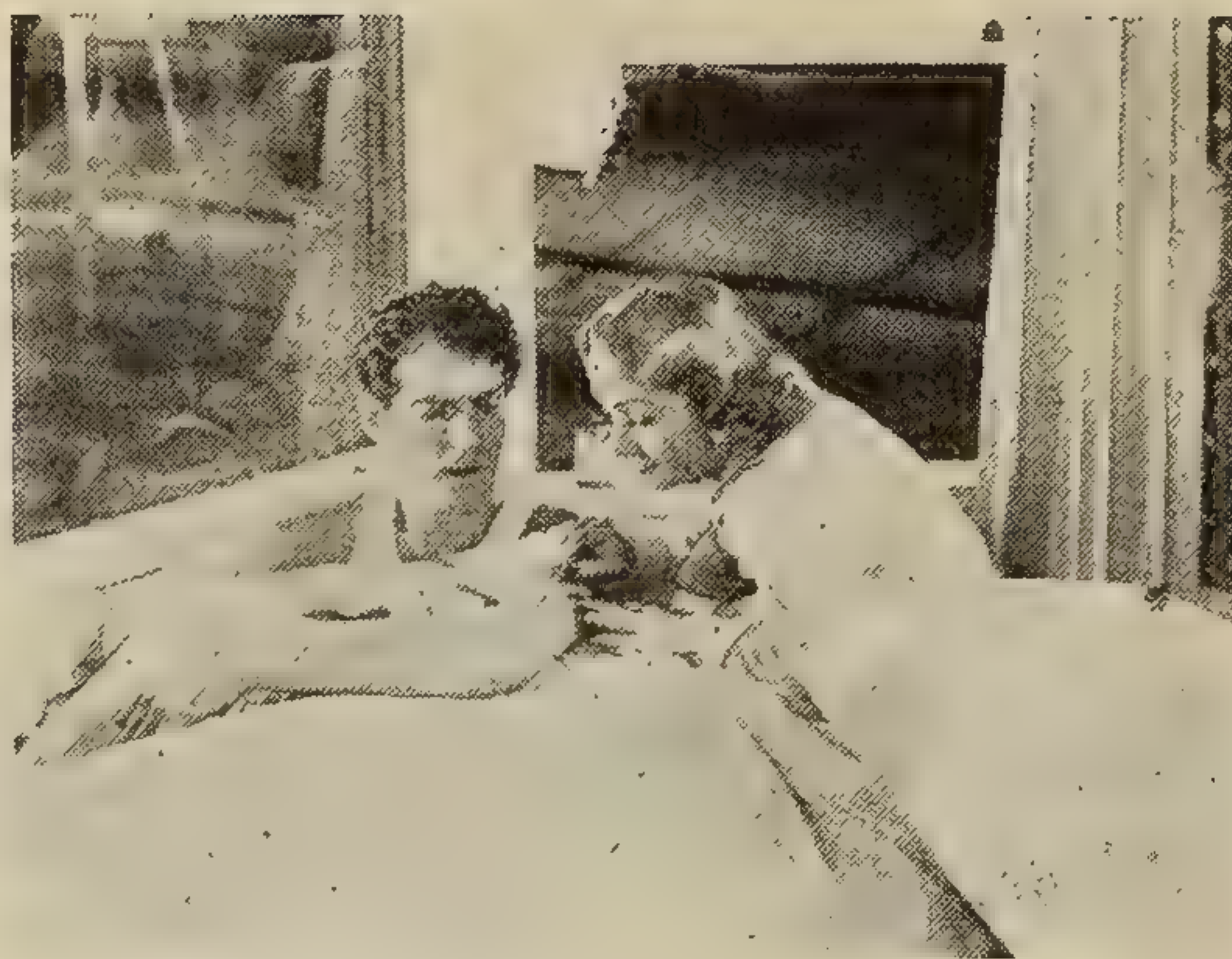
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STUDIO NEWS [Continued from page 14]



It's "Hands Across The Table," but more particularly it is Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray.

we might as well end on a high note and there's nothing higher than a better class of people.

From here I wander through the daisies and when the daisies give out here I am on the set of "The Milky Way" which was supposed to have been Max Baer's picture for Paramount. Only Max didn't like it because he'd have to play a fighter, so Harold Lloyd is making it.

All anybody can talk about on this set is whether the engagement is going to spell "luck" for Dorothy Wilson because all of Harold's other leading ladies have promptly got married—but not to him. I don't mean to appear captious but it's hotter than the seven hinges of hell and I'm not interested in Dorothy's matrimonial chances. All I want is for them to get through so I can get through and get me a mint julip—or something.



One of those embarrassing moments in "The Milky Way." Harold Lloyd with Marjorie Gateson and Dorothy Wilson.

The set is a game room. I can tell because there are yaks' heads all over the wall, and a fireplace with a pair of elephant's hoofs on the mantel, and a wild boar's head and goodness only knows how many other trinkets are scattered around and about. Yep, there's no doubt it's a game room—or trophy room, if you prefer.

What a game room has to do with fighters I leave it to you, my public, to guess. Harold is a milkman and he gets into an argument with William Gargan and his trainer, Lionel Stander, Gargan being the middleweight champion. (If Mr. Baer had played the part, he'd have been a heavyweight champion, of course, but don't let that mar your pleasure).

There's some sort of reception and it comes out that Harold doesn't know a thing

about fighting. Only, when he was puny the kids in his block picked on him so he learned to duck and that's the secret of his success. It's a knee action duck, if you know what I mean—and I think you do.

At this point of the story he is explaining this duck (Joe Penner has a duck, too, but they're not the same) to Marjorie Gateson. Marge is all done up in a black evening gown which is exactly the costume I'd have picked out for a well-dressed woman to wear when learning about ducks.

"Of course," Harold brags, demonstrating his duck, "When I got this one, then the kids in my block didn't have a chance."

"How interesting?" Miss Gateson coos.

"Like it, huh?" Harold beams. "I thought you would. You see, it's all in here," demonstrating once more. And he playfully aims a haymaker at Miss Gateson.

"I believe I could—," she laughs, making an attempt at his duck.

"Believe?" Harold echoes delightedly. "Why, you did it!"

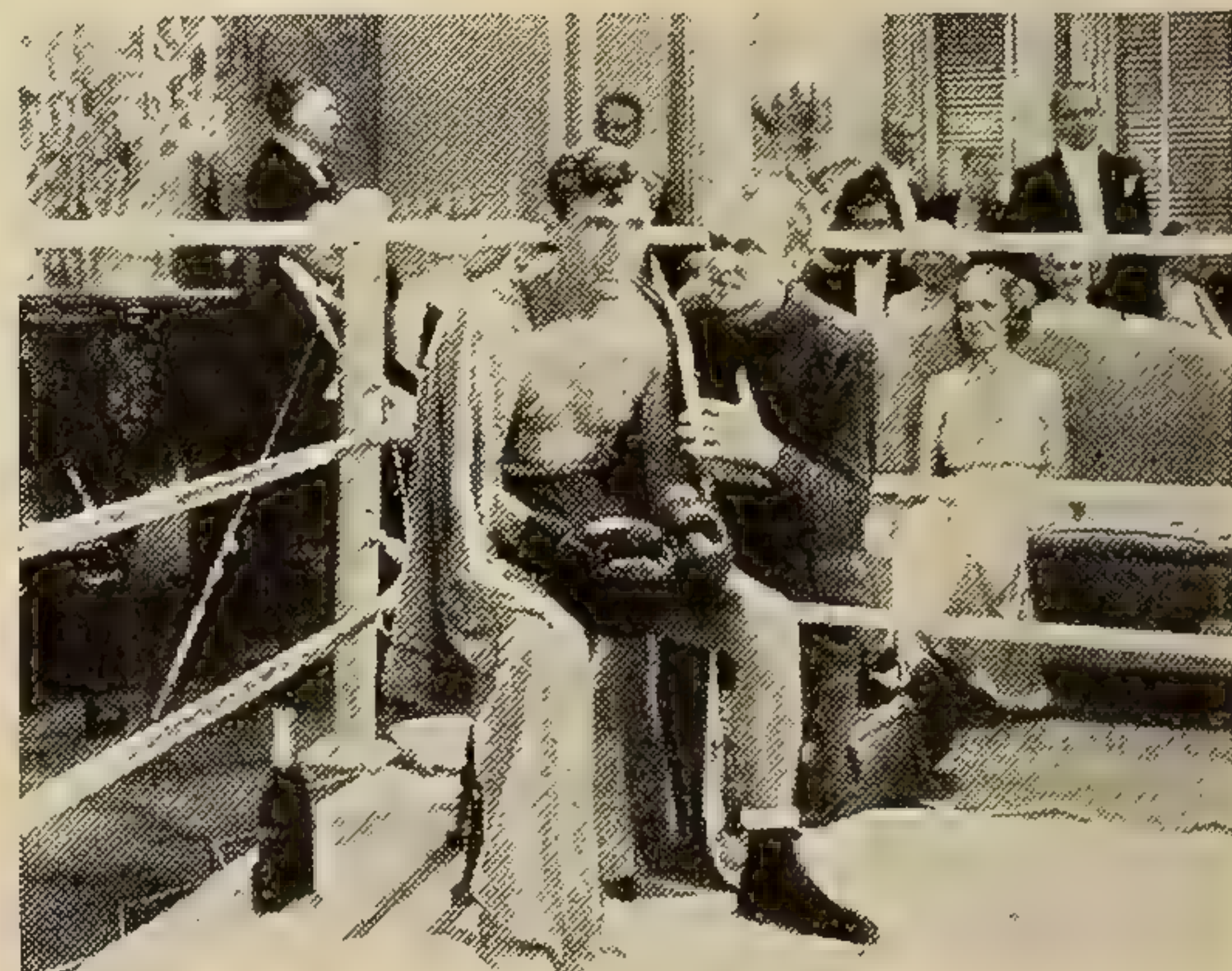
"Really!" exclaims Marge, doing it again.

Well, audience, let me tell you they are just carrying on scandalously, feinting and ducking, right and left when Harold gets the idea her duck could be improved. "You see," he explains, dropping to the floor and grabbing her around the knees, "you got to loosen up in here."

And, of course, it would have to be that time that Dorothy Wilson chooses to enter the room. You can well imagine that Miss Gateson is quite put out at being caught taking boxing lessons and having a comparative stranger monkeying with her knees, even though it's all perfectly innocent. "How do you do?" she says haughtily to Dorothy as she straightens up, runs her hand over her hair in a distraught manner and sails out of the room. Her *grande dame* manner doesn't quite come off, though, because just as she reaches the door, Charlie Lane is coming in. A collision seems inevitable but Marge goes into her duck and escapes unharmed. But anyone can tell you you can't go around indulging in double-action knee ducks and be a *grande dame* at the same time.

This is apt to go on for hours—this recitative, I mean—but I can't help it. It's my job and I'll do it if I have a sunstroke.

Next, we have another fight picture. This one is called "Two Fisted" and it boasts the presence of Lee Tracy, Roscoe Karns, Gail Patrick and Florence Lake. Florence is



"Two Fisted" is made important by Lee Tracy and Roscoe Karns.

another of the fast growing army of girls in California who could have had me but who let me slip through their fingers. She's married now and has a baby and it serves her right.

Whimsy is evidently creeping into this one because there's a living room—and is it



At some time in your life you have seen "The Virginia Judge" with Walter C. Kelly. Now it is on the screen and he is assisted by Willard Robertson.

elegant!—and right in the middle of the living room a prize ring has been roped off, exactly the way it was at a party the Countess di Frasso gave out here. Mr. Karns, who is one of the few comedians I like, is a fighter. Mr. Tracy is his manager.

"The guy's tough and he's got a style," Lee admonishes Rosie. "Keep away from him as much as you can in the first round and I'll solve him."

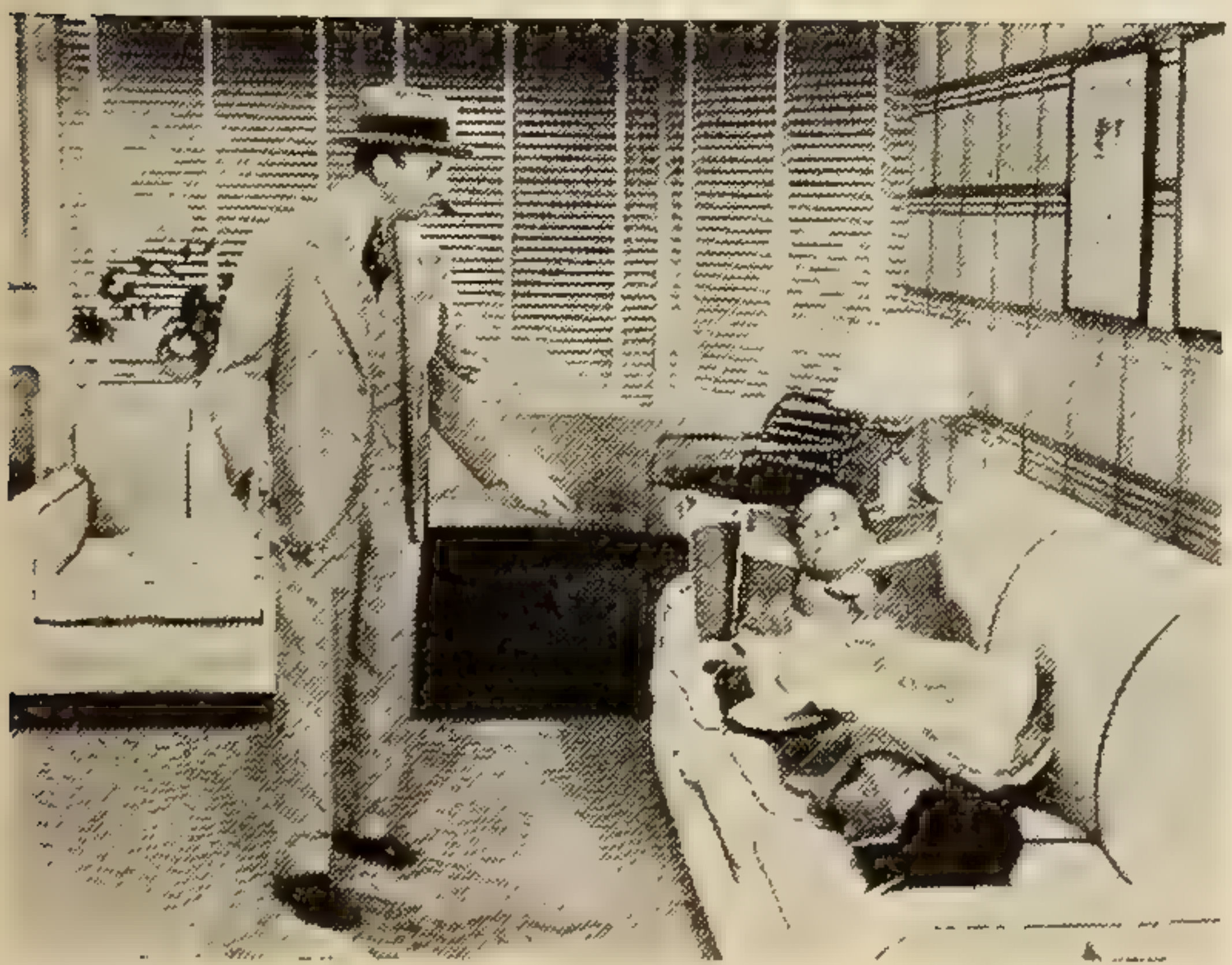
"Salve him?" Roscoe queries.

"I said I'll solve him," Lee cracks.

This is a comedy—we hope. If it is, it will probably be all right. Drama is *not* Mr. Tracy's forte—at least, as far as I'm concerned, although he assures me that as soon as this picture is finished he's heading for New York to play the lead in a tragedy Phillip Barry wrote. Mr. Barry you will recall as the author of the unforgettable "You and I."

Before we leave this set, I want to caution you to pay particular attention to Gail Patrick when you see the picture. Gail is one of the real beauties of the screen—and one of the most intelligent girls gracing pictures. She has never looked lovelier than she does these days.

So, having put in my plug for Gail, we'll proceed to "Virginia Judge" featuring Walter Kelly who played a skit called "The Virginia Judge" up and down and across



Ned Sparks and Lynne Overman in "Collegiate," a high spot of comedy.

these broad United States just as long as there was a vaudeville theatre for him to play it in. Now that there are no more vaudeville theatres, he's bringing it to the screen and let us hope it will then be laid away in lavender and lace.

I don't know what the plot is but the set is the midway of a carnival. The Hawaiian

[Continued on page 74]



Millions use Medicated Cream to Promote Rapid Healing

...to relieve irritation and reduce pores

YOU CAN dress smartly—you can have lovely features—but if your skin is marred by Large Pores, Blackheads or Pimples, much of your charm is lost.

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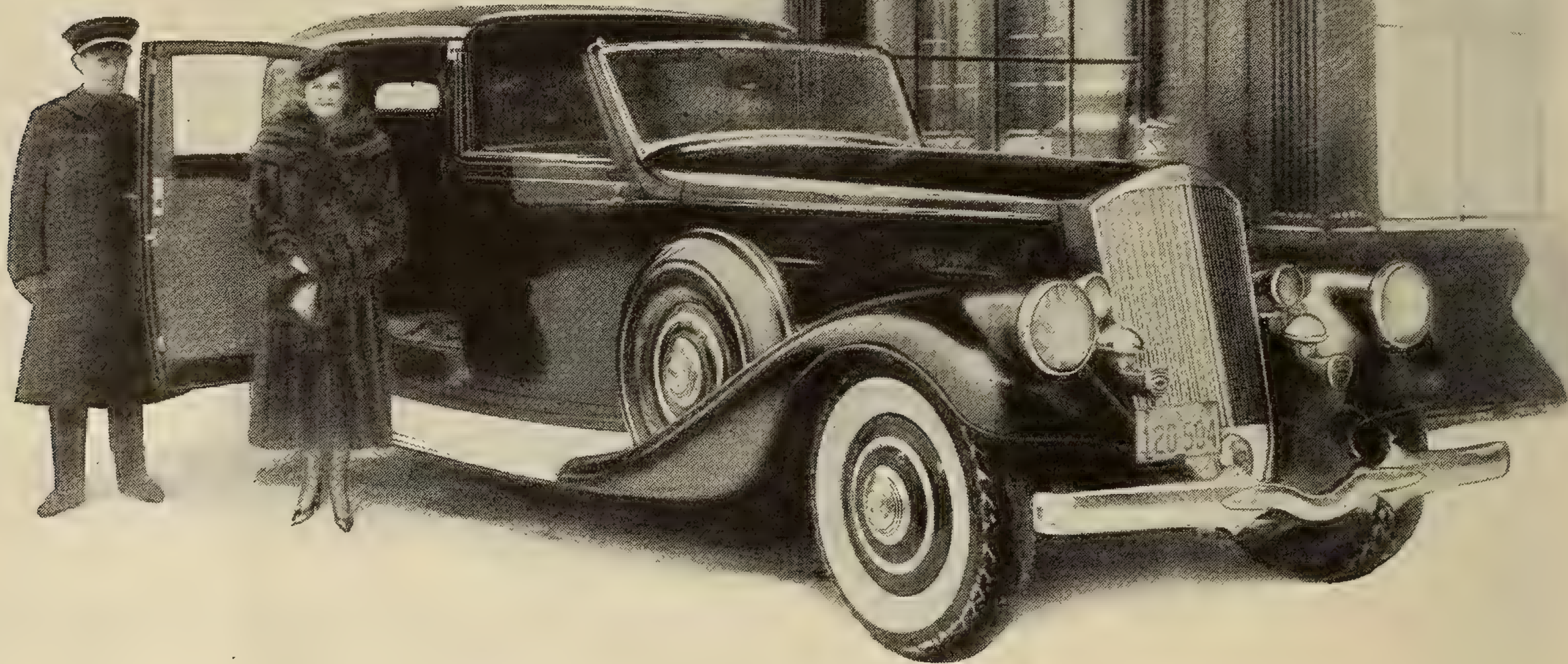
HOW TO USE: Apply Noxzema every night after all make-up has been removed. Wash off in the morning with warm water, followed by cold water or ice. Apply a little Noxzema again before you powder as a protective powder base. Use Noxzema until skin condition is entirely relieved.



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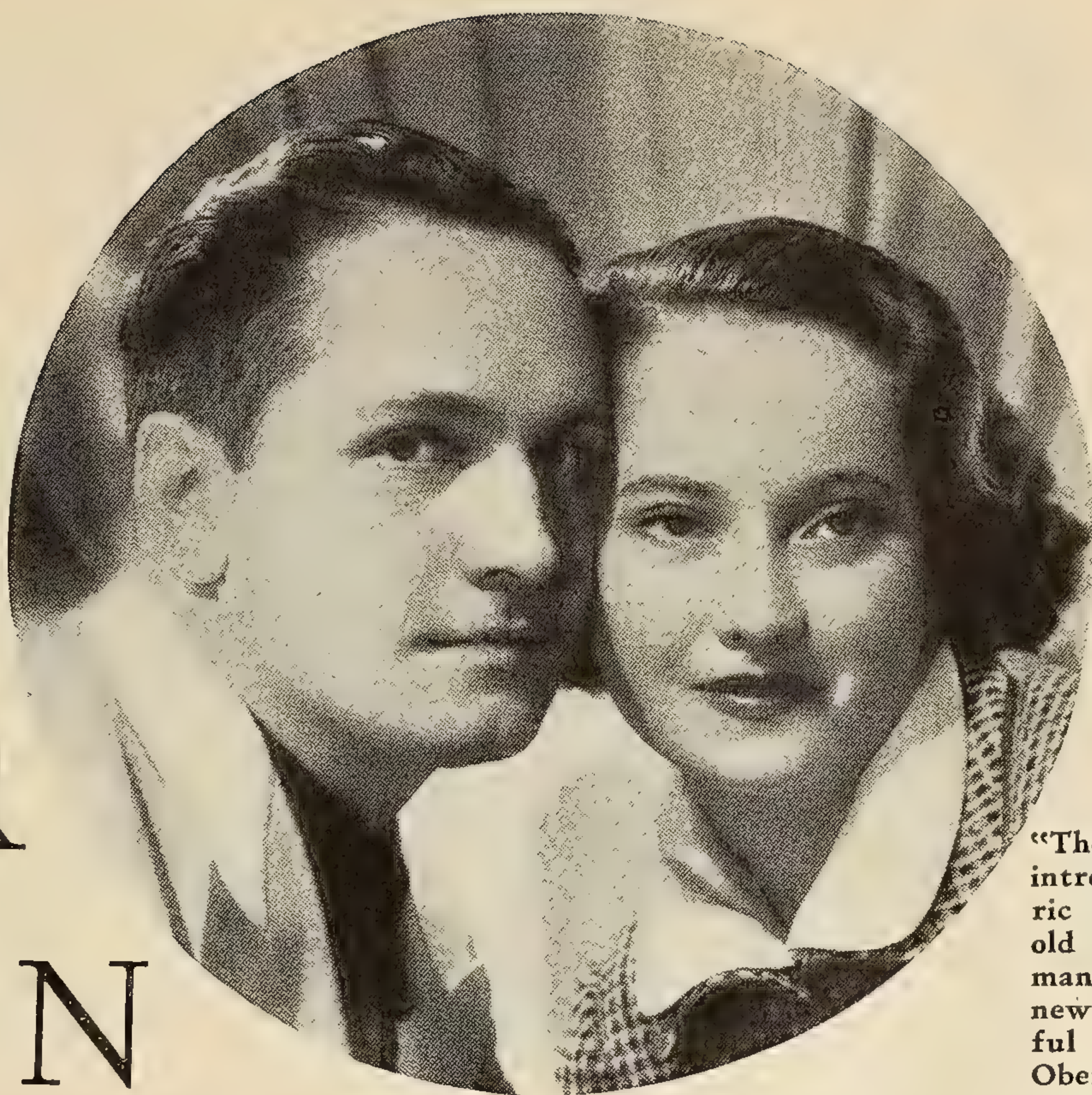


TRAVELING JEWEL CASE—showing part of Mrs. Kirk's exceptional jewel collection, notable for the careful selection of its stones and their rare beauty—another of her most treasured possessions.



Listerine Tooth Paste

TOPICS FOR GOSSIPS SILVER SCREEN



"The Dark Angel" introduced Fredric March in the old Ronald Colman part, and a new and beautiful star, Merle Oberon. She is delightful.

PEOPLE are never satisfied in this world, and I suppose there is nothing to be done about it. Recently I was dining with Paul and Daisy Lukas and happened to mention my office. "You see, Daisy," said Paul mournfully, "even she has an office. Is your name on the door?" he asked me in great concern. "Yes," I admitted and Paul immediately became emersed in a great Hungarian gloom. "All my life I have wanted an office of my own," said Paul, "ever since I was a little kid in Budapest I have wanted an office with my name on the door. And now I suppose I shall never have one." And this from a man who has had his name in big electric bulbs on every marquee in the world.

MARY ASTOR has been seen dining at the Brown Derby quite a few times lately with George S. Kaufman, the famous playwright, and co-author of "Once in a Lifetime." Mr. Kaufman, like the rest of Broadway, has finally moved into Hollywood bag and baggage, and is now busy writing witty things for your favorite stars to say on the screen. His funniest remark to date was made a few weeks ago after a famous breach of promise suit. "If I ever wrote a letter to a chorus girl," said Mr. Kaufman, "I would address it: 'Dear Tootsy Woosy and Gentlemen of the Jury.'"

MAE WEST is going night clubbing again, a little sport she refrained from for a long time, and her most frequent escort is the dark and handsome Jack LaRue. Jack was Mae's leading man on Broadway for a number of years, so it isn't a new conquest.

WHEN it comes to tact there is no one who can beat Shirley Temple. You grown-ups could certainly take lessons from little Miss Temple in the art of being a hostess. Shirley invited the Hollywood Press to a luncheon at the Fox studio shortly after

her return from her vacation in Honolulu—and of course one of the reporters proceeded to turn over his glass of water. "Oh, don't mind that," Shirley said to the blushing young man, "see, I just spilled my soup on the tablecloth." The perfect hostess.

And later when Shirley wanted to tell an amusing story about some Chinese she had met in Honolulu, she stopped in the midst of the story and asked the writer sitting next to her, "Are there any Chinamen here?" Perhaps Mrs. Temple should take a bow, too.

SHIRLEY was telling us of all the presents she had received in Hawaii, including a doll, given her by the Japanese there, which is as big as a human being. The Temples are going to have to move again soon.

OH-IT'S-ONLY-HOLLYWOOD department: On "The Milky Way" set at Paramount the other day (this is Harold Lloyd's latest picture) I saw them bleaching a horse to the proper shade of blonde. The other horses will probably call her Harlow now.

And over on the "Thanks a Million" set at Fox they've got a stand-in for Rubinoff's Stradivarius.

PAUL CAVANAGH is being razed by Miriam Hopkins and the rest of the cast of "Splendor" because in an unthinking moment the "actor" came out in him. In one of the scenes of "Splendor," Sam Goldwyn's newest starring picture for Miriam, Paul is supposed to be lounging

around in his richly furnished apartment when Miriam drops in to see him. For various reasons, the censors no doubt, the apartment scene was cut out and Miriam was requested to drop in on Paul at the Automat. When Mr. Cavanagh arrived at the studio the next morning and was informed of the change of plans, he exclaimed in disgust: "Then I can't wear my handsome dressing gown."

A VERY thriving romance is that of Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald. Gene and Jeanette have been cutting capers in all the nice dance places lately—oh very nice capers to be sure. And just recently Jeanette cut Gene's cake for him at a birthday party given for Gene in the Florentine Room of the Beverly Wilshire. She also presented him with a silver cup because he was the best dancer on the floor.

WHEN the studio found out that Frank Morgan was once a choir boy they had him sing a song in "The Perfect Gentleman."

AND they'll have you believe that Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers will get married any minute. However, Mary is awfully busy right now forming the new Pickford-Lasky company, which will produce five pictures a year on the old United Artists lot.

THERE'S one thing about Hollywood that always gets me. Hollywood never forgets the old-timers. At the preview of "She Married Her Boss" Clara Kimball Young received more applause on her first entrance than did anyone in the picture, with the exception of course of the star, Claudette Colbert. And a few weeks ago Carole Lombard was instrumental in getting Marie Prevost a part in her new picture, "Hands Across the Table." Unfortunately a few days [Cont. on page 58]

NEW NAMES FOR THE LATEST PICTURES

"Music Is Magic" (Alice Faye) formerly	"Ball of Fire"
"Paddy O'Day" (Jane Withers) formerly	"The Immigrant"
"Personal Maid's Secret" (Margaret Lindsay) formerly	"Living Up to Lizzie"
"It's a Great Life" (Joe Morrison) formerly	"From Little Acorns"
"She Couldn't Take It" (George Raft) formerly	"Rich Man's Daughter"
"Guard That Girl" (Florence Rice) formerly	"Bodyguard"
"The Public Menace" (Jean Arthur) formerly	"The Fugitive"

The GREAT

By Ed Sullivan

"I THOUGHT they were kidding me when they cabled that I was a success in 'Flying Down to Rio,'" said Fred Astaire. "I'd actually run away to England to forget all about my experiment with pictures. I'd seen the rushes on the 'Caricoca' before I'd left the Coast, and begged Pandro Berman at R-K-O to release me from my R-K-O contract, or make my part of the picture all over again. When he refused to take my scenes over again, I felt pretty badly about it.

"Not that my flop was unexpected on my part. From the first day, I figured that I didn't have the looks to click on the screen. I'm not exactly the heroic type. But when I saw the rushes of 'Flying Down to Rio,' I knew that it was worse than I'd expected. My dancing, upon which I'd counted so heavily to counter-balance my lack of sex appeal, looked crude to my eyes. I was positively awkward. So when Pandro refused to re-take my scenes, I packed up and left for England, and I left no forwarding address. I went in

Astaire himself, while conscious of his new-found movie prestige, is still dazed by it.

I'm jotting Astaire's own statement down, not to make him out to be a shy sap, but rather to draw a picture of the most completely modest guy in the flicker industry. He was the same fine person on Broadway. He's not putting on an act.

The reason that his screen success went to Astaire's feet, rather than to his head, is that when it arrived, he was prepared for it. Here was no fledgling suddenly elevated to the spotlight. From 1922 to July 1, 1933, Fred Astaire tasted all of the fruits of success which Broadway can offer a performer. Brilliant "first night" audiences had thundered their ovations at the New Amsterdam Theatre and the Ethel Barrymore Theatre. Jock Whitney, Bob Benchley, Bert Taylor and other men about town were nightly visitors to his dressing room. Smash hit musical successes on Broadway were old stories to him. "Band Wagon," at the New Amsterdam, ran from June 3, 1931, to Jan. 16, 1932, to capacity business. "Gay Divorce," as a stage musical, ran from Nov., 1932, to July, 1933.

After a performer has smash-clicked on Broadway, there is not much left in the way of public acclaim that can in-

and said good-bye to the crowd, thanked all of them for being nice to me, expressed my regret at failing to make the grade and then took my last look at Hollywood and its studios."

I'd jockeyed Astaire into a secluded corner of the Central Park Casino for an interview, but I hadn't expected this from him: "When you left Hollywood then, Fred, you thought you were all washed up?" Astaire nodded. "I didn't think I was washed up. I KNEW I was licked, beaten. I never thought I'd see the Coast again, and while I felt badly about flopping, naturally, it was as if a tremendous weight had been taken off my mind. I'd always wanted to take a flier at pictures and never would have been content if I hadn't had the chance. So when I saw myself on the screen and believed I'd failed, at least I had the satisfaction of having tried it."

Today Fred Astaire is one of the five big names in pictures. His "Top Hat" is rolling up record grosses all over the country. His "Roberta" smashed box-office marks in every section of the world. And

toxicate him. Astaire, darling of Broadway and London, intimate with the "400," was dazed by his screen success but not overwhelmed by it. He took it in his stride. To

him it was another variation of the show business in which he had been schooled during the split-weeks of vaudeville, when he and his dancing sister, the former Adele Astaire, came out of Omaha, Neb., with two sets of dancing shoes, high ambition and a natural sense of rhythm.

Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers in "Top Hat" add another victory to their string.

Fred proves again that a great stage success is a sure bet on the screen.



ASTAIRE!

The Dancing Cycle Started By Fred Astaire, The No. 1 Man Of The Screen, Is At Its Peak.

Fifteen years ago, you could have found them hoofing through the Poli circuit of New England, a No. 2 act that occasionally played on the same bills with Joe E. Brown, then in a juggling act, or Walter Huston, then a song-and-dance man. It was at the Poli house in Bridgeport, Conn., that Fred, one night, achieved the distinction that every vaudeville performer dreams

The plaid dressing robe always occupied a conspicuous spot in his dressing room at the New Amsterdam when I used to visit him during the run of "Band Wagon." I'd just started to write a Broadway column, after years of sports writing, and Astaire was one of the first friends I made in show business. The story of his plaid dressing robe was one of the first I ever wrote when I turned to Broadway.

I have a very clear picture of that dressing room. There was a curtain dividing it, and behind the curtain he'd retire to make his changes. He had a genial colored valet whose function it was to mix highballs for the visitors. Fred himself confined himself to a pint of cold milk after each performance, believing, with Gene Tunney, another milk addict, that it was the best stimulant after laboring.

Generally, the mirrors of his dressing table were crowded with cables from England. At the time, he had a racing stable in England and the cables informed him daily how his high-priced nags were behaving. His pet horse was named "Nick the Greek," after the famous gambler. Astaire was vastly excited one night to spot the real Nick the Greek in the New Amsterdam audience. A floor below, his sister, Adele Astaire, was quartered, and a floor above him was the dressing room of Frank Morgan, who was also to click in pictures.

It was during the run of that show that Fred and Adele made a one-night

the town with a new routine that found them hopping on chairs and tables in tempo.

Not only is he a great dancer but, as he proved with Miss Luce, and later with Ginger Rogers, Astaire has the ability to "make" any dancer who works with him. Instead of stealing the spotlight from them by his own brilliance afoot, Astaire actually displays his partners at their best. He made Ginger Rogers appear as accomplished as any of the professionals—Renee De Marco, Yolanda or Rosita.

However, to him, his sister, Adele, always was Tops. He writes voluminous letters to her in England, telling her in detail every new step he works out and diagramming dance routines which he will use in his next picture. Adele, in return, sends him ideas for steps, sends him minute criticisms of each picture she sees in London and, despite the width of the Atlantic, continues the partnership they launched when they left Omaha years ago. The same nice loyalty to his sister is exceeded by his devotion to his very lovely wife, the former

of—he stopped the show cold.

With all the superstitions picked up in vaudeville at his command, Fred investigated the reason for this terrific success. Methodically he ransacked his memory. The orchestra leader had played the same music. He had used the same costume, the same dancing shoes, parted his hair the same way, used the same brand of makeup, worn the same tie he had worn dozens of times before.

Then the superstitious reason for his show-stopping feat occurred to him. That afternoon, he had bought a new plaid dressing robe in a Bridgeport store. It seems silly to you who are not in show business to believe that any performer would accept this superstition as a legitimate belief. Yet, to this day, Fred Astaire has the plaid dressing down. On the opening night of every Broadway show in which he appeared, Astaire wrapped his plaid robe around him. And when he went to Hollywood, the plaid robe went with him.

His ingratiating personality would put him over in pictures if he never danced a step.



When Fred saw the "rushes" on "Flying Down to Rio," with Dolores Del Rio, he decided that he was a failure on the screen, but the public thought otherwise.



appearance on the Rudy Vallee hour and Adele's

singing did not impress me. I wrote a line to that effect in the following day's paper. I dropped in on him a few nights later and his remark was typical: "Gee, Ed, if you ever take a rap at us, direct it at me, instead of Adele, will you?" Yet I always felt that he was the greater performer of the two, perhaps because I knew him and liked him immensely. I don't want to hurt him again, but it was a happy coincidence that Adele's marriage to Lord Cavendish cleared the path for him to step out on his own. He proved this in his first show, when he took Claire Luce as a dancing partner and electrified



Phyllis Potter. He goes no place without her, and no matter how far apart they may be separated at a dinner

table, their eyes continually seek each other out.

Broadway did not believe that Astaire would click in Hollywood, for a curious reason. We had no fear that his dancing would be deficient, for he always could dance. We had no fear that he would ire the Coast with temperamental tantrums, because he was never prima-donnish, if I may coin a word. But on the Stem, Astaire always was a "class" attraction. He was never a "popular" success in the sense that an Eddie Cantor or a Jolson were popular successes. The bulk of trade at an Astaire show was the so-called carriage trade, the aristocrats and their daughters, the debutantes.

So when he went to the Coast, shrewd showmen reasoned that he would have only a limited appeal. They figured that the shop girls and the stenographers would reject

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The DARLINGS

By Julia Gwin

Grace Bradley is in the swim at the Paramount Studio and getting some place, too.



Gail Patrick, before entering pictures, had many experiences, but never a failure.



Frances Drake, a charming little dancer, has qualified in important acting parts.



Toby Wing, the college boys' delight, is on the threshold.



Betty Grable has been well-known since she danced in "The Gay Divorcee."



Valerie Hobson can await the decision of Fate quite calmly if beauty counts.



Marsha Hunt has reached Hollywood and won a contract. You will see her in "The Virginia Judge."

THERE, little starlet, don't you cry.

You'll be a Garbo bye and bye.

Shakespeare said that the quality of mercy is not strained. This can hardly be said of the quality of waiting. Often—indeed, too often in the merry whirl of cinematic endeavor, it is strained to the breaking point—and then some. Ask any of the lovely would-be-stars of the screen about this waiting business and watch the various reactions. Into eyes, that perhaps were laughing, springs real despair which has long nurtured a forlorn hope—though, even to themselves, they won't admit it. Others draw their too perfect mouths into a hard line of determination, while still others wink knowingly and sing out as though letting you in on a deep, dark secret:

"Just you wait and you will see,

The next Joan Crawford look like me."

They are mostly the newcomers on whose lips the small taste of fame is like honey. But all of them have a courage and a faith that is amazing. A look-see at some of these potential stars of tomorrow is about as interesting as anything you are likely to do for the next couple of months, and reveals a number of unique facts. Some of them you've heard a lot about; some are so new to the screen that both name and face are still strange . . . all of them will bear watching for they have that intangible something which may burst into headlines and stardust any day.

The only 100% Hollywood product of all the likely suspects in this roundup is the lovely Gloria Stuart. Gloria had an auspicious start in pictures two years ago, with two studios fighting for her services.

She has real beauty, of a blonde fragileness, and a voice like soft bells at twilight. But, somehow, Gloria hasn't come through as it was expected she would. Like the same soft bells her work lacked depth. It was a little too sweet. In June Gloria became the mother of a wee girl. This may prove the long awaited experience that will breathe life into the characters she portrays and place her at last in the corridors of fame.

Winifred Shaw is another California girl who has recently come to pictures. She was born in San Francisco of English-Irish-Hawaiian ancestry, which may account for her half languorous, half reserved individual charm. Winifred sang bits of the song "Why Was I Born" in "Sweet Adeline," with a sobbing note in her voice that even Helen Morgan might envy. In "Gold-

gers" she delivered "The Lullaby of Broadway" with such smashing verve that she had everybody from Maine to California singing, whistling or humming the melody the night after the opening. Winifred had already carved a career for herself on Broadway before she went into pictures, she wasn't Hollywood-discovered by any means, so you can expect most anything of this girl.

The south seems to have something of an edge on the rest of the country for sending winners to both the stage and the screen. In the present lineup we find Lois Lindsey, Gail Patrick, Toby Wing, Kitty Carlisle, Gertrude Michael, Rosalind Keith and Betty Grable . . . blondes, brunettes and redheads, each one endowed with wit, talent, and beauty, darlings who are perched expectantly on various rungs of

WHO WAIT

Every Hollywood Studio Has Several Girls Of Great Promise. Which Will Be The Stars Of The Future?

the ladder of glory waiting, patiently waiting.

Down in New Orleans they are watching with understandable pride the progress of Kitty Carlisle and Lois Lindsey. Kitty went abroad with her mother when she was eight years old after the death of her father, a prominent New Orleans physician. All her early training equipped her for a social life but Kitty grew tired of this and started studying voice. In June

parts for her, with possible stardom just around the bend in the road.

Rosalind Keith, from the "show-me" state, has certainly been showing Hollywood a new brand of speed. She descended on the town, all done up in her own particular idea of glamour, in April and a



Pert Kelton, who so vivaciously fits her name.



Gertrude Michael is from Alabama and picked for fame.



Kitty Carlisle, a success on Broadway and with Bing Crosby.



Winifred Shaw is a pet hope of Warner Brothers.



Betty Furness scored in "The Keeper of the Bees."



Maxine Reiner has the poise and confidence that great beauty always brings.

of 1932, completely unknown in her own country to which she had returned, she won the lead by competitive tests in a condensed revival of *Rio Rita*. A little more than a year later she scored a tremendous personal success in the leading rôle of "Champagne Sec" and the following month, November, 1933, less than a year and a half after she sang her first rôle, she signed a film contract. No one who saw her in "She Loves Me Not" and "Here Is My Heart" will ever forget the simple beauty of her acting or the ease and richness with which she sang. With such a record we may expect to see her name written along with the brightest stars of Hollywood very soon.

Little Lois Lindsey is still a novice at the acting game. She is hardly out of her teens yet, blonde, slim and lovely, with dancing feet that have so far won her everything she has gone after. She went to Hollywood from Gulfport, Mississippi, where she had lived most of her life, to attend the University of Southern California. Instead, she started teaching dancing to children. She lived in Culver City and Shirley Temple was one of her pupils. Lois' first picture work was as a Busby Berkeley girl in "Footlight Parade." Since then she has had lots of bits and now it's

month later she had signed a contract and was working in "The Glass Key." You'll recall her as the girl George Raft loved. She is eighteen and has been on the stage

thirteen years.

Another blonde Missouri girl is Betty Grable. She went to Hollywood as a child. She broke into pictures via the Fox dancing chorus. Later she played the lead in a Wheeler-Woolsey comedy and made innumerable shorts. She followed this with a tour in Ted Fio Rito's orchestra. Remember her "Let's Knock Knees" number in "The Gay Divorcee?" Ginger had better keep on her toes, for Betty's ambition is to dance with Fred Astaire—and she probably will.

Both Gail Patrick and Gertrude Michael hail from Alabama. Gail, whose real name is Margaret Fitzpatrick, was seriously interested in the study of law, with the governorship of Alabama as her ultimate goal. She entered the nation-wide "Panther Woman Contest" just for fun. She didn't get that part but within two weeks she was on her way to Hollywood. But she still insists she will be a candidate for governor of Alabama in—1952. Well, a lot of things can happen in seventeen years and at the rate Gail is traveling Hollywood might change her mind for her, if Gail doesn't do it first.

A piano prodigy at twelve, a university law student at fifteen, and director of a radio station at seventeen is the amazingly versatile record of Gertrude Michael. Before she arrived on Broadway she played in stock—lots of stock—first in Cincinnati and then in East Islip, Long Island. Her first screen rôle was in a picture with Richard Arlen at the Paramount Long Island Studio. The following year, 1933, she went to Hollywood . . . to stay. She has almost passed the waiting period. Tall, blue-eyed, brown-haired, with great charm and beauty and much ability she merits

the best the screen can give her, and soon her dreams with be sprinkled with silver dust and snowy clouds as she hangs her name on the edge of the new moon.

Martha Virginia Wing, Toby to you, is the daughter of Major Paul Wing, U.S.A., retired. Though Toby was born in Richmond, Virginia, of old southern stock (her grandfather fought with "Stonewall" Jackson) the exigencies of her father's profession carried her all over the country. Eight years ago they moved to Hollywood. Toby played a lot of children's parts, but they didn't count, before her first real job in "The Kid From Spain" in which she was adjudged the "most beautiful chorus girl in Hollywood." But the thing which first attracted everyone's attention to Toby Wing was "42nd Street," in which she was featured as a dancer in a number with Dick Powell. Toby has since played many nice parts. She is little, and cute, and blonde; a swell little dancer and a good little actress but Toby is still waiting for tomorrow to bring her today's promise.

Association with Dick Powell seems to have helped more than one girl. He was so impressed with the youthful blue-eyed, auburn-haired personality of Martha Merrill that he picked her from the Berkley chorus as the girl most likely to "go places" in pictures. The studio gave her a chance in a two reel trailer with Powell to advertise the new "Golddigger" picture. She did so well that the grooming for parts began. She's had one picture already and you'll see her next with Dick in "Shipmates Forever."

Another Berkeley dancer, who has shaken the dust of the chorus from her dancing shoes for more meaty parts, is June Travis, daughter of Vice-President Gabiner of the Chicago White Sox. And a particularly interesting discovery, who has only been in Hollywood since July 17th, is Lyn Acker, or Katherine Linaker, as she is known to her friends back in Norwalk, Connecticut. She had several studios running around in circles before she signed on the dotted line, so promising had she appeared in two tiny Broadway parts last year though both the shows were failures.

Then there is Luise Rainer. Her own company wasn't greatly excited when she arrived in New York from her native Germany. She was just another girl, Hollywood bound, who might or might not catch on. The fact that she had won a two year contract, at the age of sixteen, to play in

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"I HOPE IT LASTS!"

Randolph Scott Doesn't Take Hollywood Or His Art Too Seriously.

By Ben Maddox



Randy is a Virginia gentleman and a hit in Hollywood.



NOW that Randolph Scott has been hauled off his strawberry roan, and is being rushed by our Best Actresses, to say nothing of his own studio, life for the gentleman from Ol' Virginia has finally snapped into high. But definitely! Suddenly he matters to Hollywood's foremost. More than that, they're fighting for him. And more than that, to get personal, he's *news*—the kind editors pay for!

So long as Randolph Scott was a Zane Grey, no editor cared. His life story wasn't worth a dime's worth of paper and his love-life—? Not worth prying into! It seems he had to be saved from the sagebrush before he'd develop reader appeal. All this in spite of my oft-repeated statement that his hoss-operas made more money for Paramount, considering the cash invested, than any of their other pictures outside of Mae West's, and despite my hint about his standing with the local lasses.

For if the more highbrow elements scrutinizing the cinema ignored Randy, the elegant gals-about-Hollywood didn't. Six-foot-two, eyes of blue, hair near-blond and manners so Southern, he has been the movie darlings' dream awalking ever since he rambled into these parts to sample the climate. (That he is inclined to be choosy only marks him as all the more desirable!)

Of course, Randy's resurrection dates specifically to "Roberta." When the city folks saw him actually teaming with Miss Irene Dunne, and playing with those acknowledged top-notchers with no stiffness

around the edges and a lot of charm to boot—well, they commenced howling for more Scott. Radio managed to keep him for two more dramatic leads before Paramount, who'd had him all along, got truly wise to the way the wind was blowing.

Katy Hepburn pleaded with them to let Radio have him for just one more, so he could be hero to her. But no. A thousand times indignantly no. Why, if he was good enough for Hepburn he was what they should team with Margaret Sullavan in their super-production, "So Red the Rose." The indie promoter, whose offer of a huge salary for a series of six films tempted Randy, was given the rush act. And Mr. Scott, the forgotten man, was whizzed into the best cameras' range.

I caught up with him while he was engaged in a difficult scene with a group of stage veterans. Besides the experienced Miss Sullavan, there were Walter Connelly, Elizabeth Patterson, and two others who

have had much legit training. Mr. Scott was emphatically holding his own. In fact, not only speaking his lines with the correct feeling, but remembering them—which was more than Sullavan was doing!

He isn't the least theatrical. His going into films was a lark and, while he is earnest about every role, he still retains his natural sense of humor. No doubt you have noticed that his performances on the screen have sort of an atmosphere of amused tolerance. You sense that he is not taking Hollywood too seriously, and that if it blew up he would even get amusement from that.

"Working conditions now are as different as night from day," he declared when the "take" was eventually perfect. "I was run ragged making those Westerns. I have no objection to them, mind you, if they could be done with the same preparation and schedule a straight picture gets. I love to be outdoors. But there's a limit!"

"We usually did a Western in two weeks. Generally we 'shot from the cuff,' which means that most of the story and dialogue were made up as we proceeded. The budgets were limited, so we had to cover ten pages of the script every day without fail. There was no time for the director to ponder over various effects, or for real rehearsing."

You should hear what hours harass a ridin', shootin' man. "For example," said Randy, "there was one picture we made on the desert. The thermometer hit more than 110. We woke at 4 a.m. and were in make-up and going half an hour later. On only two nights did we stop before 11 p.m. Fourteen days of that, including Sundays!"

Leading the life of a regular Hollywood actor is pie for Randy. "I hope it lasts!" is his favorite exclamation. "You can grasp the difference for me when you think of 'Roberta.' I not only had the opportunity of working with three big stars, who were swell to me, but I had a chance to attempt to be good. There was an eight weeks' schedule, time to experiment for the finest approach on each sequence. For 'She,' and now on this picture, there has been the same break."

You mightn't imagine that Randy would be so interested in the technical side of his career, but that's the side which does concern him. He's up on how David Belasco would have done it and likes to discuss the intricate details of acting with outsiders as well as with those in the know. When he's studying his scenes for the next day and comes across a puzzler, he repairs promptly to Cary Grant for advice.

They met when both were new at Paramount. With extremely different back-

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BINNIE'S

A BIT OF ALL RIGHT

*Binnie Barnes Started With
Nothing But Handicaps.*

By Hal Hall

She is a living
proof that it
takes a great
character to
travel a tough
road.

BINNIE BARNES is one of the very few women who have come to the movie town and captivated everybody she has met. All the men immediately fall in love with her. The women simply adore her. Feminine jealousy fades from the hearts of other actresses as soon as they meet her. She could steal every scene in a picture filled with stars and they would love her for it. The thing that no one in Hollywood can understand is: What does this woman have that makes her so fascinating?

I'm sure it isn't beauty. Her face is long. Her cheek bones are a bit too high. Her hands are a little too large, due, more than likely, to the downright manual labor she did as a child and very young girl while trying to earn a meager living. No, probably she is not beautiful, as bisque dolls go, but when she smiles, and the corners of her adorable mouth turn up . . . and a perfectly irresistible twinkle shines from her dark brown eyes . . . well, she is one of the most fascinating women in the world!

In a flash her mood may change, and when she is telling you how she and her mother used to go out doing housework to feed the rest of her little brothers and sisters, it seems as though the soul of a Madonna shines through those eyes. You know right well that Binnie could make you cry just as easily as she can make you laugh—and she can double you up with laughter. But that's Binnie. You never know what to expect from her. Her moods

are like her past life—up today, down to-morrow.

And right there, I believe, is the answer to the charm of Miss Barnes.

She has *lived*. She knows what life is all about. Literally, she has come up from a poverty such as few of us know anything about—and she is not ashamed of it. She has suffered. She has slaved. She has worked at the most menial tasks in all England. She has known what it means to be hungry. Yet, through it all she has developed a sense of humor the like of which rarely reached Hollywood. Her hardships have not hardened her. In fact, they have mellowed her; given her a sympathetic understanding one gets only from bitter experience. In other words, Binnie Barnes is *real*. Because she has no affectation about her, people at first do not quite understand why they like her so much, why they are fascinated by her.

Her career is one of the most amazing ever uncovered among the thousands of players who have found their way to Hollywood in search of the cinematic pot of gold.

Born in Caledonia Market, London, twenty-seven years ago, her outlook was as dismal as the heavy fog through which she first saw the light of day. Her father was a policeman, and he had a large family. When Binnie was only nine he died, leaving his widow and his children with absolutely nothing but memories and hungry stomachs—to say nothing of the landlord who, as Binnie says, had no heart.

"It was a bit tough on poor old Moms," Binnie told me, "but I quit school and together we went out working. We did our own housework when we came home at night. The only time it was really hard was when we got an office cleaning job that took us out again in the evening. We managed to keep the home together, though, and that was all that mattered."

When Binnie reached her teens she feared she would never get very far socially, so she secured a job on Finchley Manor Farm, near London, and being determined to get ahead, she learned to milk and soon was a full-fledged milkmaid. To help out the income she drove a milk wagon into London at night with the big cans of milk which she delivered to the bottling plant.

"It was great stuff for health," explained Binnie. "I grew strong and rugged and, incidentally, very red-handed. There seemed no future there except marrying some farm-hand, so I finally quit and took a job in a big dog kennel as a kennel-maid. I had thirty-six dogs to take care of, and believe me, it was no job for a sissy."

Binnie figured that there was something more in life than dog tending, so she left the kennels and entered a hospital and started to study nursing. Her stomach, she says, did not take kindly to operations, so after six months she quit it cold and became a waitress in a rather "underpriced restaurant in London."

"I guess I was not cut out to be a second Florence Nightingale," said Binnie. "Anyway, getting into the restaurant proved to be the real turning point in my life. There

[Continued on page 66]

Jean Harlow's house
at the exclusive Bel
Air residential
park.

I FELT, I admit, a trifle condescending about being personally conducted over Hollywood. Imagine one of those speilers telling *me* anything about the town where I have owned my own home for ten years!

However, my name being practically Ruth Obedience Rankin, I took the tour which leaves a local hotel at two-thirty, returns at six-thirty, costs two dollars and gives you your money's worth, plus *how*. It being a warm afternoon, I put on an old pair of linen slacks, sandals, dark glasses, and no hat—so the coiffure looked as if it had been combed with a propeller. What do I care for a lot of hayseeds, said I!

The moment I climbed into that luxurious blue-plush coach, filled with smartly dressed tourists, was the moment I will forever remember. I was certainly the hickiest looking hick aboard. Remembering that brand-new tailored suit hanging in the closet did me no good then . . . The tourists definitely won the first round. I slunk into the one vacant seat and we were off.

The pilot of this opulent juggernaut was a gentleman by the name of Mr. Creeper, but evidently there's nothing in a name. Mr. Creeper caromed up Hollywood Boulevard past the Public Library (maybe you didn't think we had one?), across the street that leads to Cahuenga Pass and the Hollywood Bowl. He slowed down slightly for Warner's Hollywood Theatre and the Hollywood Hotel in a new coat of paint and looking very flossy. Then the Chinese Theatre, which is built after an ancient Chinese Temple (quite a while after) and has the hand and footprints of the great preserved in cement in the forecourt. It also has a lot of brave glittering gilt, carpets you can chin yourself on, and a lot of wax dummies standing around in informal attitudes, looking so lifelike you get ready to shake hands.

We had passed Grauman's Egyptian Theatre, which was the first of the Sid Grauman grandeur era, and built a little before the Chinese. Then the El Capitan, which will be principally remembered now as the theatre where Will Rogers played in "Ah Wilderness."

Then the Roosevelt Hotel, the Garden Court Apartments, the Christian Science Church, and we approached the residential district of Hollywood. There was the old Ralphs home which has been successively occupied by the Cudahys, Doug Fairbanks (pre-Pickford) and Norma Talmadge. Then Betty Compson's lovely place with the low rolling roof, and a rather saddening "for

sale" sign. Then, right in the midst of handsome residences occurs a large grove of avocados with their beautiful lacquered leaves. A grove of something is apt to spring up informally anywhere around Hollywood or Beverly. There is lots of room, lots of land, lots of spacious living. So of course the town roams all over to hell-and-gone, and sometimes when you drive over and see your best friend it is wise to take a box-lunch to stave off starvation.

The streets began to be lined with flowering eucalyptus and palms. We passed the home in which Ernest Torrence took such pride—a huge dark red brick English place, almost concealed with trees and rose-bushes. His backyard has a grove of the most beautiful eucalyptus trees anywhere around, except those on Jim Tully's place on Toluca Lake. On the corner of Laurel and Hollywood is the home of Jack Holt, a comfortable yellow frame affair with a tennis court and lots of trees. Jack lives on his ranch with Tim most of the time now, but for many years that was one of the happiest homes in the village.

On Laurel, there is Jeanie MacPherson's home, she who writes most of the C. B. DeMille epics. We swung off Laurel into Sunset and out toward the newer residential districts. Right at that junction is a group of truly magnificent open-air markets that have the passengers oohing, and I ooh too. (Ah, there, Gertie Stein.) For the first time in years I really *see* the markets through new eyes and realize their beauty. Color to make Diego Rivera rush for his palette.

Nobody markets over the telephone in

this town, and you will often encounter many screen luminaries personally selecting their groceries. (I once caught Jack Barrymore pinching a peach.) If you are coming to Hollywood, I advise you to make a tour of the big markets in Beverly Hills and Hollywood to get a close-up of any number of stars you might never see otherwise. No one ever seems to think of it, and the crowds haunt the Derby and the Vendome—but probably you wouldn't expect to find Norma Shearer, Gloria Swanson or Carole Lombard with a basket over her arm.

At the big Young's Market, Union and Seventh, I have seen some of the most elusive ladies and gents on the roster of names—Warner Oland, ZaSu Pitts, Clark Gable, Joan Crawford, Ginger Rogers, Jimmie Cagney, Mrs. Harold Lloyd, Pat O'Brien—to name a few. (Excuse me a moment for getting off the bus backward.) This market is not on our itinerary but you *must* include it on your trip. Mr. Bond, the manager, tells me many stars spend hours in there selecting foods, wines and delicacies—and they like to come in because it is a rule that no employee shall ever bother them except when needed. Of course it is one of the sights to see anyway if you have epicurean ideas, but I would advise you not to crash up and ask Joan or Jimmie for their autograph when they are concentrating on brandied peaches or Chateau Yquem! Ordering food is a *serious* business.

Now—to return to Sunset Boulevard. There is the Garden of Allah, Nazimova's former home converted into hotel and bungalows. Frances Drake, Elizabeth Allen, Ian Keith, Princess Natalie Paley are among those who now live there. A few blocks up the line is the Sunset Towers, one of the most ultra-modern apartments here, rearing its lofty height above the old Wally Reid and Bill Hart homes. (Out of the window I recognized friends driving by.



Clark Gable's modest home. White with green shutters. Alas, no one in sight.

Sightseeing BUS

By Ruth Rankin

Hollywood Homes Are Quite As Famous As Their Owners. Every Tourist Gazes Upon Them With Rapture.

They stared at the bus with a wholesome respect. After all, it is a *big* bus—and it contains the great far-away public, the public that pays those quarters in the box-office. Nobody who knows beans about his business snoots a tourist in Hollywood. . . . I began to feel quite chipper and hoped to be recognized—after fearing I might be!

We entered the little hamlet called Sherman, about 25,000 homes (thanks to Mr. Creeper). To the left is the Normandy Village, residence of our own celebrated Liza Wilson (adv.). Up the line is the Chateau Marmont, where live Spencer Tracy and Minna Gombell (not together, silly). We approach the district of exclusive shops and agents' offices. This settlement has rapidly become the smartest location for business. Billy Haines has his decorating shop here, as has Adrian. There are half a dozen other decorators; Hurrell, the photographer, little shops with rare books, furniture, hats, pyjamas and liquors. To top it all is the soignée Trocadero, night club par excellence, a long low white building with red awnings and little red chairs and tables on the sidewalk. The Clover Club is across the way. The Kings, the Three

Star, Cafe Lamaze and other restaurant-clubs are all grouped close together in this section.

We approached Beverly Hills and saw the bridle path which neatly divides Sunset Boulevard in half. Beverly covers five square miles and has a population of 20,000, if it's statistics you want. We drove beside a big field of poinsettias, acres of them, a colorful sight around Christmas



Claudette Colbert admiring the picture of the house she is building. She expects to move in during October.



Marlene Dietrich, herself, beside the swimming pool at the foot of the lawn in her delightful back yard.



A bit of Janet Gaynor's lovely home, with the lady herself in view.

time. Then the home of Harpo Marx, with a neon-illuminated harp in the bay window, a subtle publicity whimsy, don't you think? This was formerly Polly Frederick's home, later Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg lived there before their Santa Monica home was built. Oh dear, we skipped one—the beautiful Connecticut farm-house that Phil Berg (agent) built for his wife, Leila Hyams, and one of the loveliest places anywhere around. Then we climb up into a mess of millionaires' shacks—Ben Myers (banks), E. L. Doheney (oil), E. L. Cord (airways and autos), W. C. Durant (motors). We give them a passing glance—not bad, not bad at all—but we want *movies*.

So we get movies. Bursts upon our vision the spectacle of Bill Powell's folly—the glory that was Greece, the splendor that was Rome, the vision that was Versailles—all neatly incorporated to make any palace you ever saw look like a hen-house. Bill started with Hobart Bosworth's house and a few ideas about making it over. When he finished ripping out, nothing was left but the foundations and a coupla chim-

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JUST BIG BABIES

Idiosyncrasies Of The He-Men.

By Liza

WELL, here we are at Hollywood's smartest night club, and the orchestra is playing "Broadway Rhythm," and Louie B. Mayer (the Fred Astaire of Metro) is the first on the floor as usual, and I am the first on the wagon and shall probably get very glum about life and things any minute.

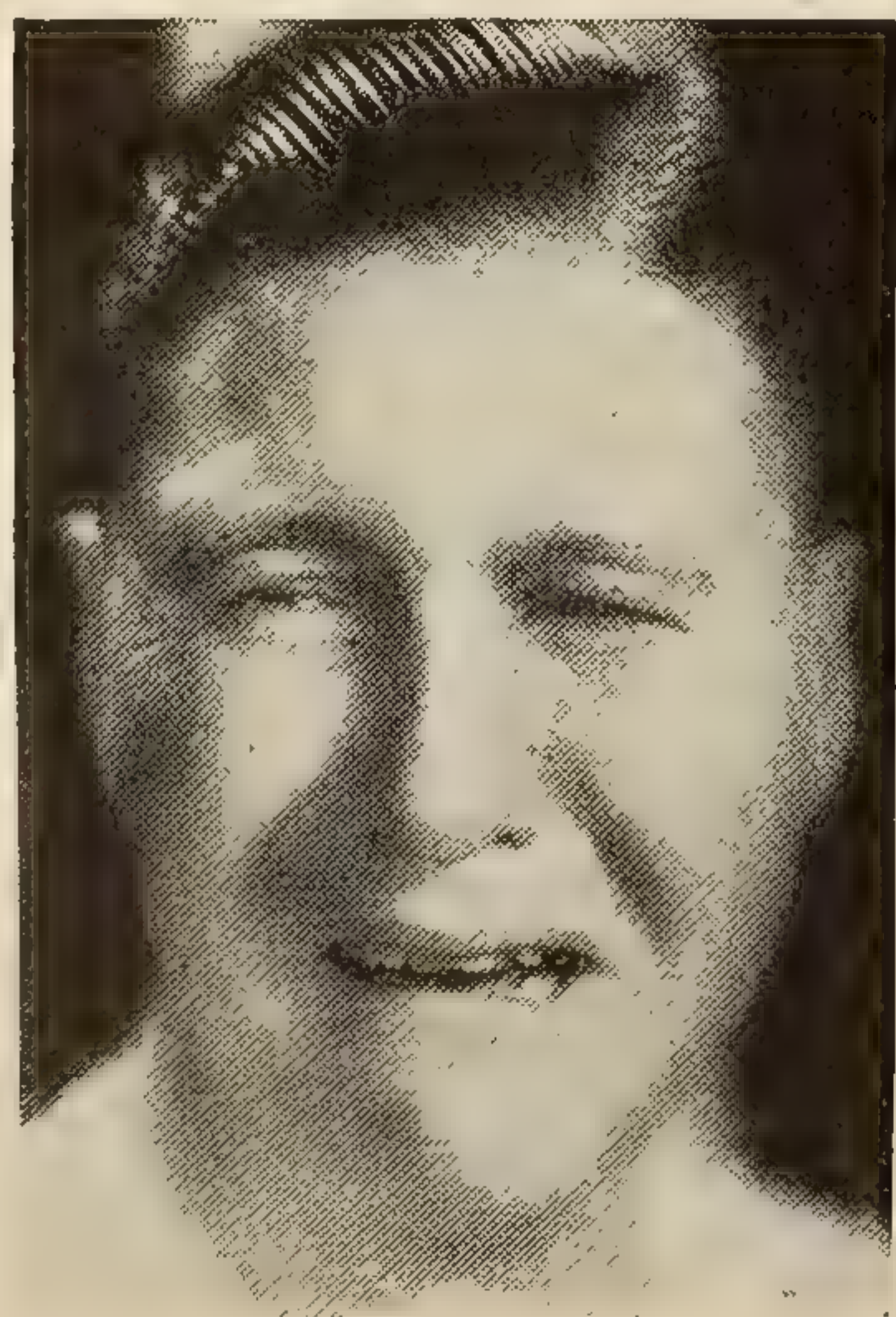
Goodness gracious, look at the leading men here tonight—Pat O'Brien, Paul Lukas, Clark Gable, Edward Arnold, Jimmie Cagney, Chester Morris, and that cute little Man Mountain Dean—oh yes, I understand it all now. It's fight night and the boys have all been down shouting their heads off and tanking up on beer, and now to please the little woman (who usually detests fights) they are stopping off for a tango and a see-and-be-seen.

There's no Garbo to see tonight, but there's Peggy Fears doing a lady swami in veils, with a ruby in the center of her forehead. And mercy, there are ten tables of visiting firemen to be seen by. No wonder the boys are strutting their stuff. Once an actor always an actor I always say. Look at Pat O'Brien dancing with his Eloise—Pat so big and strong and male and Irish. No wonder the plumpish ladies over there from Iowa sigh when he glides by. But something tells me that when Pat gets home and takes his patent leathers off he isn't so big and strong and male and Irish. I bet that mug is just as big a baby as your Henry.

And look at Clark Gable dancing with Rea. And watch the ladies swoon with delight over the dark and handsome and oh so romantic Mr. Gable. But I bet when Clark gets up in the morning for an eight o'clock call at the studio his wife won't find him so dark and handsome

and romantic. He's probably just like your Sonny who won't get out of bed, and snarls through his coffee, and is half an hour late to school again.

So, if it's any consolation to you, Little Woman, I can assure you that when these great big brave handsome and romantic guys stop cavorting through love scenes with Claudette Colbert on stage 6, and stop swinging their hips in a rumba at the Troc while the tourists gasp, and go home to beddy-bye, their wives and mothers have to pamper them and baby them much more than you do that big oaf you took for better or worse in a romantic



Jack Oakie's mother has to wait up for Jack or he gets peeved.



Clark Gable has to be pampered at home.



Pat O'Brien is a collector of this and that.



Jimmie Cagney is a trial to "Bill," his wife.

moment.

And, personally, I'm mighty glad of it. I may go into a rapture over a man who, immaculate in tails and white tie, flicks his cigarette just so on the screen and lowers his beautiful curling lashes over his bold boudoir eyes when Myrna Loy enters the scene, but so help me I wouldn't have one of those around the house for love or money. Give me a guy who scatters newspapers, who hates to dress up, and who always drops ashes on the new rug. I'd rather be married to a grouch than a gesture.

Now maybe you'd like to know how these great big brave handsome heroes are pampered like little boys at home? All right, I'll tell you.

Pat O'Brien is like the squalling youngster who refuses to part with an old rag doll. Pat is a collector and if anyone so much as suggests that he get rid of anything in his sentimental collection Mr. O'Brien gets his Irish up. For years now he has

been collecting everything from prize fight ticket stubs to run-over dressing slippers, and Eloise O'Brien long ago learned that she was not to throw away, much less move, any of Pat's collections. She's a very tidy woman herself but she resists that urge to clean out drawers and closets because little boy Pat just won't have his things messed with. I was at a party at the Pat O'Brien's one Sunday afternoon and just a casual glance about

[Continued on page 72]



Chester Morris is as moody as a prima donna.

DOLORES DEL RIO'S By Arden Russell

FAN MAIL

Everyone Writes To Dolores.



SOMEHOW Dolores Del Rio's house always surprises me when it looms in its modernistic beauty out of the very old grove of trees which surrounds it. It is the last word in modern architecture, the last word in simplicity. But, after all, the beautiful young Mexican is herself the last word in modern womanhood—fascinating, charm-radiant—and the basis of it all is simplicity.

Before me was a picture. On the wide, shaded terrace, her two beautiful champion pet bulls lying beside her chair—sun-tanned skin gleaming warmly against white lounging pajamas, Dolores was reading intently. Before her a table was heaped high with mail. Coming quietly across the lawn, I stopped suddenly

for just a moment to absorb Del Rio.

After ten years in Hollywood, she is even more beautiful than she was when the colony first welcomed her from her native Mexico. I remembered the young, eager-eyed girl who didn't speak our language, laughing and listening with the concentration of one who had to listen attentively to understand just what was going on about her. I remembered that even though she might not catch the name, or understand the introduction, she never failed to greet one with a gay, recollective smile when she saw one afterward. There is nothing accidental about Del Rio's popularity. Behind her beauty of face and figure, there is a greater beauty. A gentle warming beauty of mind. She has not lost the simplicity, honesty, naivete which she brought to Hollywood.

Dolores glanced up, suddenly conscious of my presence.

"Hallo," with just a touch of color, remnant of her former accent. "Would you believe what I am doing? You will most certainly say—that Del Rio, is she conceited?"

"And why should I say that? Because you happen to be reading your mail?"

"Not because I am reading it, but because I am enjoying it so much! It is my day for fan mail. After all, when a picture is finished and the reviewers have seen it, it is the fans who have the final say, you see. And I am happy today because—would you believe it—they like 'In Caliente.' Look—" She was genuinely childlike as she laughed and picked up a handful of letters, holding them toward me. "Oh, isn't it so nice of them?"

"But this pile—you see these? They are very important, too. They are the letters from those who did *not* like it. Those I shall keep."

"And what about the others—what do you do about them?"

"Oh, when I have finished reading them, and they are all answered—I cannot keep them all—but I try to keep the not-so-nice ones. They make me work harder, and study harder. And someday maybe they will be pleased and write a nice letter, too!"

"Now, Dolores—don't tell me that you really pay attention to individual criticisms such as those!"

"Oh, but I do. It is wonderful and encouraging to have, how do you say it, a pat on the back. It is really necessary to me. But the 'spanking' is good, too! I have one fan, his name is John Herd, Jr. He writes to me so often. He does not tell me I am always right on the screen. He tells me when I am wrong. Whenever I finish a picture, I say to myself, 'there, Mr. Herd, we shall see what you think of that one.' He represents my fans to me. I don't know yet what he thought of 'In Caliente.' Perhaps he'll send a 'spanking' letter. But he did like 'Flying Down to Rio.'"

"Oh, Dolores," I laughed at her serious expression, "come now, don't look as though you've lost your best friend. What other letters do you get? They're not *all* criticisms or raves."

"No—that's true—not all of them." Her face lighted up. "You see, here is a girl who wants to know about clothes—where to buy them, how to make them smartly—and then, there are all of these," she lifted a neat pack, "from young girls who want to know how to get in pictures, how to be popular, how to hold their husbands, how to plan dinner parties. Sometimes they make me feel like the column, 'Advice to the Lovelorn.'"

"I try so hard, but I cannot possibly answer all of them. And I am so sorry. I should be so happy to. Here is one, you see—she signs herself 'Wondering.'" In her clear, softly modulated



Her new picture is called "I Live for Love," and in it Dolores is supported by Everett Marshall.

voice, Dolores read the letter aloud:

"My dear Dolores Del Rio: I am very much in love and very lonely. The man I was to have married has been transferred by his company to another State. We had planned to be married months ago, but one thing after another, mostly financial set-backs, have prevented our carrying out our plans. When he left for his new position, he seemed to evade discussing any plans for me—for *us*—in the future. Having given up all my other men and women friends during the months we went together, you can imagine how very lonely I am now. His letters so far have been casual and business-like, small comfort to a girl twenty-four, very much in love, and very lonely. It would be humiliating to write and ask him directly 'what about me?' But do you think I should? Or what should I do?"

"There—you see, it is so difficult," Dolores folded the letter slowly, thoughtfully. "I never answer [Continued on page 70]

"I Do As I Darn"

Sylvia Sydney Makes Her Own Rules Of Conduct
And No Mouldy Old Convention Can Faze Her.
Take That, Emily Post!

By Elizabeth Wilson

IS THERE anyone in Hollywood who does as she or he darn pleases? Why belittle, is there anyone in the world who does as she or he darn pleases? Now I ask you, really. That was the dilemma, or de lemon as we say in the Old South, that the editor of SILVER SCREEN handed me this month (and if he thinks I've nothing better to do than look for a needle in a haystack I'll tell him). There I was in the midst of a hot parchesi game with two men in home and Colbert forced to lift her blockade, but no, I couldn't have the fun of winning, I had to go look for an independent spirit. And in this town where conventions are even more important than calories. Why, only last winter Mrs. Grundy got so bored with convention-bound, stuffy Hollywood with its everlasting Purity Seal that she moved out bag and baggage and joined Elsa Maxwell in the East. Nope, there's nothing irregular goes on here but a few French verbs.

So, like a modern Diogenes, I lifted my lantern (Well now I never thought of that before, but good old Diogenes must have been the first person to carry the torch) and went in search of a free soul. Someone who dares to do as she darn pleases, someone with nerve enough to snub Hollywood conventions and live her own life in direct defiance of the Right People. Of course all the little movie stars very arrogantly told me that definitely they do as they darn please, but I happened to know that their lives are as controlled by conventions as the tides by the moon. And then I found Sylvia Sidney. The one and only inde-

pendent, really self-governing, *esprit* in Hollywood.

"Of course I do as I darn please," Sylvia said to me. "I always have, and I always shall. What of it?"

Well, I hardly dared believe that at last I had found the wonder-girl, surely there must be some catch to it, so I sat there in Sylvia's library, and in Sylvia's library there are really books, hundreds and hundreds of them, and while Sylvia knitted I tried to catch her unawares and prove to her that she honestly didn't do as she pleased, but as her mother, her friends, her studio, and especially as Hollywood pleased.

But no. Sylvia was adamant. She frowned, she pouted, she flashed those grave green eyes, she dropped a stitch, and she had a snappy come-back for every question. "Oh, you're incorrigible," I said at last. "Your mother certainly has my sympathy." "I see, you're going to insult me now," said Sylvia. "Well I'll tell you something. The last time you were here my dog was taken ill after you left and has been in the hospital ever since."

That was my chance to get furious and stride out in a huff—which I did (but two hours later), after a very excellent luncheon.

And here and now we might just as well face the facts. Sylvia Sidney really does live her own life exactly as she pleases. She's no slave to Hollywood conventions. She told me all these things and I checked on them (huh, I've been lied to before) and Sylvia gets the Wilson Admiration Award of 1935.

Where do all of the feminine stars spend two-thirds of their time in Hollywood? In the beauty shops, of course. It's the law of the tribe that everybody who has lovely brown hair must immediately be-

come a julienne potato blonde, and all the brunettes must change to a baked squash saffron, and they must all shave off their eyebrows at once and pencil them on so that they can look quizzical, or something, like Dietrich, and, but definitely, they must dye their eyelashes and try a new kind of nail polish every week—the idea being, of course, that they must never look like what nature intended them to look like. No, it wouldn't be cricket.

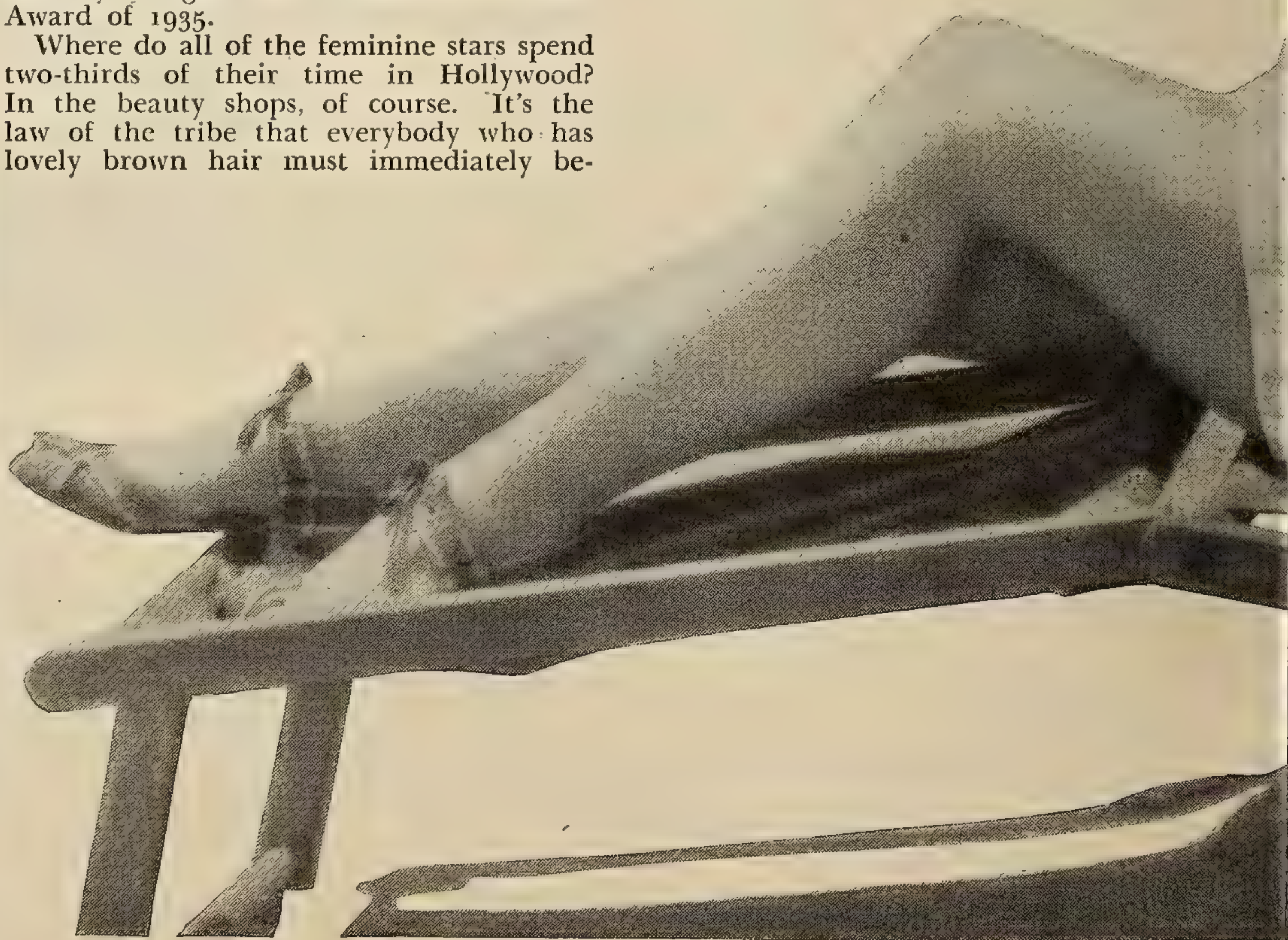
But what does the little rebel of a Sylvia Sidney do? She refuses to put on a false front, and she just won't become a beauty shop habituée. Her hair is the same shade today as it was when she was a child, and if the director doesn't like her eyebrows it's just too bad. Her hair wasn't meant to fall in perfect waves, and unless she is playing a part in a picture where a marcel is utterly necessary, Miss Sidney regrets but she will be unable to sit under a drying machine today.

Now it's true that she is occasionally seen coming out of the Ann Meredith shop on Sunset Boulevard—but believe it or not, she goes there for the social life. In Irene and Gladys, two of the operators, she has found independent spirits like herself and she goes there for a good gab with them, and as soon as she gets back to her apartment in the Colonial House she proceeds to comb the wave they gave her right out.

Unlike all the other screen personalities



Sylvia's laugh rings with an impish rollicking freedom.



PLEASE!"

in Hollywood, with the exception of Garbo, Sylvia refuses to go to parties. She hates parties. Every actress in Hollywood has been advised to go to parties because "there you meet the Right People and it will definitely help your career." But Sylvia, the independent little cuss, doesn't give a tinker's dam for the Right People, and she certainly doesn't think they are essential to her career. She's far more interested in European politics than she is in Hollywood politics, which makes her practically unique in these parts where the Ethiopian situation is not nearly so important as the plans of Irving Thalberg.

Sylvia loathes bridge, and she can't stand chit-chat, so when the Di Frassos, and the Freddie Marches, and the Bennetts and Lombards are throwing parties Sylvia can usually be found at home playing "Hearts" with a couple of kindred souls who don't matter in the Social Register. Occasionally she goes dancing at the Troc or the Clover Club with Norman Krasna, young writer, or Sidney Kingsley, brilliant young playwright, but you can be quite sure that she is there to enjoy herself and not to impress Mr. Louis B. Mayer. With the Glamour Girls sparkling like a Tiffany showcase Sylvia will very likely be modestly attired in a tailored suit, and no jewelry.

Sylvia doesn't like jewelry so she won't wear jewelry. And she doesn't like high heels so she won't wear

high heels. If she takes a liking to a certain dress or suit she will wear the poor thing to a frazzle. She arrived in Havana last year in a checked suit for which she had formed a warm attachment, and she proceeded to wear that checked suit the entire time she was there. She drives the same car today that she bought when she came to Hollywood five years ago, and she thinks this idea of buying a new car every year just for the swank of it is a lot of chichi. Her car may not be the last word in streamlines, but the engine is perfect, and, after all, in cars, as in people, it is the heart that counts; not the face. Now don't get the idea that Sylvia is hoarding her money just because she doesn't fall for a new model every year or fill her closets with Adrian's whimsies. Only last month she bought a sable scarf that would have



She is a wonderful little actress and her 100% sincerity makes every part to glow.

knocked Old Russia for a couple of loops.

Sylvia refuses to go to Palm Springs every winter and romp with the stars and the directors just because it is the thing to do. Every chance she gets she takes a plane to New York, the one place she really loves. Here she revels in the theatre, sees her friends, and lives in constant dread of the day she'll have to return to Hollywood.

Now every actress is taught from childhood that no matter what happens "the show must go on." Sylvia is a swell little trouser, as the theatrical producers in New York will tell you, but she doesn't believe that old fallacy about the show going on. A couple of years ago Paramount was making "The Way to Love" with Chevalier and Sylvia Sydney, and in the midst of the production Sylvia walked out of the picture and took a plane for New York. Paramount was furious and ready to sue, and of course everybody in Hollywood went tsch! tsch! and thought the worst of Sylvia. But Sylvia had a throat infection, and had been advised by her doctor that an immediate operation was necessary, and she considered her health more important than a mere picture and the idea that "the show must go on." Very few stars in Hollywood would have the nerve to make Sylvia's defiant gesture to an old bromide.

Another of those quaint Hollywood conventions is the Family. It's the custom in Hollywood for a star's family to live with him or her. A family is a protection in more ways than one, and also pretty good publicity for the homey magazines. Few indeed are the stars who haven't from two to ten relatives living right under the same roof with them—ah me, there are more sponges in Hollywood than in the sea, but that's another story. Sylvia doesn't think that her family is so important to her success in Hollywood. As a matter of fact she hasn't lived in the same house or apartment with them since she was eighteen years old. A family has a way of robbing one of one's independence, Sylvia figured out when she was a child, and just as soon as she started supporting herself she an-

[Continued on page 66]

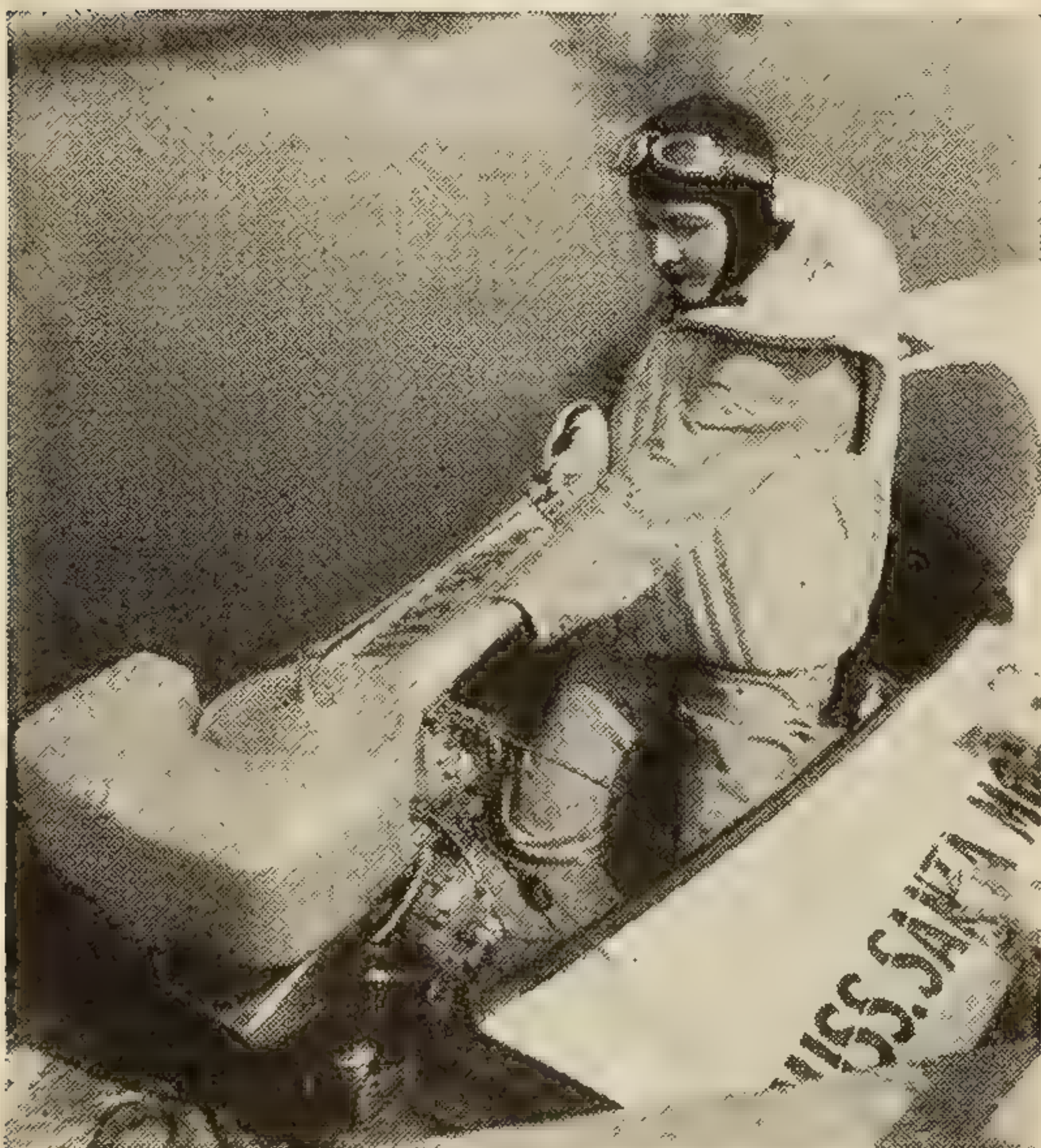


The recent success of "Accent On Youth" has put her stock up again, so Sylvia can bask in the sun and smile contentedly.

Norman Foster, As A GRID STAR, MAKES GOOD



Florence Rice and Norman Foster caught in a web of romance.



Nan (Florence Rice) prepares to enter the motor race.



Billie (Mary Carlisle) adds a complication to the plot for Randy (Norman Foster).

A Fictionization Of
The Columbia Picture,
"Superspeed."

By Helen Ludlam

"DAD, there's Randy Rogers! Isn't he simply wonderful?"

Wilson Gale looked up amusedly from his program and smiled at his only daughter, Nan.

"Now I know why you were so anxious not to miss the last football game of the year."

"It's the last time we shall see Randy Rogers, too. See—" and pulling a newspaper out of her father's pocket she traced the headlines with a slim, white finger.

"When the final whistle blows at the Stadium this afternoon, Randy Rogers will trot off the field leaving behind him a record never before equalled by a State University player. Chosen last year as All-American quarterback and a standout to the unanimous pick of experts for this season, this boy has almost single handed brought his college from football obscurity to front page headlines."

"Aren't you proud of him, Dad?"

"Proud of him my dear? I don't know the young man."

"Well, you're a graduate of State University too and every State man shares in its honors forever, doesn't he, Philip?"

Philip Morton, general manager for the Gale Motors, Inc., of which Nan's father was President and Founder, looked at his boss's daughter without changing his expression. "Sure thing, Nan," he said casually.

"Oh, you two! Pay attention now, the game's beginning."

Randy Rogers lived up to every ounce of faith that cheering mob put in him that day. He played a marvelous game. Snapping the ball on reverse he tucked it under his arm and made for the weak side of the enemy line. The crowd broke loose as he pivoted, avoiding the tackler, and continued the run for a touchdown. The safety man, cutting in from the side, attempted a tackle and managed to check Randy enough to have the crowd on their feet, rooting themselves hoarse with suspense. But Randy ran clear for the touchdown, and as he

threw up both arms in the air to signal the legality of the play and the fact that State was up six more points the heavens rang with deafening applause. It was his third touchdown.

"Oh, dad. Isn't he a wonder!" Nan fell into her chair limp from excitement.

"He's quite a player, Nan. Quite a player."

Morton's attention was on the crowd. "75,000 people at \$3.00 a head isn't bad," he said.

"No," replied Gale. "I wish Gale Motors could do the same." Morton glanced at him and had Gale been looking into those murky brown eyes he would have been startled by their expression. But he was not looking at Morton and he trusted him implicitly.

"Look," cried Nan beside herself with excitement. "They're taking Randy out of the game."

"Nonsense," said her father.

"They are! They are! The coach spoke to Barton and he went into Randy's place. That means they are going to give him an ovation. See, he's leaving the field. Give him a hand, you lazy men!"

As the crowd sensed what was going on it rose as one man. The State team bunched around its famous player cheering as wildly as the spectators. The boy, very deeply touched, acknowledged the enthusiasm of the crowd and walked slowly toward the tunnel of the Stadium where he turned, looking out over the field for the last time as a player. College days were over; this was his last game. Now





Randy Rogers (Norman Foster) qualifies as an All-American and plays his final game to the cheers of thousands of his enthusiastic fellow students.

the game of life began in earnest for him. Would he play it as well? He waved one last farewell to the frenzied mob and quickly left the field.

That evening Nan dragged her father and the somewhat unwilling Morton along to a cafe where the game would be celebrated hilariously until the small hours of the morning. Randy was there too, terribly embarrassed to find that he was still a celebrity.

"He sells himself all right," said Morton rather sarcastically, and Nan sprang to Randy's defense.

"He doesn't have to sell himself. Everyone's been sold on him for a year. Put his name behind a Golden Arrow car—'The Best Car for the Best People'—and he'd even be able to sell one of those!"

"Here! What!" said her father roused at last from his inward and somewhat gloomy thoughts, for Gale Motors, makers of the Golden Arrow car was in a very bad spot indeed and had been for months. In fact, unless a miracle happened Wilson Gale faced ruin in the very near future.

"You're too conservative, Dad," Nan rushed on. "Other companies get publicity on their new gadgets, floating power—things like that."

"Cheap methods. Golden Arrow never had to resort to them."

"Well, you admit yourself that something has to be done. Dad! I have it! Give Randy Rogers a job!"

"What!" both men looked at her in amazement.

"Send him on the road as a Golden Ar-

row salesman. With his All-American reputation he'd sell cars like hotcakes."

"You've never gone in for sensationalism sir," Morton cut in sharply. The idea of this young Adonis selling Arrow cars in a road campaign didn't suit his plans at all. He'd been very clever these past months in killing the sales.

"No," Gale replied, "I never have. But I can see the advantage of Nan's suggestion. Here! Where are you going Nan?"

"I'm going to introduce you to your new salesman," she laughed over a provocative shoulder.

"There's one sure way of saving Gale Motors, sir. This Broadway ballyhoo isn't in your line."

"And what do you suggest, Morton?" asked Gale.

"Merge with United."

"Never while I live! Golden Arrow will never be a cheap car made by United. If the time comes when I have to sell out, I won't sell—I'll quit."

Morton shrugged, smiling to himself.

Randy was enormously relieved to find Nan, whom he had danced with at the Junior Prom, at his elbow. "Gee," he said as they broke away from the crowd of autograph seekers, "I hope that's the last of that." He was in a perspiration from em-

barrassment. Gale received him cordially but Morton, pleading a business engagement, left the table.

"A job with a motor company is just the sort of thing I want," Randy told Nan and her father earnestly. "I'm taking engineering, you see, and I have a patent on a supercharger and carburetor hook-up that will cut down fuel consumption appreciably on a motor car, and at the same time advance the speed tremendously. I'd like to build a model—it won't cost very much—"

"Then it's all settled," Nan said watching her father's face. He had a horror of would-be inventors and she would have to warn Randy. But she didn't have the easy time with the champion that she expected. Men, it seems, are sometimes very hard to manage. Randy told Mr. Gale flatly the next morning in his office that he wasn't interested in a sales job on an All-American basis. He was through with football and all the publicity it had given him. "I want a job in a machine shop for a while, and a chance, perhaps, to build a model of my supercharger and test it out—I didn't realize you were offering me a job in the sales department."

"But Dad doesn't need you in the shop and he does need you on the road," Nan said when she had Randy safely out of her father's office.

"Well, maybe I'm after the wrong job," he said at last and looked so disheartened that Nan was touched.

"I didn't know your invention meant so much to you, Randy," she said gently. "Tell

[Continued on page 62]

FOR LOVERS OF *Music* AND LOVERS OF *Love*



The romantic idol of radio and opera comes to the screen—and triumphs in a sensational debut! Millions will thrill as Martini portrays a struggling young tenor who sings a song of love on the heart-strings of one woman and the purse-strings of another!

Here is a cast of famous names from the opera, the radio, the screen, the concert stage. Here is romance at its happiest, songs at their brightest, dances at their gayest!

NINO MARTINI, idol of the Metropolitan Opera and popular radio programs. With his magnetic personality, his magnificent voice, he flashes to stardom as the screen's new romantic hero.

HERE'S TO ROMANCE

MARIA GAMBARELLI, famous ballet dancer and protégé of Pavlova.



Beautiful GENEVIEVE TOBIN, sparkling in another sophisticated rôle.



SCHUMANN-HEINK, best loved of all operatic prima donnas, now brings her inspiring voice to the screen.

A JESSE L. LASKY PRODUCTION with

NINO MARTINI

GENEVIEVE TOBIN

ANITA LOUISE

MARIA GAMBARELLI

MME. ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK

REGINALD DENNY

VICENTE ESCUDERO

world's greatest gypsy dancer!

Directed by Alfred E. Green

A FOX
PICTURE

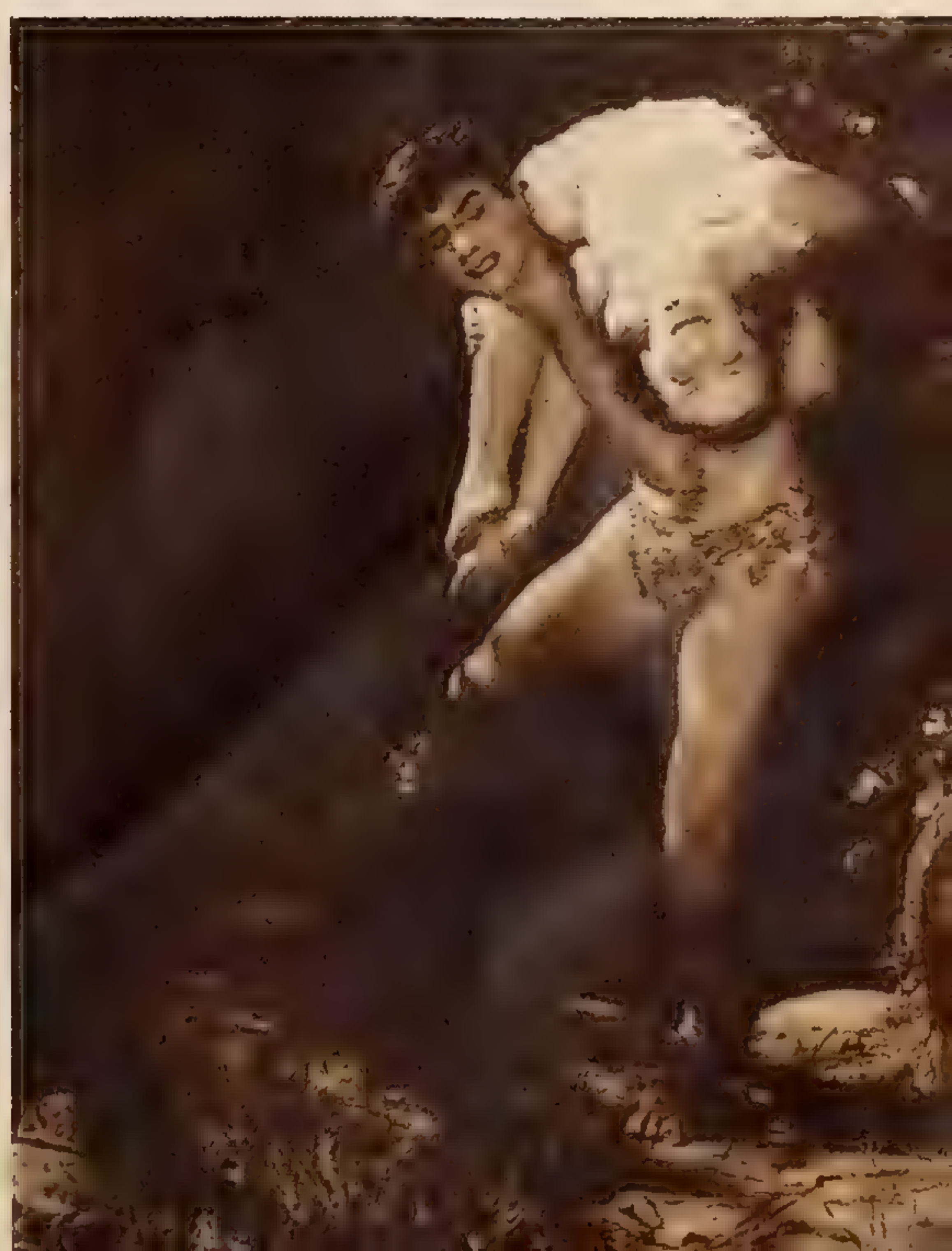


Ned Scott

SPRING NIGHT

THE first screen ballet, "Spring Night," tells in pantomime a charming little love story—the adventure of a peasant girl when a statue of Pan comes to life. David Lichine, of the Monte Carlo Ballet Russe, is Pan, and Nana Gollner is the girl. Tatiana Tuttle, wife of the well-known

director, Frank Tuttle, in directing this novel and beautiful dance picture, opens up new possibilities for the screen. Possibilities for more artistic and cultured entertainment, in which beauty expressed in grace and rhythm weaves delicate fantasies for our appreciation and delight.



"No CAN



In addition to being a dancer teamed with Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers is an interesting collection of subtle curves and enviable measurements.



Jack Dawn, head man in M-G-M's Cosmetic Department, fixes up Margo to appear in Warner Baxter's film.



Carole Lombard recently completed "Hands Across The Table." She is fascinatingly modern in spirit as well as in contour. The peke is "Pushface."

Do!"

The Beauty Makers Of
Hollywood Can Change
Your Face, But You Have
To Bring The Body
With You.



Alice Faye sang in her recent picture, but she can also dance or decorate a beach at a moment's notice.



Invited to step out of the chorus line and accept a contract at Paramount, Dorothy Thompson may thank her lovely figure for the start of her career.

Jean Harlow is one of Hollywood's finest actresses — rowdy comedy is her metier — but the beauty of her figure has almost out-shown her talents.



HEY can change the teeth, the hair, the eyebrows and even the nose, but when it comes to the rest of the body, Hollywood has to accept what the gods provide. Bow-legs are as rare as bald-headed girls, unfortunately, and though she may play only serious dramatic rôles, a girl can be sure every leading lady must qualify at Minsky's.

The IRRESISTIBLE



Marlene Dietrich is at work on "The Pearl Necklace." She has, by sheer beauty, held her fans throughout the disaster of poor pictures.



Lynne Overman, an addition to any picture.

A new kind of love is played by Gary Cooper in "Peter Ibbetson."



Carole Lombard says "It takes all kinds of players to fill the bill—even me."



George Raft in "She Couldn't Take It."

Clark Gable and a native in "Mutiny on the Bounty."

MOVIES!

The Present Crop Of Pictures Has Many New And Fascinating Qualities.

THE movies truly are like life itself. No sooner do you feel surfeited with one kind of picture than a new and fresh sort comes along. Recent films show a wide range of interests and present our favorites in novel and unusual rôles. It is the persistent belief of actors that they will shine a bit more brilliantly in a new rôle than they have ever done before. And so each cycle is welcomed, performed and then reviled or mourned. Clark Gable revealed comedy ability in "It Happened One Night," but the funny rôles following this were not well received and now Clark is back to the favorite rôle of a strong and menacing character, both in the action as well as the love scenes. Franchot Tone has gained a great deal by his work in the coming rough picture, "Mutiny On The Bounty," if the public at large follows Hollywood's preview opinions.

Careers flare up or falter and, always, there is something new to follow in the irresistible movies.

One of the dancers in "The Last Days of Pompeii" — a different thrill.



Jean Harlow — unique, not like any other star.



Joan Bennett — in "She Couldn't Take It." She has long been a star, but unlike most of them she is still gaining in popularity.



Minna Gombell in "Two Black Sheep," a Republic picture.



Gene Raymond is different — one of the few blond men.



Edmund Gwenn, from England, playing in M-G-M's "The Bishop Misbehaves."



Waiting for the second show at the Chinese Theatre, Hollywood.



Wheeler and Woolsey pull them in with their own original brand of humor.



A hold-up in Warner Baxter's picture, "Robin Hood of Eldorado."



Ken Maynard makes pictures and "West Beyond the Law" is his latest — from Columbia.



"Tarzan," horse, see to know master's wish.



Maynard performing some cowboy riding tricks.



John Carroll in "Hi, Gauch". He is a newcomer to pictures. Carroll plays the leading man.

ACTORS ON HORSEBACK!

One Reason Why The Westerns Are So Satisfying Is That The Horses Are Such Good Actors.

Harry Carey in a melodramatic picture, "Powder-smoke Range."



FREQUENTLY after a Fitzgerald scenic has ended, we have heard a round of applause. The audiences like views of mountains, snow-hatted, and the rolling valleys. Western stories of cowboys and hard riding sheriffs usually have such satisfying backgrounds.

For many years all Europeans thought of Americans as two-gun hombres and there is still an active market abroad for the Hell-for-Leather pictures.

One reason for making films of these "hoss operas" is that such pictures do not get old and have to be retired because of changes in costumes. The Tom Mix films made years ago still are selling, and the very latest of these pictures has the same appearance, what with the chaps, sombreros and saddle blankets. There are no 1936 model horses.



Warner Baxter, whether in "Robin Hood of Eldorado" or in "Broadway Bill" or in "One More Spring," is an ingratiating personality.



Bruce Cabot and Kay Hughes in the Warner Baxter picture. It is the story of a famous bad man with a heart of gold.

The Thud Of Hoofs, As The Posse Rides Through The Gulch, Is A Real Contribution That Sound Has Given To "Westerns."

Preston Foster and Alan Hale in "The Last Days of Pompeii."

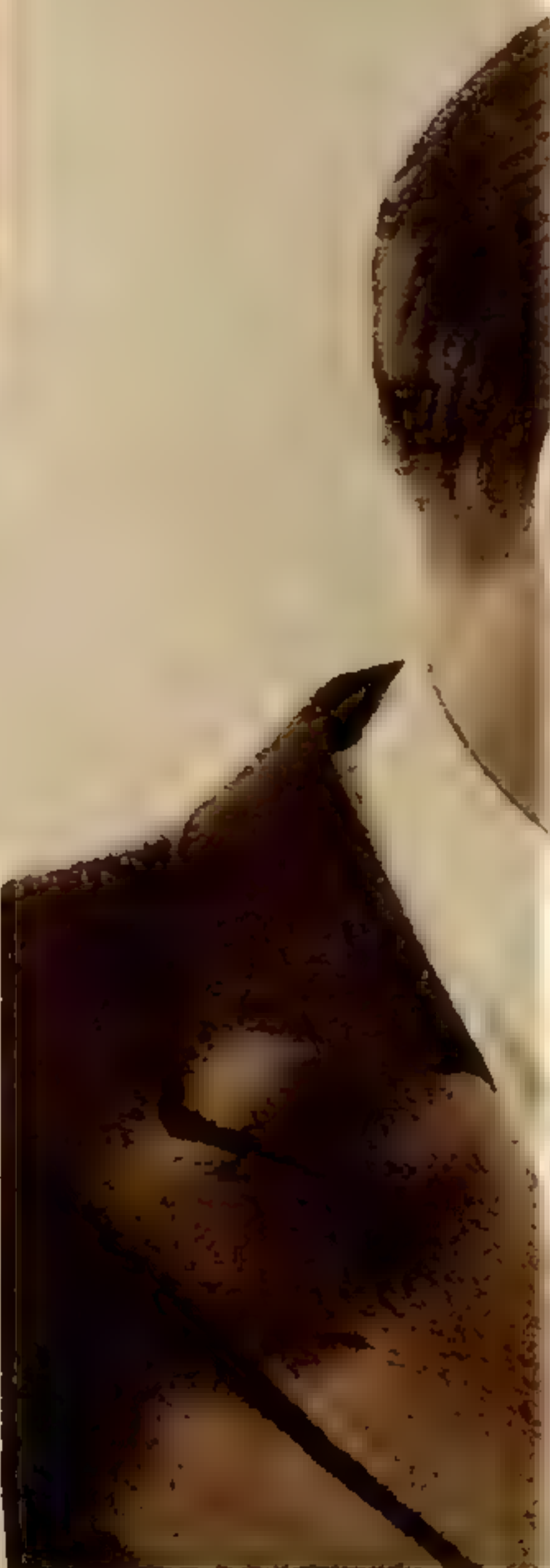




It's all over
with Jean
Arthur and
George Mur-
phy in "Lady
Beware."



Carol Stone (Fred Stone's
daughter), and Tom Brown
in "Freckles." Ah-h-h!



"GEE WHIZ!"

As Alice Adams Said When She Found Out That, After All, Her Arthur Loved Her.

WHEN Hepburn, as Alice Adams, finds Fred MacMurray on her porch, after she had given him up, she is slightly startled and exclaims: "Why are you here?" To which, with great originality, MacMurray answers, "Because I love you."

Hepburn looks up at him in awe, happiness floods through her, and then amazement that anyone should see anything in her. It is all expressed in her marvelous line.

The wonder of being loved is immeasurable. The thought that someone cares about you—just as you are—that to him you are desirable above all others—finer, lovelier than anyone else—is inexpressible!

Gee Whiz!



In "Steamboat Round the Bend," Anne Shirley listens, captivated, to John McGuire. Love seems a little more in harmony with life when two are alone with Nature.



Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler in "Shipmates Forever." No foolin'.



Ralph Bellamy holds Claire Trevor in "Beauty's Daughter."

In "Way Down East," Henry Fonda and Rochelle Hudson and the old enthralling mystery of love.

Donald Cook and Helen Twelvetrees. "The Spanish Cape Mystery" is the picture, but the situation is as clear as a wedding bell.

Dolores Del Rio and Everett Marshall in "I Live For Love." No time for words!



The New Pictures
Are "Actor Pic-
tures" And Every
Hero Has A Sword,
Rapier Or Dagger
With Which To
Battle For The
Right.

The Hollywood

Olivia de Havilland in
"Captain Blood." Luck-
ily the part had so much
action that Olivia es-
caped catching cold in
her knees.



IT IS no wonder that the gallants
of other years were a braggart lot.
Even the actors of the studios cannot
remain the cold menacing fellows that
they were in the machine gun cycle.
As soon as one gets a sword in his
hand he begins to strut and make
sweeping gestures with his tankard.
After that he'll take a pinch of snuff
whether you like it or not.

It is a throw-back to the days of
Mansfield, Faversham and Sothern—
when knighthood was in flower, and
when actors had their own troupes to
play one night stands at the "opry"
houses, and the clang of sword on
sword startled the horse and buggy
tied to the hitching rail.



Rod La Rocque in "Hi, Gaucho."
It is an operetta, but not without
a smirking villain with his snick-
ersnee.

In "The Last Days of
Pompeii," Preston Foster
opens his shirt slightly
at the collar and chal-
lenges all and sundry.



SWASHBUCKLERS ARE AT IT AGAIN!



Errol Flynn is "Captain Blood," whose enemies in due time look like roasting chickens on a spit—thanks to the captain's valiant sword arm.



Walter Abel, a Broadway stage actor, who is at the RKO-Radio studio to play D'Artagnan in "The Three Musketeers."

The Costume Pieces, "David Copperfield," "Great Expectations" And "Little Women,"

Were Rather Lacking In Action, So Now A New Costume Cycle Is Beginning, With Every Varlet Armed To The Teeth.

SUCCESS MEANS MORE WORK!

*The Successful Ones Who Make The Most Money
Have The Least Time To Enjoy It. Tough!*

WHEN many producers try to secure a certain player at the same time, when more and more money is offered and the public appetite seems insatiable, then there is an end to leisure and the popular one is rushed from studio to studio with every minute of life a whirl of activity accompanied by the rattle of money in the bank.

The delirium of success is thrilling, but it is far from being unalloyed happiness. "Am I making too many pictures?" is one worry—"Is this new part going to suit me?" is another—"Should I ask for more money?"—"Is it a good story?" Worry, worry, worry and never a minute to relax and enjoy the pre-requisites of success.



Henry Fonda hardly had time to release Janet Gaynor from his arms when a new romance with Lily Pons began. The picture probably will be called "Love Song."

Shirley Temple continues to win all hearts, and a number of pictures are being planned for her. Next "The Littlest Rebel."

She stars alone in her next picture, "In Person." Ginger Rogers, young and beautiful, reaches the top.

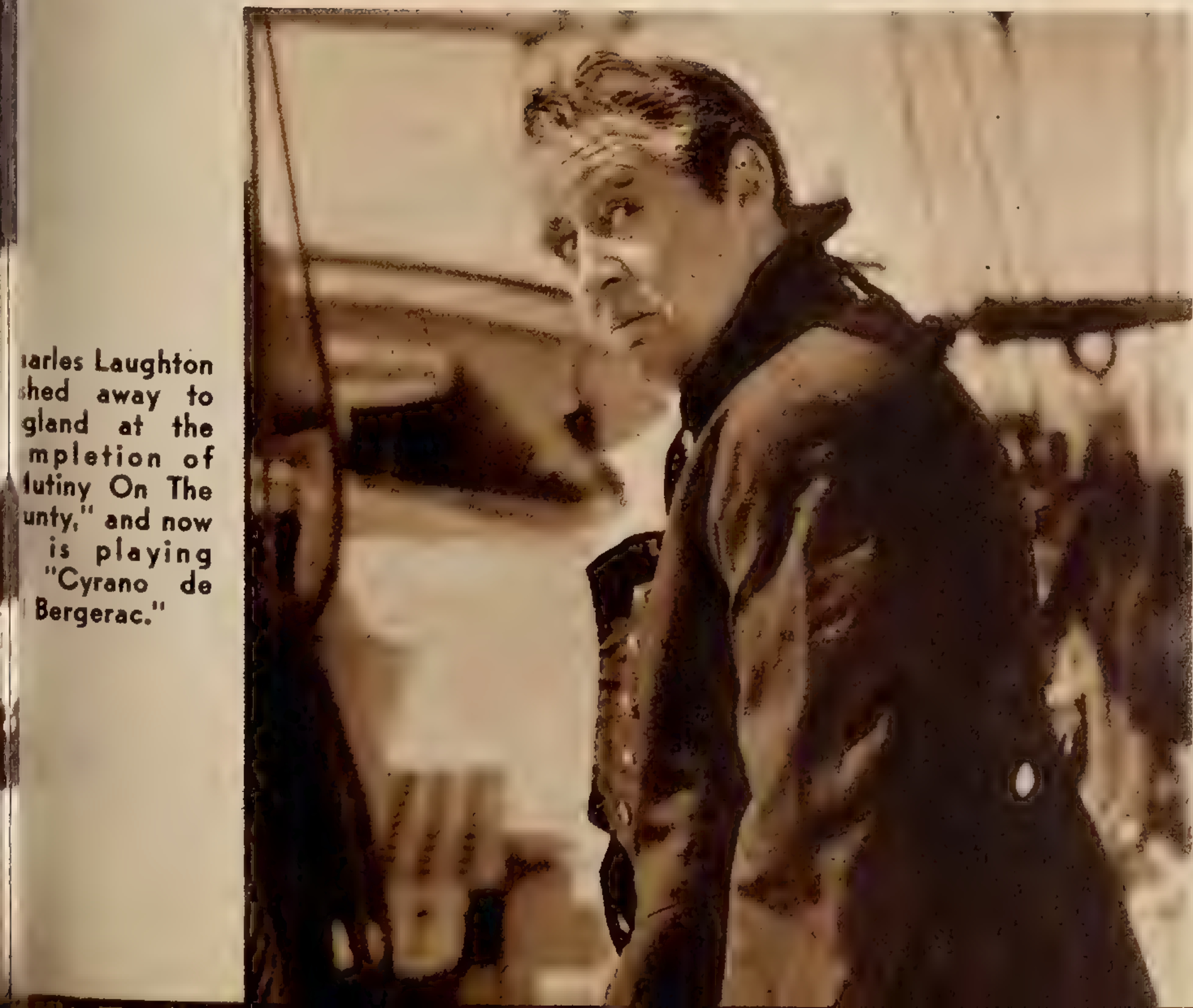




Michael Bartlett and Claudette Colbert in "She Married Her Boss." Claudette has wonderful poise and she does not let success cheat her out of her private life. She has accepted the Academy award, taken a New York vacation, built herself a new house and gotten a divorce while the work goes on.



In " Sylvia Scarlett," Katharine Hepburn has to masquerade as a boy, and so she had her hair cut off. Her success in "Alice Adams" continues to grow.



Charles Laughton shed away to gland at the mpletion of lutiny On The unty," and now is playing "Cyrano de Bergerac."

SNOOP- SHOTS

*Intimate Pictures Taken
All Over The Lot.*

THE echo, you might call it, of a screen success is the interest we afterwards take in the off-screen days and nights of the successful players. Let them realize that our curiosity is exactly proportional to their hit and they will be less resentful. The latest to fascinate us is Eleanor Powell. She is the brightest spot in "Broadway Melody of 1936." It seems impossible that a person so gifted can eat and drink the same as ordinary folks. Where are those dancing vitamins?



Frank Morgan and Anne Darling toast each other in ice cream cones.



Franchot Tone off to the scene of his triumph on the "Bounty."



Eleanor Powell eats a vegetable salad for lunch after a morning of dancing before the camera.

Maureen O'Sullivan takes her script home in order to study tomorrow's scene.

"OH! THERE YOU ARE!"

*Now And Then
We Lose Sight
Of A Player.*

THE actors and actresses, who have rows with their producers so that we have to wait and wait for their pictures, are always welcome back, whether they win or lose. Myrna Loy is the latest hold-out. She hasn't made a picture for months. But she is back at M-G-M again and will be seen on the screen very soon—yet not too soon for us.



Francis Lederer had a difference of opinion with his producers but that's all over and "The Gay Deception," his new picture with Frances Dee, is a hit.



Barbara Stanwyck and Melvyn Douglas and Andy Clyde. Barbara is now at Radio.



Charlotte Henry and Beryl Mercer in "Forbidden Heaven."



Charles Farrell at work again, also in "Forbidden Heaven."



Harold Lloyd making a new comedy with Adolphe Menjou.

"DOWN the Old SOUND TRACK"



Dick Foran singing "Moonlight on the Prairie" to George E. Stone's accompaniment. They are on location in the High Sierras.

*It Is So Much
Easier To
Record Songs.*



Bing Crosby has his own particular place in the hearts of both picture and radio fans. He is the only crooner with a racing stable.

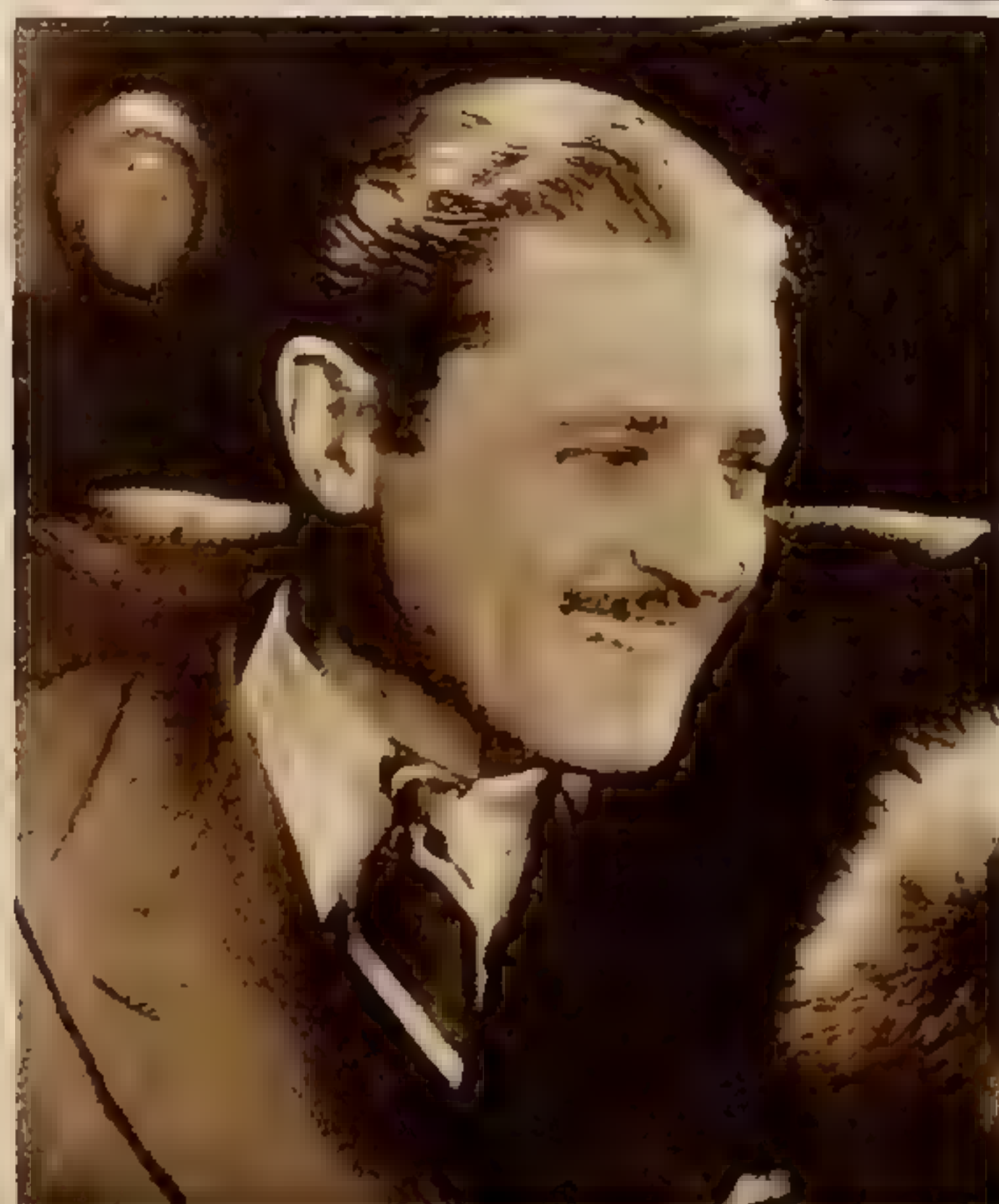
THE sound engineers are so fond of songs that it is a smart director who can keep his own judgment. The first sound picture had so many songs that finally the public kicked—by staying at home. Once more the soloists are planting themselves in the center of the screen and it is a struggle to introduce any action at all. Anyway, if we must have solos at least we have good singers. Nelson Eddy is a surprising hit (he marched as he sang) and the Grand Opera girls—Lily Pons, Gladys Swarthout and Grace Moore—are making sound tracks worthwhile.



Nino Martini, the star of "Here's to Romance," and his friend, Bobby Breen, "The Boy Caruso."



Harry Stockwell



Michael Bartlett



Frank Parker



Warren Hull

Helen Vinson
Has Been Mak-
ing Friends
And Pictures
In England.



Helen says
they were
sweet to her
in London—
Good boy,
Fred!

OUR GOOD-WILL STAR

By Lenore Samuels

TODAY the films that come out of Hollywood depend as much for their success upon the players who are cast in third or fourth and even fifth parts as they do upon their big name stars. For instance, when "Wedding Night" was released, Anna Sten and Gary Cooper enjoyed top billing as co-stars, but when the film was reviewed by the top notch critics it was the name of Helen Vinson that drew most honorable mention for the perfection of her characterization as Gary's pleasure-seeking wife.

A short while later, when "Private Worlds" was released, Helen again drew acclaim from the Gentlemen of the Press even though her name was "fifth" in the roster of popular players which seemed to be torn right out of the Who's Who of Filmdom.

However, the third or fourth or fifth players who have achieved the steadily growing popularity of Helen Vinson have been, unfortunately, few and far between. And I think I found out why things have been so flatteringly different in her case when I joined her for cocktails, at the Sherry-Netherland Bar in New York, just after her return from England.

Like her famous Grecian namesake, Helen does not possess beauty alone. She has magnetism, too, and beauty without magnetism is like a rose without fragrance. Doubtless it was this combination of beauty and magnetism, plus the inherent intelligence which is reflected so clearly in her acting, which first brought her to the at-

tention of the prominent Gaumont-British executives who visited Hollywood in search of talent last Spring.

Helen admits that she was practically the first Hollywood player who signed a

definite contract for more than one picture to be produced in England. "At that time," Helen said, "I was under the impression that everything of importance in the picture business took place right in Hollywood. I felt I might be risking a lot by leaving for an indefinite period."

"It seems to have worked out splendidly," I murmured.

"Yes, hasn't it?" she admitted frankly. I've just finished two pictures and I'm going back in January to do another—"The King's Pajamas," with Clive Brook. Silly title, isn't it? In the meantime I'm going to do another picture in Hollywood. I'm getting a long distance call tonight about it."

England evidently was quite impressed with our lovely Helen Vinson. Helen modestly says: "They were terribly sweet to me. They never gave me a chance to get homesick."

In any event Gaumont-British had faith enough in Helen's ability to cast her in the only feminine role in their production, "Kingdom of the Damned," featuring Conrad Veidt and Noah Beery.

To convince me how "terribly sweet" everybody was to her in the studio, Helen told me this little tale.

"You know that almost everybody in pictures has one side of their face which they prefer to the other. It might not be any more attractive, of course, but a cameraman might have told them once that this particular profile photographs better than

[Continued on page 68]



Wide World

The day after Fred Perry lost one of his tennis titles he won a new one — "Hubby."

ON LOCATION WITH A BEST

By Jeanne de Kolty

EVENTS happen so rapidly on location and so many interesting things occur that it is hard to know where to begin telling about it all.

We've only been shooting "So Red the Rose" a few days, but could I write a book! Location is at beautiful Sherwood Forest, just one hour from Hollywood. We might as well be in the middle of Alabam' or the Carolines, so far as scenery is concerned.

Trees, drooping with moss straight from the Paramount studio, line a wide, winding roadway, dappled with sunlight. The path wanders past the portico of a typical southern mansion. Through the open door of the building, one sees a handsome stairway. Prancing horses, gallant swains, beautiful damsels, snakes, flu germs, flies—ah, this is the true spirit of the old south, suh!

Margaret Sullavan, Randolph Scott, Dickie Moore, Janet Beecher and Elizabeth Patterson are all working today—first time they've appeared in a scene together. Margaret has turned out to be a true plantation belle in her frilly pink mousseline gown with its tight bodice and twelve yards of skirts that mop up the ground with every step. What emancipation has done for us women in the way of clothes!

While the cast struggle along in their heavy Civil War costumes, with the glaring arcs helping Old Sol to bake them, we on the sidelines sit in the shade doing a pretty good imitation of a nudist colony. See the still man over there, becomingly garbed in a pair of track pants and a colorful tan? And there goes our cutter, all decked out in shorts and handkerchief blouse, and publicity man Johnny Miles, cool as the well known cucumber in white trousers and a thin white shirt.

A healthier looking group than the crew you'll go far to find. Working out-of-doors all day gives the boys and girls a glow of good spirits and sunburn that is hard to beat. This movie business may have its drawbacks, but it also has many compensations.

About those snakes I mentioned a while back—that was an experience! Our second day here, one of the boys, rooting around in a flower bed, uncovered two diamond-backs, one five feet long, the other measuring almost six feet, necking or whatever it is snakes do about their love life right on the set!

With all our other troubles, a snake bite would have just about been the pay-off. The day we arrived on location, Director King Vidor was stricken with flu. Not wishing to delay production he went ahead shooting, a doctor constantly at his heels, wearing a heavy sweater, a leather jacket, and part of the time an overcoat. And the thermometer registering above eighty most of the time!

Then Elizabeth Patterson was taken ill—not seriously, but enough to keep her feeling pretty low for a couple of days. Grand trouper that she is she ignored her discomfort and went right ahead working.

Next a bit player, galloping on horseback through a scene, fell off his trusty steed, holding up the picture for a while.

Everyone was

ready to yell "Uncle" when Margaret Sullavan disappeared. Margaret was not scheduled to work until several days after we went into production. When the studio finally called her to send her on location, she seemed to have tumbled off the earth. Not a trace of her could be found.

Hours of patient searching revealed no Margaret. In desperation, the studio telephoned location. At four o'clock in the morning, Assistant Director MacDonald awoke the whole company trying to find out if anyone had seen the missing star. At length some inspired person thought of looking in her cottage. Lo and behold, there was Margaret, peacefully asleep and totally unaware of the furore she had created! She had been at our Malibu Lake headquarters just six miles from the set, since eleven o'clock the previous morning, spent the day fishing, and retired to her quarters forgetting to notify anyone where she was.

They hear the approach of the invading Yankees. Daniel Haynes, Margaret Sullavan, Dickie Moore, Elizabeth Patterson and Janet Beecher.



The boys in grey start north to fight the Union troops and Margaret Sullavan, as Valette, holds Dickie Moore as she watches them pass.



This is the scene that was being shot as this story was written.

This Article
Was Written
Between Shots
By The Script
Girl.



SELLER

"So Red The Rose" Is Being Filmed Under The Direction Of King Vidor And That Means A Picture True In Atmosphere And Alive With Emotion.

Randy Scott is the perfect example of a true Southern gentleman on the set. He didn't have to acquire an accent for the picture.

Dickie Moore is another interesting member of the cast. There he is, behind the set, letting some visiting tourists take pictures of him with their two little girls. Dickie is always in demand for autographs and photos. Nine years old, he has already planned his life. He feels that film work is too uncertain a profession for an adult male, and has decided to be a lawyer. A fellow, he explains, should be a solid citizen in an established, conservative profession by the time he is old enough to start rearing a family.

I caught him between scenes industriously perusing a Blackstone!

We are, if I may say so, an ambitious troupe. Take a look at Miss Sullavan's stand-in, Patsy Green, for example. Patsy, a former stock player and dancer at Warners, is studying shorthand between shots. She agrees with Dickie Moore that acting is not a very stable job, and is attending business college two nights a week preparing for a more secure future. Her ultimate aim is to become a script girl or find a niche in the production end of the picture business.

Patsy and Dickie may not approve of acting as a life work, but Robert Hutchins thinks it's just a little bit [Continued on page 68]

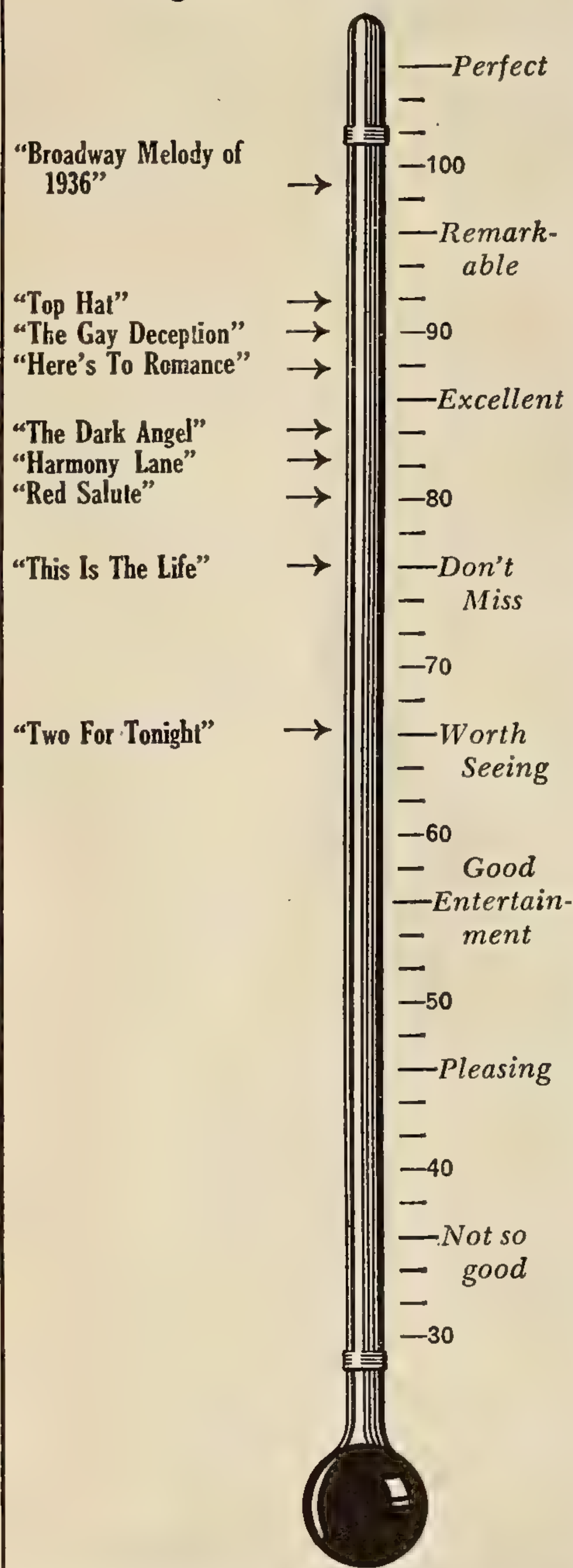


REVIEWS

OF PICTURES SEEN

PICTURE THERMOMETER

Degrees of Quality



BROADWAY MELODY OF 1936

Rating: 99°—A NEW HIGH IN MUSICALS—
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

AND so a dark horse won the race after all. Here we've been sitting around this last month predicting what would be the big hit picture of the winter '35 and '36, and along comes a musical without a star name in it and wins the cup. Which all goes to show what loonies we are to think that before a picture can be a hit picture it has to have a big star. Some day we'll learn that the picture makes the star and not the star the picture, or do you think we ever will?

Anyway, "Broadway Melody" has certainly made a star of Eleanor Powell, and well it should, for that girl is nothing less than sensational. Eleanor has everything—she is young and lovely in a fresh and wholesome sort of way, she can do an impersonation of Katie Hepburn that is so real it gives you the creeps, and she can



Fredric March, Merle Oberon and Herbert Marshall in the latest version of "The Dark Angel."

dance and tap like a whole dozen of Fred Astaires. Metro can really give themselves a pat on the back for discovering Eleanor Powell (well, she had been tapping around Broadway for a few years but it took "Broadway Melody" to make her a household word).

But, ah, even as marvelous as she is, Eleanor isn't everything in this excellent musical. There's a top-notch cast that can't be beat, and not a so-called "name" among them. Jack Benny and Sid Silvers, playing a columnist (Winchell, no doubt) and his leg-man, are so elegant with their particular type of comedy that there should be a law enforcing them to make a picture every month. Robert Taylor is handsome, masculine and very pleasing (and he can sing too) as a young producer from Albany, New York, who discovers that Broadway plays need backers, and backers are very often scheming young widows from the Social Register.

June Knight plays the heavy and does a ball-room dance with Nick Long, Jr., that deserves no end of praise. Una Merkel, my favorite comedienne, crashes through as usual with some swell comedy and her scenes with Sid Silvers will have you rolling in hysterics. Una plays the producer's harassed secretary.

Then there are Frances Langford, singing beautifully, and Buddy and Vilma Ebsen, something new in screen dance teams (though well known to New York theatre-goers), and Mr. Robert Wildhack, the famous "snorer." Eleanor Powell, of course, plays the little girl sweetheart of Robert Taylor, who finally gets enough money and nerve to leave Albany and hunt for love and a career on Broadway.

All this grand talent is held together by a plot that really is a plot and the best written dialogue that has been found in these parts in many a moon. The dances, too, are really something, and Nacio Herb Brown and Arthur Freed have tossed off some song hits that will be haunting you for years—especially, "Broadway Rhythm."

THE DARK ANGEL

Rating: 84°—SWEET ROMANCE—Sam Goldwyn

A LOVELY and exquisite picture that once more tells the age-old story of a young girl and young boy cruelly torn apart by a hard, relentless war. The silent version of "The Dark Angel" brought instant fame to Ronnie Colman and Vilma Banky some ten years ago and established them as the leading lovers on the screen. The picture doesn't seem to me to be quite as romantic as it did in those days, but the fault probably lies in me, cynic that I am, and if you go for beautiful romance, ideals and gallantry, this picture is right down your alley.

Merle Oberon, without any of that false make-up and really quite beautiful, plays the English girl, Kitty, who from childhood loved Allan and Gerald, but loved Allan the most. Freddie March plays the grown-up Allan and Herbert Marshall plays Gerald.

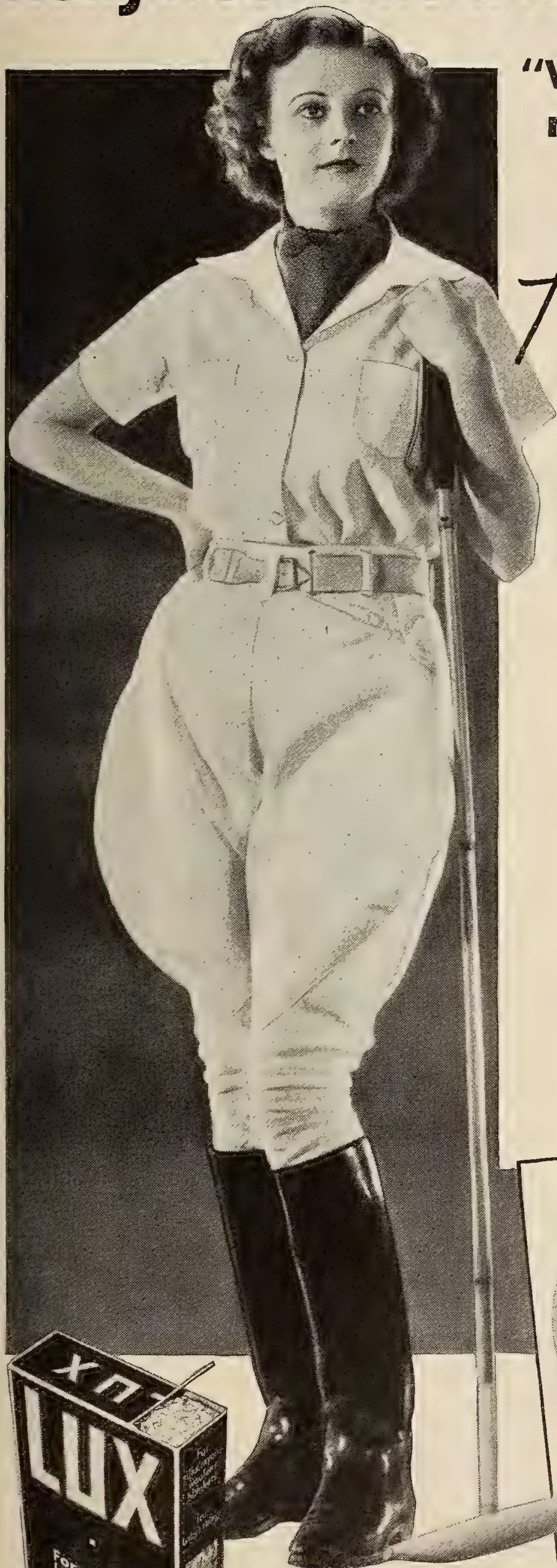
The day before he must return to the trenches Freddie declares his love for Merle but it is too late to get a license, so they spend that last night in an inn at Folkstone, as man and wife. This causes a misunderstanding between the two boys and they return to the front no longer the pals they were. Somehow or other, in the modernistic light of 1935, all this suffering that ensues seems slightly unnecessary, but anyway it is exquisitely done and the dialogue is so beautiful that it is a pleasure to listen to it. Romance it is, my sweets, and if you're the romantic type you'll love it.

TOP HAT

Rating: 92°—FRED ASTAIRE, AND THAT MEANS TOPS—RKO

HERE'S another smash hit for Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, and though you may not find it quite as thrilling as "The Gay Divorcee" you'll like it all right, [Continued on page 56]

Hollywood has a new word for *WASH*—



"We say 'LUX'—then we know our nice things are safe"—says

Heather Angel

"WHEN I say 'Lux' my things, my maid knows that means nothing else but!" Heather explains. "A swish through Lux and out things come superb as new, the colors not faded a bit. We wouldn't think of caring for lingerie, stockings, blouses, gloves and sweaters any other way."

Everybody's using the new word for "wash" because "Luxing" is different from ordinary "washing."

These tissue-thin flakes dissolve instantly in lukewarm water. The rich, creamy suds *float* the soil right out! And, with Lux, there's no danger to colors and fabrics as with ordinary soaps containing harmful alkali.

Your nice things will look lovelier, last longer, too, the Lux way. Lux has no harmful alkali! Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

Specified in all the big Hollywood studios

"In the RKO-Radio Studios," says Walter Plunkett, Wardrobe Director, "Lux saves us thousands of dollars in cleaning bills and replacement costs, for stockings and fabrics stay new-looking twice as long. Not only costumes, but curtains, draperies and even rugs are washed with Lux here."



See HEATHER ANGEL in RKO's
"The Three Musketeers."



HEATHER ANGEL is devoted to Luxable fashions like this linen sports frock. "Lux keeps things looking like new," she tells you.



"YOU CAN'T AFFORD to risk other washing methods," Heather adds, "but if you trust to Lux you know you're safe!"

DON'T TRUST TO LUCK — TRUST TO LUX — *Hollywood says*

REVIEWS

and plenty. It's refreshing, sparkling, and entertaining, with just enough sophistication to give it that certain alluring naughtiness.

Ginger plays a clothes model for an eccentric and effeminate young dressmaker, Erik Rhodes, and when she meets Fred Astaire, the enthusiastic young American who does tap dances in the room above her, she becomes quite interested, but through one of those flukes that occur only in musical comedies she believes him to be the husband of her best friend, Helen Broderick.

Of course it's poor dear Edward Everett Horton who is Miss Broderick's spouse, and he gets blamed for everything. Eric Blore as Horton's "man" is superb. This picture marks Miss Helen Broderick's screen debut in Hollywood, and you'll be crazy about her, as she has a way of delivering lines that makes the simplest thing sound excruciatingly funny. Slight as the plot is, it's merry and gay and doesn't matter so much anyway, as the Astaire dancing is still the *pièce de résistance*. And Fred dances more than ever. His "Top Hat" number is one of the most exciting things he has ever done and it is beautifully staged.

Ginger and Fred do several duets and dance routines that are knock-outs, and Irving Berlin has dashed off several very good song numbers, especially, "It's a Lovely Day" and "Dancing Cheek to Cheek." Everything has been done on a lavish scale, with not a flaw in sight, except perhaps the Piccolino dance number, which comes as sort of an anti-climax.

HARMONY LANE

Rating: 82°—HOMEY MELODIES—*Mascot*

HERE'S a most charming and enjoyable picture, based on the life and songs of Stephen Collins Foster, the American songwriter who lived in the Pittsburgh and New York of the Nineties and composed those haunting melodies of the Old South. To Stephen Foster we are indebted for "Old Folks At Home," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Old Black Joe," "Massa's in the Cold Cold Ground," and many other American classics.

Douglass Montgomery plays the dreamy and erratic young song-writer who, through one of those youthful misunderstandings, marries the wrong girl, Adrienne Ames, who proceeds to exploit his talents and nag him beyond endurance. Evelyn Venable, his Inspiration and the girl he should have married, returns to him later but by then poor Stephen Foster is too frustrated by life and weakened by struggle to care for anything but death.

As he drifts from city to city he is accompanied by his three faithful friends, William Frawley, Joseph Cawthorne and Clarence Muse. The old song numbers in this picture are beautifully revived, and its sad love story is charmingly told. It's a family picture.

HERE'S TO ROMANCE

Rating: 88°—THE MET GIVES AGAIN—*Twentieth Century-Fox*

NOT since Grace Moore's "One Night of Love" left us in the thrilling throes of operatic madness have we been so excited over a voice. Nino Martini, tenor de luxe and late of the Metropolitan opera, is introduced to the screen in this picture, which is really no great shakes as a picture, but, because of Martini's glorious and powerful voice, becomes one of the outstanding films of the year.

Martini, a slender Latin with charm and personality, is given ample opportunity to sing all our favorite arias, notably from



Genevieve Tobin and Mme. Schumann-Heink in "Here's To Romance."

Manon, Tosca, and Pagliacci—the latter simply brought down the house and had the old-timers drying their tears and murmuring, "Another Caruso."

The story is that of a silly, fluttery married woman, Genevieve Tobin, who decides to patronize the Arts when she meets young Martini, and sends him to Paris to study. She almost wrecks his career by falling insanely in love with him. Martini, in the meantime, has fallen in love with a little dancer, Anita Louise, who in turn is being patronized by a married man—but she remains pure, mind you. And of course love finds a way.

Next to Martini's triumph is that of Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink, who plays Martini's teacher, and who sings a simple song herself which is one of the most beautiful things in the picture. Reginald Denny, as Genevieve's husband and himself a patron of the Arts, is excellent. Also in the picture are Maria Gambarelli, the dancer, Escudero, another famous dancer, and Egon Brecher. You really cannot afford to miss this one.

THIS IS THE LIFE

Rating: 76°—JANE WITHERS AGAIN—*Fox*

LITTLE Jane Withers, the runner-up for Shirley Temple on the Fox lot, plays a stage child in her latest picture and this gives her ample opportunity to show us what the audiences in Atlanta, Georgia (Jane's home town) used to go crazy about. Jane is a first rate entertainer, whether it's songs, dances, or impersonations that you want. And she'll wow you just like she did the folks back home.

She plays a little orphan girl who is illegally taken from an orphanage by a couple of crooks who want to exploit her talents. She is booked on a vaudeville circuit and is a great success, and her foster parents live handsomely on her money. Jane decides to run away with John McGuire, so she puts on boy's clothes to elude her cruel guardians and takes to the open road.

The kids meet up with Sidney Toler and Francis Ford and some amusing situations arise. Sally Blane plays the love interest. The picture has its harrowing moments, but all in all it is pretty good entertainment.

THE GAY DECEPTION

Rating: 90°—VERY, VERY GAY—*Twentieth Century-Fox*

THIS is Francis Lederer's best picture since he set foot on Hollywood soil, and yet Lederer fans will simply go hysterical over him now. Francis, as the young prince of a mythical kingdom, is certainly the most romantic person these old eyes have seen in many a day, and he plays his rôle with a comedy flair that is really delightful.

The story's one of those things about a girl who wins five thousand dollars in a

[Continued from page 54]

sweepstakes. She goes to a grand hotel for a splurge and meets a real prince who is learning the elevator business from the ground up (he's a bellboy as a matter of fact). It's all sheer whimsy, but not the kind that annoys, and for a really gay evening at the theatre you couldn't do better than this. And while your girl is going into rapturous ecstasies over Mr. Lederer, you can get even with her by fairly swooning over Frances Dee, who has never looked so lovely or played with such a feeling of utter enjoyment. Both Frances and Francis, playing up to one another, surpass their previous work for a new high.

Lionel Stander and Akim Tamiroft are excellent as a couple of mythical kingdom gangsters and contribute elegant dialogue. Also in the cast are Benita Hume, Luis Alberni, Lennox Pawle and Alan Mowbray—all excellent. What with the riotous comedy, the charming romance, and the general air of gayety about the entire thing you'd certainly be a silly to miss this one.

TWO FOR TONIGHT

Rating: 66°—BING'S LAST AND LEAST—*Paramount*

WELL, girls, your Bing doesn't get done right by in his last picture, alas and alack—indeed a lack of story was rather obvious. But Bing sings and sings and sings, so perhaps we shouldn't be too fussy about a little thing like plot when crooner Crosby is around.

Bing plays a young songwriter who, through the conniving of Joan Bennett, meets a producer who, in one of the craziest scenes you have ever seen on the screen, orders Bing to write a play for his lady-love and leading lady, Miss Thelma Todd.

As long as Bing sticks to fact he is all right, but when he goes into fancy he is terrible, so he puts on his tails, grabs Miss Todd and goes out to a night club to see life. Of course Joan Bennett, in a series of close-ups, shows him the error of his ways. There's a splendid cast, with Mary Boland playing Bing's slightly erratic mother, and Lynne Overman playing the mad producer, and Ernest Cossart in another of his famous butler rôles (remember him in "Accent on Youth?").

RED SALUTE

Rating: 80°—FAMILY FUN—*Reliance*

DON'T let that title fool you—this isn't a lot of red propaganda, it's a darned funny little comedy, quite light and quite pleasing. Of course, there's a dash of capitalism, fascism and radicalism here and there but it's so wrapped up in comedy that you'd never recognize it.

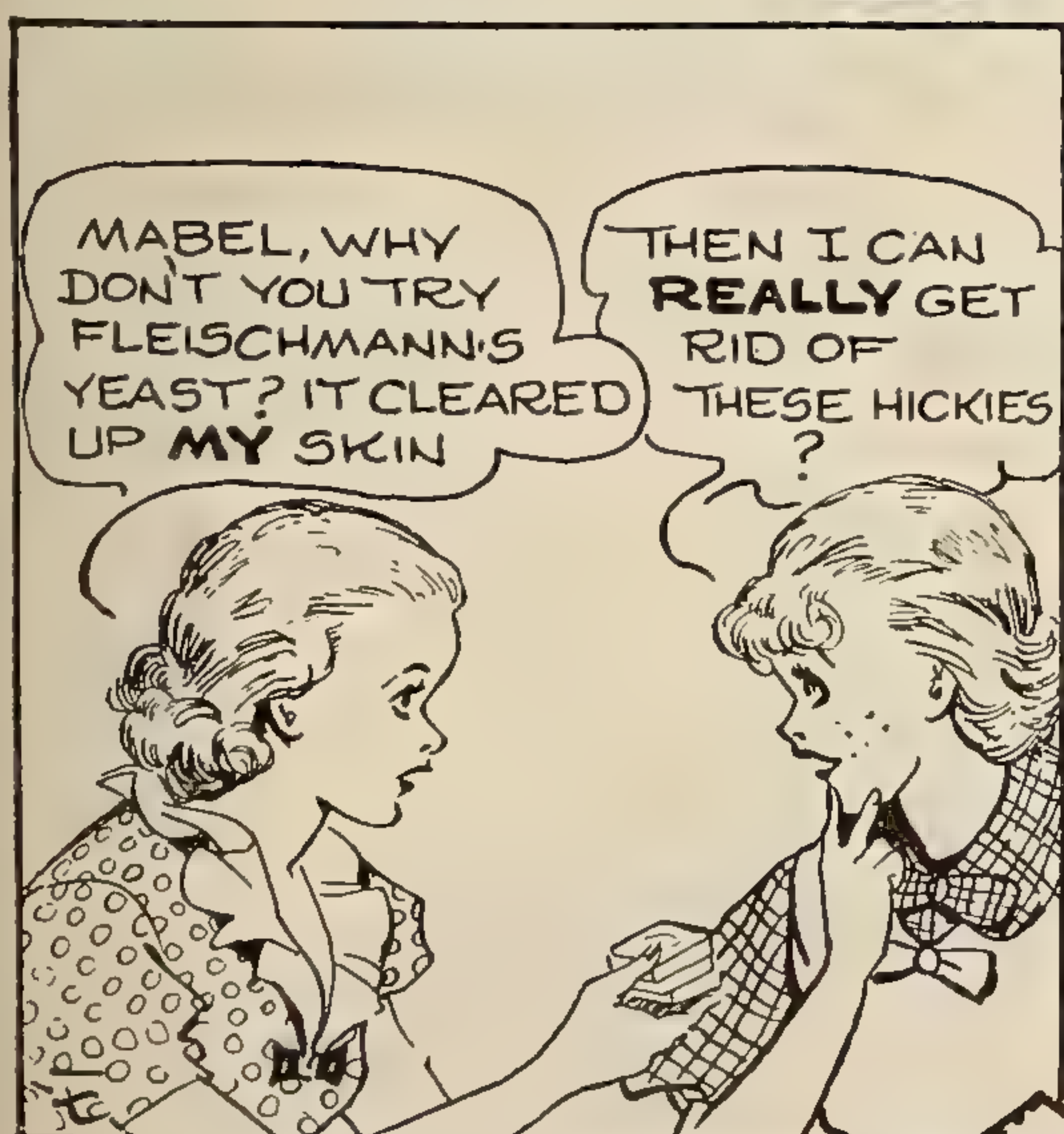
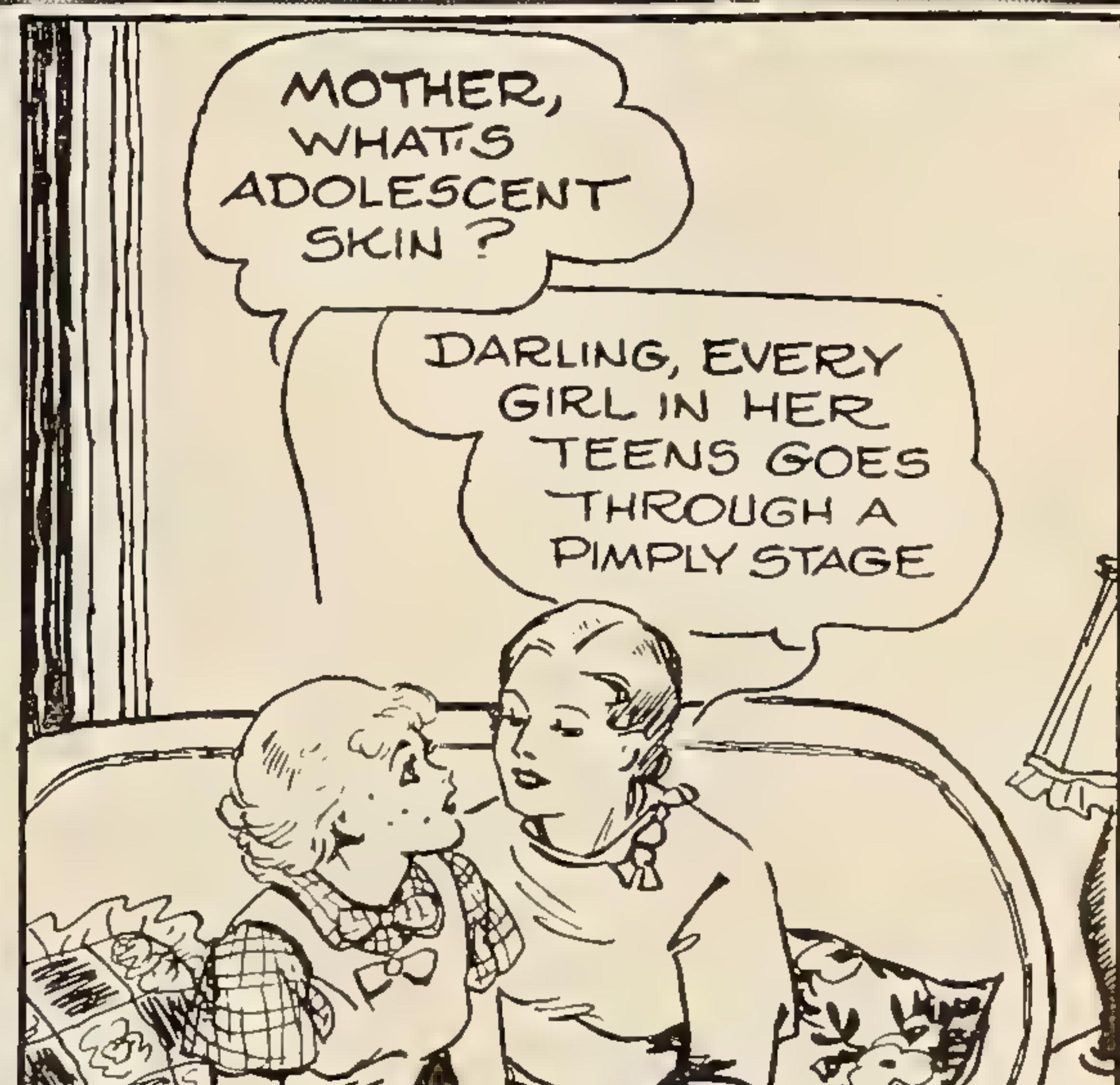
A general's daughter decides that it's smart and modern to be a radical and she announces that she will marry a young red who slipped into America from the Old Country. The general sends her at once to Mexico, where she meets an enlisted man, and she proceeds to make use of him to get her across the Border. After they've insulted each other in plain and fancy language, and she has managed to get him arrested for desertion, kidnapping, robbery and several other little trifles she falls madly in love with him.

Barbara Stanwyck plays the spoiled and stubborn general's daughter and Robert Young plays the enlisted man, and they make as fine a pair of squabbling young lovers as you have seen. Cliff Edwards is swell as the country hick. Ruth Donnelly as his shrew of a wife gets the customary laughs. Purnell Pratt is good as the general, and poor Hardie Albright draws the unenviable role of the Red.

DON'T ASK MABEL—
HER SKIN GIVES ME
THE *WILLIES*!



**Read
how
Mabel
won lots
of new
dates**



Don't let adolescent pimples humiliate YOU

Between the ages of 13 and 25, important glands develop. This causes disturbances throughout the body. Harmful waste products get into your blood. These poisons irritate the skin—and pimples pop out on the face, chest and back.

Fleischmann's Yeast clears those skin irritants out of your blood. And the pimples disappear!

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals, until your skin has become entirely clear. Start today!



—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants
out of the blood



...and mind made up
to stay that way!

Behind many a young and lovely face is a mind rich in mature wisdom. The instinctive knowledge women seem to be born with. It commands... "Stay lovely as long as you can."

So, you pay great attention to your complexion, your hair, your figure. Your dressing table is gay with bright jars of creams and cosmetics. And if you know all of your beauty lore, there'll be in your medicine chest a certain little blue box. Ex-Lax, its name. And its role in your life is to combat that enemy to loveliness and health... constipation. You know what that does to your looks!

Ex-Lax is ideal for you. Because it is mild, gentle, it doesn't strain your system. It is thorough. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results. And it is such a joy to take... it tastes just like delicious chocolate.

Get a box today! 10c and 25c boxes... at any drug store.

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remember**

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(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd.,
736 Notre Dame St. W., Montreal)

Tune in on "Strange as it Seems", new Ex-Lax Radio Program. See local newspaper for station and time.

TOPICS FOR GOSSIPS

[Continued from page 19]

after the picture started Marie fell ill with flu and the studio was all set for getting someone else to play the small part. But Carole and the director, Mitchell Leisen, persuaded the studio to hold production on that part of the picture until Marie could come back. Carole was very likely thinking of some seven or eight years ago when she was a Mack Sennett bathing girl and Marie was a big star.

BILL POWELL'S folks have given up their home in Kansas City and will visit Bill indefinitely in his new Beverly Hills mansion.

THE Walter Connollys recently celebrated fifteen years of married life—which is quite a record out in these parts.

ALICE FAYE is dividing her time these days between her agent, Vic Orsatti, and Dick Powell, who seems to have gone goofy over Hollywood's Platinum Blonde No. 2. And what about Mary Brian? She's knocking the monocles out of English eyes in the famous Charlot's Revue in London.

THE cast and director of "Sylvia Scarlett" got quite a scare the other day when an excited extra came dashing on the set and screamed that a strange young man was in Katharine Hepburn's dressing room rummaging around her top drawer and even opening her bag. The "strange young man" turned out to be no less than Katie herself who has to masquerade as a boy through the earlier sequences of the picture. Katie's boyish hair-cut is really a work of art and so far has fooled every one. For the first time Hepburn has been

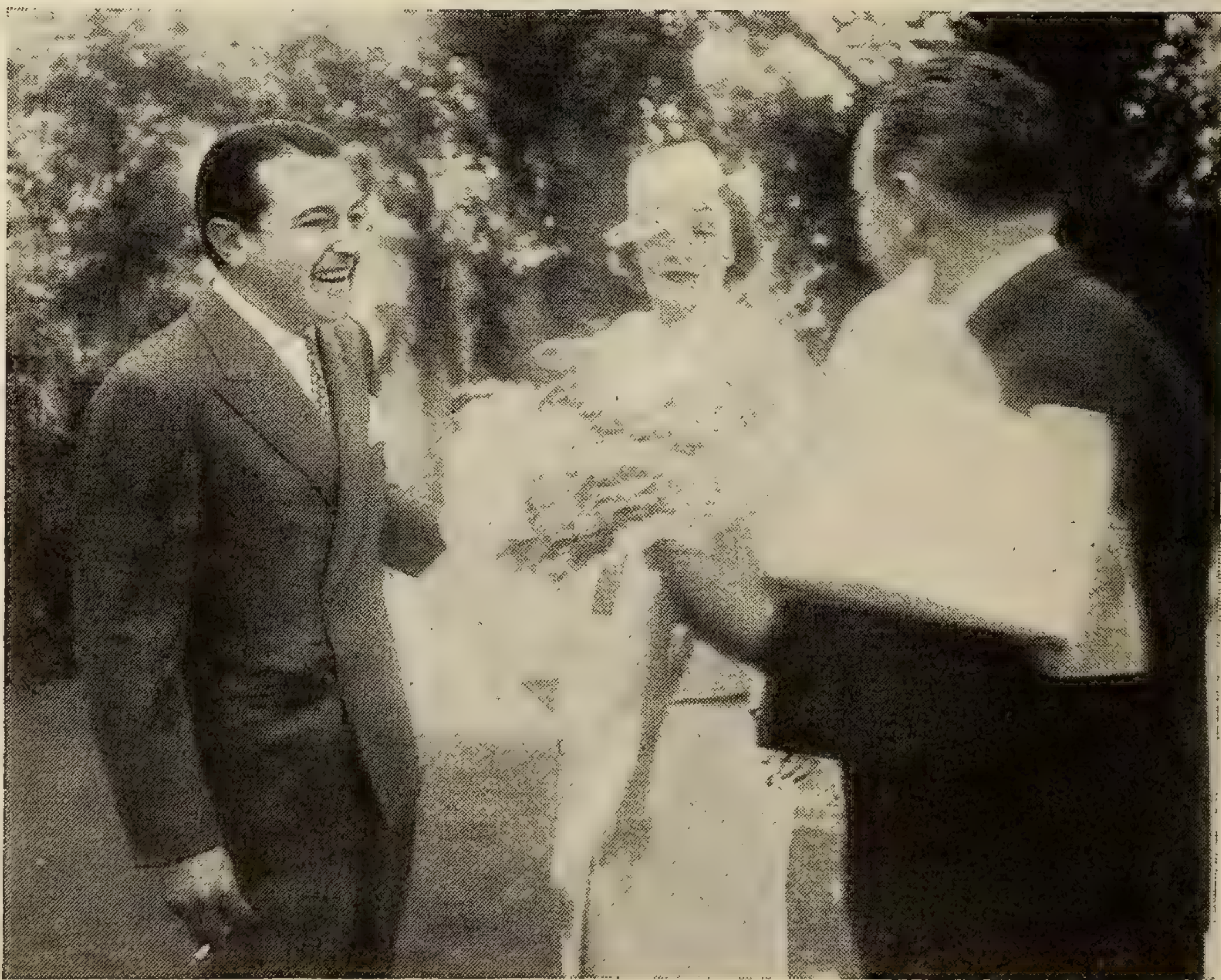


Eleanor Powell, the dancing star of "Broadway Melody of 1936."

able to trot around Hollywood to her heart's content without being stared at by the fans. And don't think she isn't taking advantage of this. It seems that every night for two weeks she went to one of those golf driving ranges out in Santa Monica and never once did they discover her identity.

The Hollywood Reporter still insists that Katie and her business manager and agent, Leland Heyward, are married.

STU ERWIN is busily engaged in finishing up a book which he has titled, "I Could Write a Book." It's a collection of interesting stories taken from incidents that have happened "behind the scenes" in Hollywood.



N.A.N.A.

Richard Barthelmess is apparently highly amused at Ronald Colman's gallant attempt to offer Marlene Dietrich a large corsage of orchids.



"I must have a handbag I can depend upon"
says
Constance Cummings

That's why this lovely screen star insists upon handbags featuring the security of the automatic-locking
Talon
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

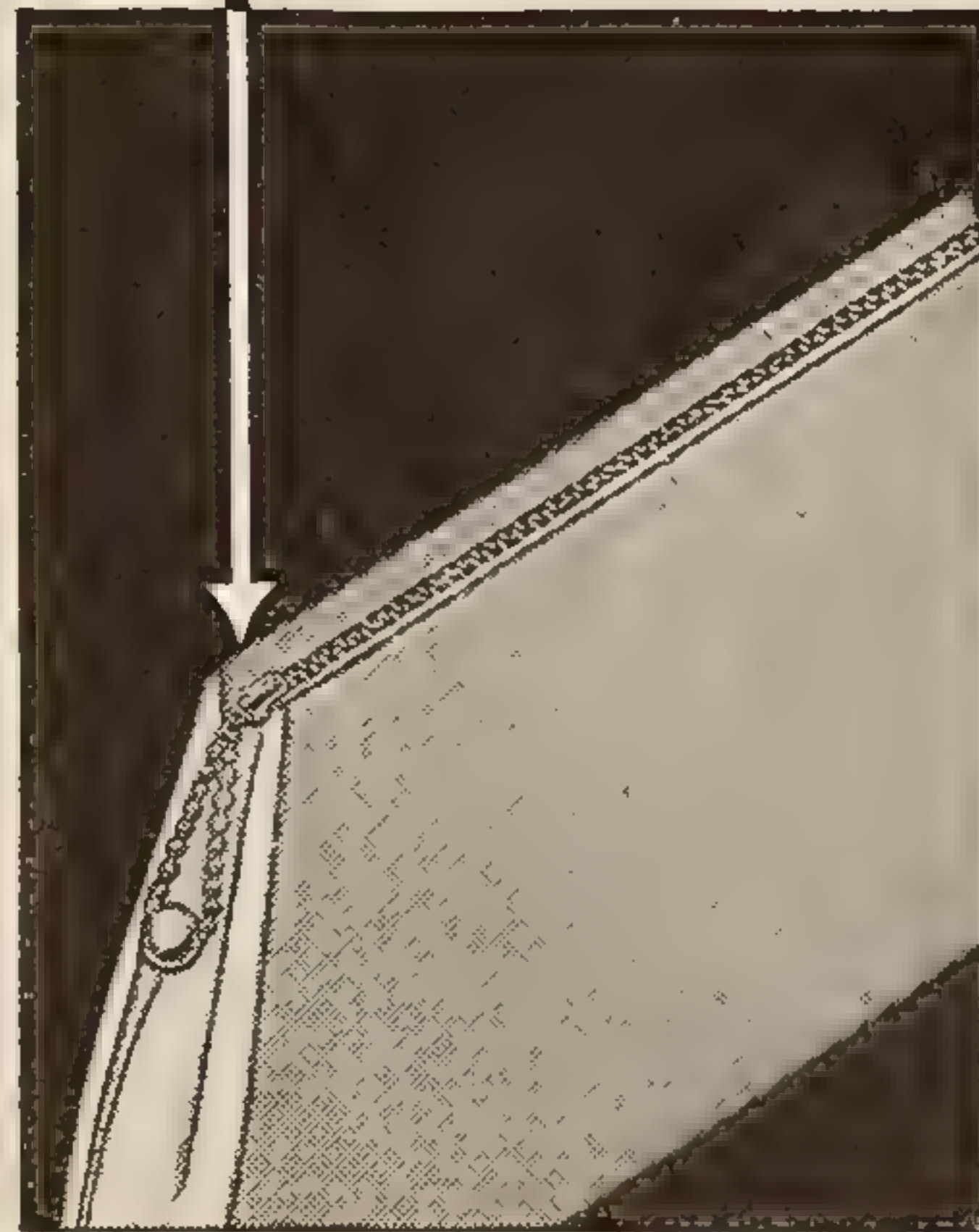
Hollywood stars — accustomed to the best of everything—demand the best in handbags. They have decided that handbags that are always popping open at the wrong time, are out!

More and more they are being converted to the security of bags featuring the Talon automatic-locking fastener.

And no wonder! This flexible little fastener is a marvel of convenience and protection.

One quick, gliding motion, and it's closed—and stays closed. Not the slightest chance of losing a single thing from your bag!

And in addition to security, TALON on your handbag always means smart design and excellent quality, because only the finest manufacturers feature this fastener on their models. The best stores sell them—in the styles you like most.



Here's your protection—the automatic-locking feature! Tug at the sides of your bag, drop it, turn it over—the fastener can't come open, even a little, unless you pull it.

CHARLES FARRELL *chooses girl with* **NATURAL LIPS**



HERE'S WHAT CHARLES FARRELL SAW



Film star picks Tangee Lips in inter- esting test

When Charles Farrell says he prefers natural lips, doesn't that make you want to have soft, rosy, kissable lips?

Millions of other men dislike bright red lips too... that's why more and more women are changing to Tangee Lipstick. For Tangee can't make your lips look painted, because *it isn't paint!* Instead, Tangee, as if by magic, accentuates the *natural* color of your lips. For those who prefer more color, especially for evening use, there is Tangee Theatrical. Tangee comes in two sizes, 39c and \$1.10. Or, for a quick trial, send 10c for the special 4-piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

● **BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES**...when you buy, ask for Tangee and be sure you see the name Tangee on the package. Don't let some sharp sales person switch you to an imitation...there's only one Tangee.



★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY SUI15 417 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). 15¢ in Canada.

Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

Name _____ Please Print

Address _____

City _____ State _____

The Darlings Who Wait

[Continued from page 23]

a German theatre and that for the past two years she had been one of the most brilliant stars of Max Reinhardt's Viennese Theatre didn't mean a thing to audiences who perhaps hadn't so much as heard her name. She had to justify her claims to greatness right here before the most notoriously fickle public in the world. Luise waited a long time for something to happen, but nothing did. Finally, Myrna Loy walked out of a part which seemed ready made for the slim, dark German girl who was rushed into the vacancy. The picture was "Escapade" and Luise was a sensation. She has a lavishly endowed, vibrant personality and looks to be one of the best finds in years, but she is essentially a type. How long it will take for Luise to make her place in Hollywood is largely a matter of luck and speculation—ability isn't always the first requisite. You will see her next as Anna Held in the Ziegfeld film.

There are a number of other newcomers to pictures from outside our shores who are interesting possibilities: Mona Barrie, Penelope Dudley-Ward, Pat Paterson, Valerie Hobson, Ida Lupino, Cecilia Parker, Rosina Lawrence, Frieda Inescort and Katherine DeMille. Of these the first five are English while Katherine DeMille, Cecilia Parker and Rosina Lawrence are almost too American to consider their Canadian birth and parentage.

Mona Barrie is a London born girl who was educated in Australia. She was persuaded to make a screen test two years ago and a week later was playing a featured part in her first picture. Although she got her start on the musical stage in Sydney she doesn't like parts in screen musicals. Mona can best be described by mentioning the striking resemblance to Kay Francis which made her the butt of autograph hunters at previews and elsewhere when she first went into pictures. Her latest part in "The Melody Lingers On" was secured after seventeen New York and Hollywood actresses had been tested for the part. So, it looks like Mona is doing all right for herself.

Penelope, the debutante daughter of Privy Councillor Rt. Hon. William Dudley-Ward, played her first acting part in support of the great Bergner in "Escape Me Never" and got herself a lot of nice notices for her work. Prior to this she was engaged in translating scripts of plays and scenarios from the German and French. She has that much talked about English poise and tall, willowy grace. This also describes another English candidate for American film honors, Valerie Hobson, but unlike Penelope, Valerie knew at a very early age that she wanted to be an actress and she went about the business of making this desire a reality. She had intensive training and a lot of experience in England before she arrived in Hollywood in the summer of 1934 for a rôle in "Great Expectations." It was a significant title and she followed it with six featured parts in rapid succession. There must be something to the theory that military and diplomatic training foster grit and determination, for Valerie is the daughter of a retired English naval officer and she is one of several contenders for stellar honors with such a background.

Ida Lupino traces her theatrical ancestry back two hundred and fifty years and her training began at the age of seven under the expert tutelage of her father. By the time she was ten she knew the complete rôles of all of Shakespeare's leading women by heart. After an enviable career in

England she came to the United States in 1933 for her Hollywood debut. In two years she has advanced to the very inner circle of the waiting darlings and in "Peter Ibbetson" she gives a performance which should make the critics rave and the public sit up and take notice.

Another child of a famous London actress is Frieda Inescort, who was born in Edinburgh, Scotland. Oddly enough, her first job was as Lady Astor's secretary and her first part in pictures was as a secretary. After she came to New York she worked for a time in the British Consulate, was assistant editor of a shipping newspaper and still later publicity director for the publishing firm of G. P. Putnam's Sons. Her first stage rôle was secured on the strength of her being the daughter of Elaine Inescort and it was not until opening night that Winthrop Ames knew it was Frieda's first part. She wasn't particularly interested in pictures but she became one of the finest of the younger New York actresses. While playing on the Pacific Coast in "Merrily We Roll Along" she was induced to play a part in "The Dark Angel," which makes Frieda Inescort one of the newest of the ladies in waiting but, with such a background, one can assume it won't be for long.

When Pat Paterson came to Hollywood there was much cheering and ringing of bells, for she brought with her a fine reputation plus great charm and beauty, a lovely singing voice and the ability to really act. But despite continued work Pat hasn't found her rightful place in American films. She is another one of those petite, dynamic blondes of the screen who faces a terrific competition where ability counts less than the breaks.

Katherine DeMille, Rosina Lawrence and Cecilia Parker are all Canadians by birth. They all came to Hollywood when they were about seven years of age, which makes them almost the same as native daughters. Rosina is the daughter of a studio carpenter. Since she graduated as Sally Eilers' stand-in she has done a number of nice parts in which she showed exceptional promise, her latest being "Welcome Home." She is another blonde. So also is Cecilia Parker, who, although she played leads for two years in Westerns, has become a personality only since her resemblance to Garbo earned her a part in "The Painted Veil." Her next picture will be "Ah, Wilderness." Who knows, this part may make her a star.

Katherine DeMille is the adopted daughter of a famous father, Cecil B. DeMille, but she has never used this fact to further her career, preferring to build it soundly on merit. She was seven when her mother brought her to Hollywood after her father had enlisted in the Canadian Army. Her mother was taken ill and died almost simultaneously with the news that her father had been killed at Vimy Ridge. So Katherine went to the Los Angeles Orphanage, from which institution she was adopted at the age of nine by Cecil DeMille. When she grew up and left school she played small bits in pictures, carried script for her father and studied cutting. Her first big part was as Pancho's wife in "Viva Villa." Since then she has played in "The Trumpet Blows," "Belle of the Nineties," "All The King's Horses" and now, for the first time she appears under her father's direction in "The Crusades" as the Princess Alice of France. Katherine wants to direct but it is safe to predict that if she continues her sterling contributions to pictures this desire will have to be shelved in favor of the stardom which soon will

be hers.

A non-theatrical English father and Norwegian mother somehow managed to endow their dark-haired brown-eyed daughter, Frances Dean, with the attributes necessary to a theatrical career. As Frances Drake she made a considerable name for herself on both the stage and screen in England before going to Hollywood. It was strange that this girl who had been born in New York, who had spent all of her life since she was four in Canada and England, and had come to be thoroughly English in manner and attitude, should have returned to her native land a screen find for a supporting part in "Bolero" with George Raft. And stranger still that she should have been one of his dancing partners in a story which had as one of its locales a night club in London. She brings a depth of emotional understanding to the parts she plays and can always be counted on to hold up her end of a story.

There are a few other lovely and talented prospective stars who deserve mentioning . . . they are Florence Rice, the daughter of Grantland Rice, whose work in "Fugitive Lady" and "The Best Man Wins" was more than credible; Carol Stone, the youngest daughter of that fine, old trooper, Fred Stone, who is making her Hollywood debut in "Freckles" at the age of eighteen; Grace Bradley, who went to Hollywood in April, 1933, has since appeared in something like eight or nine pictures and is still going strong, with each part better than the last; Pert Kelton, a swell actress who seems to get nothing but bad breaks, who patiently waits for the day her ship will come in as it surely must; the blonde Louise Henry who, because of her work in "Paris Interlude" and "Hide Out," will soon be heard from in a big way and because she prefers fighting for a career rather than going to seed in the social life to which birth, training and her family's financial standing entitle her; Betty Furness for the same reason and because, in spite of a long list of successful leading parts, she is still modest enough to say her greatest ambition is to be an actress. Betty has the most beautiful hair in pictures, of a shade which exactly matches the golden bronze of her perfect sun-tanned skin.

This list of the darlings who wait wouldn't be complete without the names of Jane Wyatt and Mary Carlisle. Mary is a typical example of a girl with looks and ability who has had to content herself with a lot of small parts, all of them good, while waiting for something to catapult her into the front ranks. She has two uncles in Hollywood associated with different studios and through them she got breaks in both studios, but stardom still hasn't come to her. Her ash blonde beauty, her laughing eyes, her dancing feet and native ability have kept her working but they haven't yet put her name into electric.

Jane Wyatt, from the New York stage, looks like another Margaret Sullavan. She has a unique contract which permits her to divide her time evenly between Broadway and Hollywood. She played the lead in "Great Expectations" and is soon to make "Strangers at the Feast." It is more than possible that this picture will make a star of Miss Wyatt for she not only has the external qualifications plus ability, but she has the faith of her studio.

There are many others who might be added to this already large list . . .

Each one sings a gallant song but alas, often their eyes seek "peaks too high and goals too far away." But tomorrow may write a new chapter in the lives of many of these starlets. From their ranks may come the Garbos, the Harlows, the Loys, even the Dresslers of the future and for this no price is too big to pay . . . no amount of waiting could be too much.

FREE!

Trial Size bottle

PACKER'S Shampoo

You get this
FREE



when you buy **THIS**
full size bottle at regular price



Now see what Packer's can do for your hair. No need to put up longer with oily, stringy hair—or dry, lusterless wisps.

For a limited time we are attaching a special Trial Size Bottle to each package of Packer's Shampoo. Doubtless your dealer has the combination-package on display. If not, he can easily get it for you.

You see, we want a host of new friends to discover how the right Packer Shampoo reveals the hidden beauty of their hair.

OLIVE OIL for Dry hair
PINE TAR for Oily hair
—both for your hair's beauty

There are *two* Packer Shampoos, you know. Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo, for example, is made especially for dry hair. In addition to nourishing olive oil, it contains glycerine

to soothe and soften your hair until it shines like silk.

Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo, if your hair is oily. This shampoo is gently astringent—it tightens up relaxed oil glands; washes out the excess oil and rinses cleanly. Leaves your hair soft and fluffy.

Try Packer's Shampoo
without risk

Take advantage of this special offer: You get, free, enough Packer's for 2 washings, when you buy the full-size. Use the trial bottle first. If you don't agree that Packer's brings out your hair's full loveliness, return the large bottle unopened to your dealer and get your money back.

Look for this display at better drug and department stores



Does he admire your hair close up?
Let Packer's reveal its beauty.



Norman Foster, As A Grid Star, Makes Good

[Continued from page 33]

you what we'll do. We'll go to Philip Morton. A few weeks in the shop won't delay the road job much and perhaps you could build your model in that time. Philip can fix everything with Dad."

And as anything that ate into the profits of Gale Motors fitted right into Morton's little scheme of forcing Wilson Gale into the hands of the company that had bribed him, Randy's idea was given an enthusiastic reception. This world still has its Judases and Philip Morton was one of them. He made everything smooth for the young football star, gave him a shop to work in, all the supplies he needed and the assistance of George Stone, his head mechanic.

"This is pretty swell of you Mr. Morton," said Randy happily.

"Don't mention it my boy. Your blue prints look good, and if the supercharger works it will be the miracle that Gale Motors has been looking for. Now you two run along and finish your golf. Report here in the morning, Randy."

When they had gone, Stone, a hard faced shrewd eyed man sat on the edge of his chief's desk. "Let me in on this, will you? Suppose the contraption does work. It would put Gale Motors on top again."

"Don't make me laugh. The whole idea is cockeyed. Of course it won't work. But building the model will spend a little more of Gale's money and that's what I want to do."

"Oh, I see," said Stone smiling. But it wasn't a nice smile.

When the model was built and tried out on an open motor, however, Stone was impressed in spite of himself. "The thing would put wings on a tractor," he told Morton. "It's sensational. The meter jumped to 100 on a block test."

"A Golden Arrow motor 100? Impossible."

"Maybe it's impossible, but it's true. The kid worked on an angle nobody else thought of. He dampens the air that feeds into the mixture. He's thought of everything and allowed for it. He wants to try it in the old jenny on the track tomorrow."

Morton thought several minutes before he replied, then he said, "All right, let him do it. I'd like to see if it does work."

"It cuts fuel consumption off a third—why it will put Gale Motors on its feet again and—"

"Oh no—it won't. This trial will be for us. The official test will be later and after that test Mr. Gale won't be interested in the invention, and the reason why he won't be interested, Stone, will be your job."

Stone whistled. "Oh, I see!"

"Then," went on Morton, "When Gale's out of business and the boy discouraged, I can buy up his invention for a song."

"Slick idea, Chief. United knew what it was doing when—well I must get along."

A battered car drove up to the shop, as Stone returned, with two men in overalls on the front seat. He seemed glad to see them. "Hello Devilin," he called, "I cut those gears for you."

"Thanks, how much?"

"Oh nothing—nothing," said Stone jovially, "We just charged it to a new experiment."

"Well that's very nice but I don't want to get you into trouble—Hey, what's this you're building? Looks like a supercharger." Stone introduced Randy and the latter explained.

"I'll look it over as soon as I give Billie these gears," Devilin said.

"I'll put them in the car for you," Randy offered, and picking them up he dumped them in the back seat of the car without

even a casual glance at the overalled figure in the front seat, but he nearly fell over when a girl's voice said "Thank you," and turning, he looked into the bluest eyes he had ever seen.

"Gosh I beg your pardon!" Randy was terribly embarrassed, "I—I thought you were a boy."

Billie Devilin laughed, a clear, happy laugh; the laugh of a girl who loves the sea and the earth and the sky and has sense enough to get plenty of 'em. "Don't apologize," she said, "It's happened before."

Billie Devilin was Terry's niece, his right hand "man" in the shop and the best driver of speed boats on the waterfront, which explained the overalls. With so much in common there seemed to be a lot for Randy and Billie to say to each other. "Come and see the track test tomorrow, both of you," Randy invited as Devilin climbed into the car.

They were both there, with Stone and Billie holding a stop watch. Randy waved to them as he went around the course warming up the engine. He was strangely cool these last moments as his fate hung in the balance between fortune and failure, but, as he settled down to business, determined to get everything possible out of the motor, his face became set and white and his eyes strained through his goggles on the road ahead. Slowly the meter crept up to 95—98—100.

Billie, wild with excitement, handed the watch to her uncle. "You clock this lap," she cried. "I've simply got to look at him. My, can that boy handle a car!"

"110!" cried Devilin as Randy flashed past the finish line and cut off the gas. But Stone stood frowning as Nan drove up, breezily apologizing for being late and a little annoyed that she had not been waited for. "Looks as though your father had something in this supercharger, Miss Gale," said Devilin enthusiastically. Nan was delighted.

Really? Jump in the car Randy. We'll tell him about it right now." And Randy didn't see Billie's disappointed look as he drove away.

The Devilins were still at the shop when he returned. "Mr. Gale will be at the track tomorrow himself to see an official test," he told Billie. "Gee, think what this will mean if I win." The girl looked up at him happily. "Billie," Randy didn't know why he felt so very serious, "will you have dinner with me tonight?"

"And when you're rich and famous—I'll brag about it!" she giggled.

"Say—you'll be rich and famous yourself after Saturday's speed race."

"Not rich, just another blue ribbon," she said lightly. "Randy," she was serious now, "Uncle Terry thinks someone is trying to wreck Gale Motors—they're on the rocks, you know."

"I didn't know it was as bad as that! What makes him think someone is crooked; does he know who it is?"

"He doesn't know. But coming in contact with the shop men as he does he has heard and seen some strange things for months. You're close to the Gales—why not give them a tip?"

"You bet I will, though Mr. Gale must know something of it. See you at the track tomorrow?"

"Can't. Have to get the boat in condition for Saturday."

And that was why Billie and her uncle did not witness Randy's defeat and also his miraculous escape from death the next day. Hardly had the meter touched 95 when the motor bucked and the car turned over three times. Nan, with her father and



Paulette Goddard blooms opposite Charlie Chaplin in "Modern Times."

Morton, rushed to aid Randy as he crawled from the wreck, bewildered and dizzy but unhurt.

"Here's your trouble," Stone pointed out. "Motor froze—bound from overheating."

"I knew it was too good to be true," said Gale disgusted at the time he had lost while at the track over a tomfool idea he never had credited anyway. In vain Randy declared he had allowed for everything that might happen and that the oil lubrication was perfect—for obviously it wasn't. No one would listen to him, not even Nan. "The road job is still open to you, All-American," she said a little maliciously as she prepared to drive away with her father.

"No thanks," said Randy quietly, though he was boiling inside.

When he was alone he examined the motor of the wrecked car carefully. Nothing seemed wrong but when some oil dripped over his bare fingers he rubbed it gently between them testing its quality. It had a peculiar feeling—yet he had put the oil in the motor himself.

Ever since he refused the road job, Gale Motors, Inc., was closed to Randy and he left the company puzzled and discouraged. Bad months followed. True to his word, Mr. Gale quit the business when he was forced to the wall and United took over the plant. Mr. Morton now sat in Mr. Gale's former office. Such a magnificent Mr. Morton—a Big Boss with a big bonus in the bank, for his slick undercutting of Gale Motors. He was now a big shot, and when he thought the time had come, he sent for Randy.

"Quite a change around here, Mr. Morton," said Randy curious to know what was wanted of him.

"Yes—yes—quite. Now what will you sell your patents for on that supercharger and carburetor hook-up, Randy? United thinks it can solve the trouble you ran into."

Randy laughed bitterly. He had thought a lot during the last months. "Yes, I'll bet United could solve the problem that ruined my chances and at the same time wiped Gale Motors off the map!"

"What do you mean, Rogers?" Morton glared into the cold blue eyes of the ex-quarterback.

"I mean that everyone in the business knows you're a crook. They've known it ever since you stepped into your present soft spot, and my invention is not for sale to you, Mr. Morton."

"You'll regret this, Rogers."

"I'll bet I will. You can't cross a skunk without getting the worst of it."

Morton, of course, put him on the black list. When the boy found all doors closed to him, even in garages, depression settled upon his spirit like a mill stone. After

months of defeat death seemed the only way out. He had never thought of looking up the Devilins. Slowly he walked down the steps leading to a landing and looked out over the water he loved. And then a thing happened that sometimes does happen when we stop fighting and give God a chance to work.

A water taxi slipped up to the landing and a man on shore threw it a line. "Where's the other boat?" called a pilot. "Couldn't send it out. Jim's on a bender." "Get somebody else then; we're in a hell of a jam."

Randy waited for no more, but offered his services instantly, and went out with the pilot to show what he could do. He got the job! Then he went to see Billie and told her everything that had happened to him since the day of the test.

"Uncle Terry and I both thought something was queer about that official test. Do you think the supercharger would work in a speed boat, Randy? Oh, if it would, Uncle would be swamped with orders."

"I don't see why it wouldn't—let's try!"

On the day they went out to test it, Terry Devilin waved a pair of life belts at them, "Here, you forgot these!" he yelled, but they didn't hear him. "Darned fools," he said affectionately and, turning, faced Nan Gale. She had heard that Randy was working for Devilin, and as her father was about to start another motor company she wanted to see him.

"If that supercharger works, father will want it, Randy," Nan said when the pair returned triumphant and sopping wet from the test. "Have dinner with us tonight and talk things over at the Club. He will be at the race on Saturday and can see for himself what the Phantom does."

And this would have been all right except that Randy had asked Billie to have dinner with him if the supercharger took the test. And to make matters worse he forgot Billie when he said yes to Nan, and when he tried to explain to Billie that it was business, it was too late. Billie proved right then and there that overalls do not make a man. She threw herself on her bed and wept, and then tried to re-arrange a life that no longer included a laughing eyed, curly headed ex-quarterback.

News reached the papers that Randy Rogers would run in the race with Billie Devilin, and when Morton read it he surmised that they had gotten the supercharger working again. He called Stone and told him he'd better have a look at The Phantom—before the race. "That supercharger in the hands of a competitor would be bad for United," he said.

What self-control the moon must have, for it keeps so many secrets locked within its calm brilliance. This night it watched while George Stone climbed stealthily in through the boathouse window where The Phantom waited for her race. An oil can, obviously the one used to lubricate her motor, stood nearby. Stone took a bag of emery powder from his pocket and dumped it into the can. That was all, and no one but the moon was the wiser. The moon may have been aware, too, of the ideas which poisoned the dreams of the girl who had been "stood up" on that dinner invitation. For when Randy went to examine his supercharger on the day of the race—it was gone!

"It just happens," said Billie coldly, "that The Phantom is my boat and if I want to race her unaccompanied, that is my business."

Terry Devilin chuckled over Randy's ravings of bewilderment. "You invited Billie for dinner, didn't you? And then had it with another girl!"

"But that was business. Surely she understood that."

"Son, when you're as old as I am you will have learned that a girl may have a

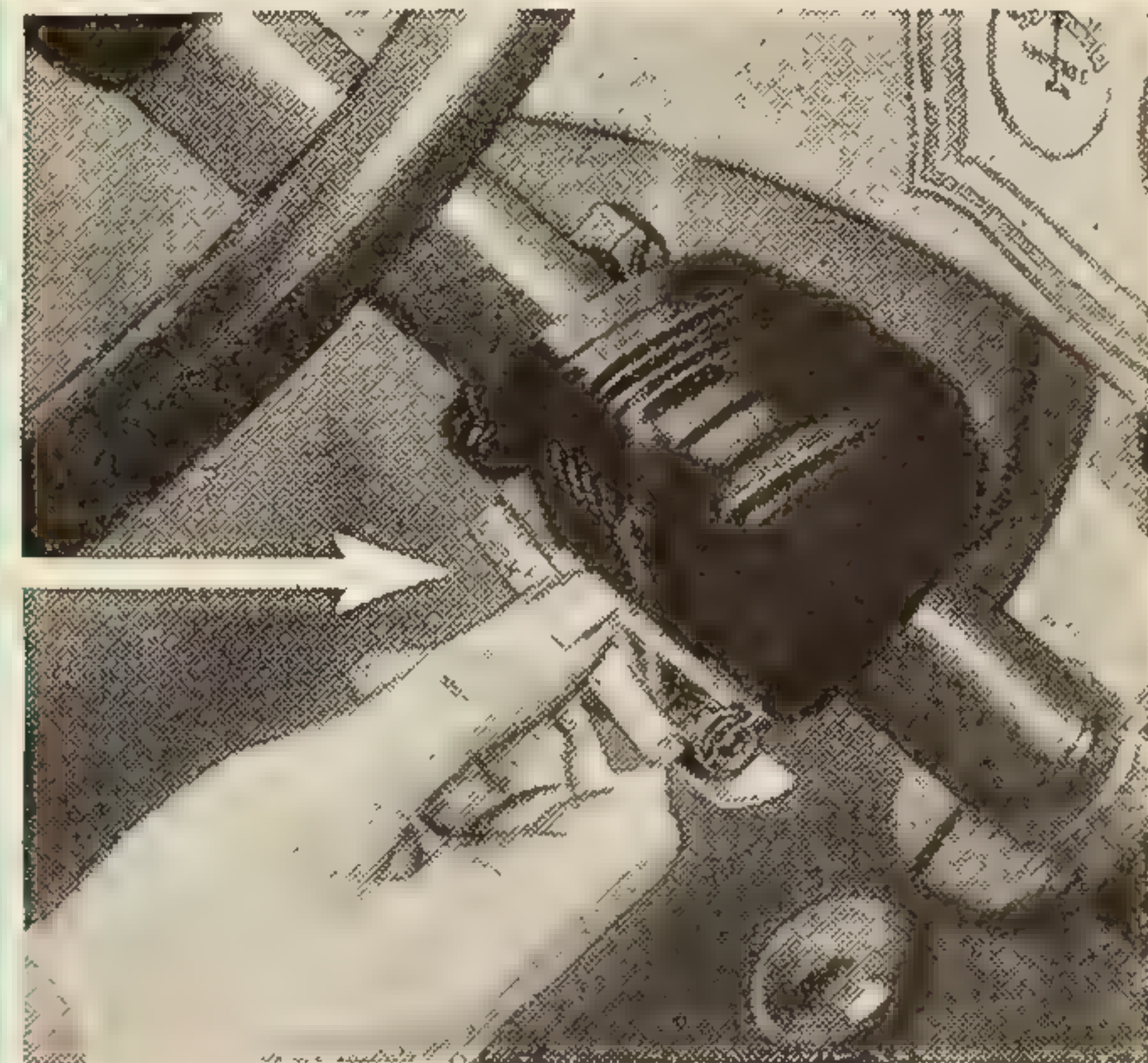


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Louise Ross

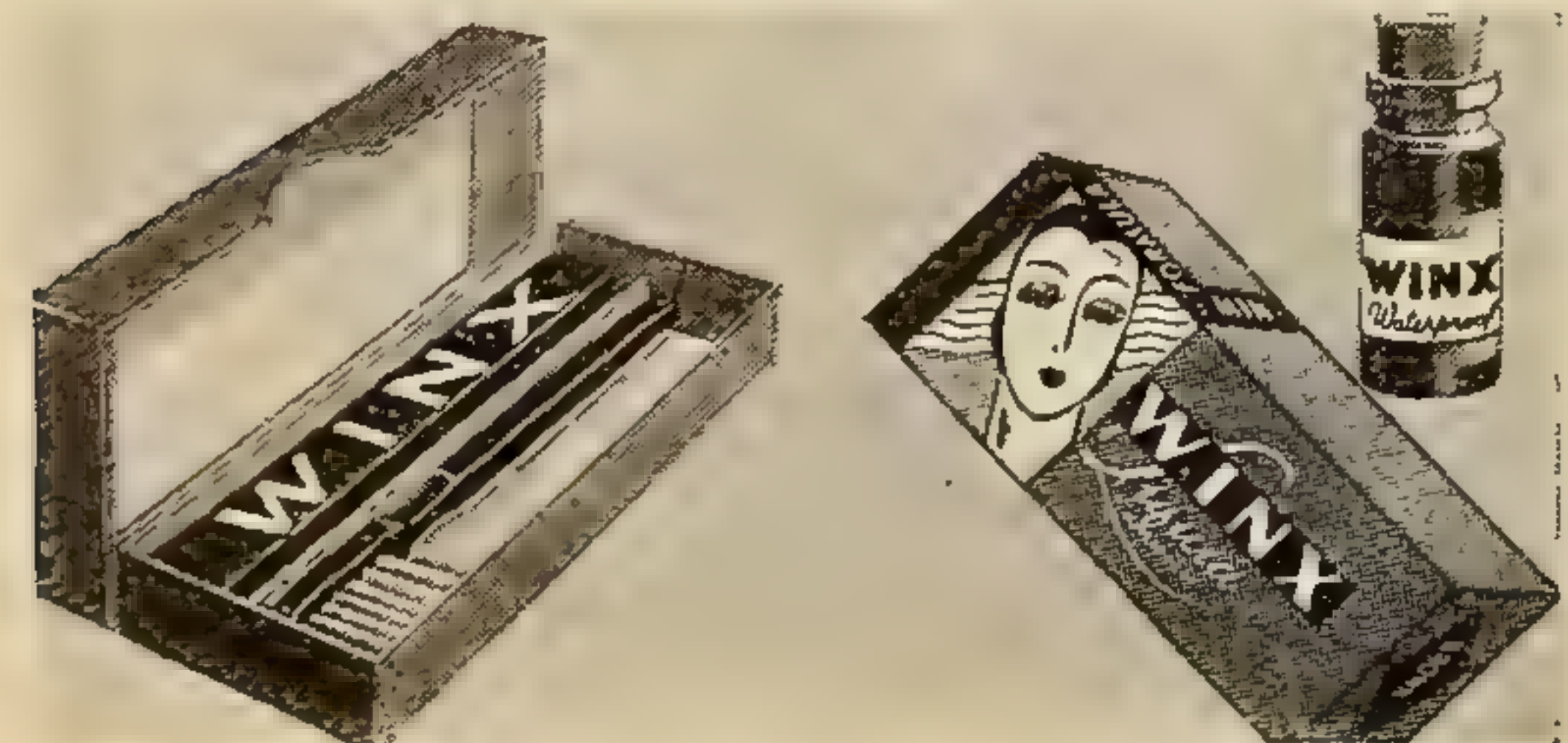
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man's viewpoint in all but one thing—her heart. There she's all woman." Then he told Randy that he had found another boat for him, and entered his name alone in the race. "I didn't want you to lose this chance, Randy, but it's dangerous installing that thing in an untried boat and racing her for the first time."

"I'll have to take that chance Terry, and—thank you. If I win it will mean all our fortunes."

The Phantom held her own until Randy began to open up his motor, then she, as well as the other boats, fell behind. Grimly Billie kept pace as long as she could but suddenly smoke began pouring from the motor, the emery powder was doing its stuff. She battled with the controls but the smoke enveloped her and the boat burst into flames. Randy, whipping a curve, saw what was happening. He shot from the course and reached Billie's side just as she had fallen almost fainting from the choking fumes. He lifted the almost unconscious girl into his boat and shot back

toward the course. The crowd cheered madly.

"Oh Randy," sobbed Billie, "You'll lose the race—you shouldn't—"

"I know it," shouted Randy over the roar of the motor, "I should have left you."

"Why—why didn't you?"

"Because—I love you—you nit-wit."

That little matter being cleared up they both gave their attention to winning the race that meant so much to them both. It was a desperate race with Randy gaining—gaining—slowly to the first line of boats. It was easier then, and as the crowd almost fell overboard in a frenzy of excitement he crept up—up—nosed past the leader and shot over the finish line well in advance!

"Randy," shouted Billie, not realizing that the motor had been cut off and her voice carried far across the water, "I love you, too!"

"What are you yelling for. Must you tell the world?" And Randy pulled her laughing into his arms.

On A Sightseeing Bus

[Continued from page 27]

neys. Beginning from scratch you might say, he now has a little chez Powell that must afford employment to at least half the otherwise unemployed in California—and I, for one, consider him in the light of a public benefactor even if he does wander about the place for days trying to find his way out, wondering, at the same time, how it all happened. He lives there all alone with fifty or sixty people, but no wife so far since Carole, although a lot of girls are willing to give it a try—Jean Harlow leading the field at the moment.

"Waverly Place," the former Christie home, has been bought by the Dick Barthelmesses. The house Stephen Ames built for Adrienne, on Palm Drive, and just about the Last Word in luxurious homes, has been rented to someone else. Nearby is the Conrad Nagle colonial which had everything stopped when it was built about ten years ago. But Conrad doesn't live there any more.

Up Calle Vista Drive, 1119 is the residence of John Mack Brown, crowning the top of a hill with the rounded terrace sweeping far below. It was leased by the Robert Montgomerys until their recent European jaunt, when the Browns moved back. It is a white-and-brown stucco English-type house with nine gables (hiyah, Clark), innumerable chimneys, a tennis court below, lots of gay awnings and flowers. Inside, there is a rare treasure in early American furniture perhaps unduplicated anywhere outside of the Metropolitan.

We proceeded down Alpine Drive and passed the former home of Marie Dressler, the lovely white house with blue shutters, Mediterranean type. It is now owned by a Mr. Burch from Chicago. Jimmy Gleason lives nearby, with the iron silhouette of Lucile, Russell and Jimmy decorating the mailbox.

On Maple Drive we saw the former home of Lew Cody, dark red brick English, being remodelled for Sally Eilers and Harry Joe Brown. On the way, we took in the Beverly Hills Hotel, with its beautiful gardens and bungalows in which live a number of celebrities . . . the Warner Olands are in Seven when Warner is making a picture and cannot be in his beach place at Carpinteria.

At 917 Beverly Drive is the home of Chester and Sue Morris, remodelled from an old Spanish place. Next door is the estate on which Will Rogers lived when he was Mayor of Beverly Hills. Much of

the beauty of the parks and the shrubbery and trees that screen the car-tracks on Santa Monica Boulevard is there today because of Will Rogers, and it will live after him a long long time.

At 906 Beverly Drive lives Mrs. Farmer, better known as Gloria Swanson. Turning into North Crescent, we met the Cantor home and found the missis and some guests out on the lawn in front of the big homey house. Rounding onto Lexington is the town house of Marion Davies, with its immense gardens. Gladys Swarthout has settled at 1003 Lexington.

Turning onto Summit (the bus turns on a dime) we saw the Tom Mix place, unmistakably Tom Mix, since T.M. adorns all the gateposts. Nearby, where Buster and Natalie Keaton lived in happier days. Far up Benedict Canyon we sight the Harold Lloyd estate, by far the grandest of all. It is impossible to see it close up as the grounds are so screened with trees, so our obliging pilot takes us to the best vantage spot and we have a view of this baronial magnificence which seems to cover miles of ground. About all we can see of the house is the red tiled roof.

At 718 Linden Drive is Edmund Lowe's house, the place so enchantingly decorated by the late Lilyan Tashman. It is a small chic house with more character than many of the huge houses, and the beautiful high doorway is shaded by a graceful willow tree. On Alta Loma Way is the town house of Janet Gaynor, almost obscured from vision by trees. Janet spends most of her time in her Santa Monica house in spite of the fact that oil wells have sprung up all around and practically invade her front yard.

Claudette Colbert's new home on North Faring is in Holmby Hills. She expects to move into the modern house (being architected by Lloyd Wright) some time in the fall.

Out in Brentwood is the charming home of Neil Hamilton, 193 North Carmellina Avenue, a Monterey farmhouse with broad beautiful lawns and white picket fence. Nearby is the last home occupied by Garbo. Then up Bristol is the little number Barbara Stanwyck has decked herself out with, enough white walls to surround China, at the first glimpse. An awful lot of house to get lost in. Right across is Joan Crawford's also-white establishment, white inside and out. Her chauffeur sat in the town car waiting in the driveway and gave us a friendly wave. "Used to be one of our

boys," explained the driver. Franchot Tone lives around the corner in a smaller place, but rumor has it that he spends a lot of time at Joan's, and may even move in permanently.

Farther down Bristol was the one all the girls had been holding their breath for—Clark Gable's home. A simple, unostentatious place, broad white front, upper balcony, green shutters. Monterey would be the nearest description to the architecture. No one in sight, much to everyone's great disappointment. However, a little farther along on San Vicente we passed Irvin Cobb's home—one Garbo used to rent—and there was the genial Cobb out for a little constitutional, which gave the sightseers a thrill.

We had passed the Riviera Polo Club where Will Rogers played almost every week, and the practice field he used so often. Now the driver piloted us up a narrow road overlooking Santa Monica Canyon where we had a perfect view of the Rogers Ranch, a hushed quiet over all. The lovely fertile valley, with his putting course, swept back to the group of trees where the green roofed main house and the guest houses are. For a serenely beautiful place, it has few equals in the world. Returning to Beverly Boulevard, we went by the white wooden gates with black hinges, the only entrance to the ranch. A group of men were working on the culvert just in front of the entrance, and I remembered the New Year's morning when the floods had nearly washed away the bridge, and Will and Mrs. Rogers were out there in their high boots, the rain pouring down, directing traffic. The bridge had sagged a trifle, but was perfectly safe, and to prove it to any doubters, Will would get in his old ranch car and drive over. It was not on his property and he was under no obligation whatever to look out for the passersby. But there he was, soaking wet, genial, keeping the traffic regulated to one car at a time over the bridge and reassuring everyone at a time when every policeman in the vicinity was needed elsewhere—so he stepped in and took their place. The water poured in torrents under the bridge and a little girl in one of the cars cried. Will looked in the car window. "Now it's all right," he told her. "This is just a little flood. Think of the big one Noah had to deal with."

We journeyed on down to the Palisades in Santa Monica, dismounted and looked out over the blue Pacific and the turreted top of Marion Davies' beach house, which the uninitiated are very apt to mistake for a summer resort. Coming back through Bel Air, Jean Harlow's white house, bare of trees, gleamed on its hilltop. Bel Air is one of the most exclusive residential parks of 4500 acres, with a building restriction of \$10,000. Marlene Dietrich lives in Bel Air at present, in the Colleen Moore house on St. Pierre Road. We saw one of her earlier homes on Sunset, with the iron bars at all the windows, which she had put up during the kidnaping scare.

We did not see Shirley Temple's home in this itinerary since it did not extend to 19th Street in Santa Monica, where she lives. I have to be an old meany and rebel against having a medium sized palace pointed out to me as Bette Davis's home. Bette lives in a small weather-beaten frame house down on Franklin Avenue, surrounded by a white picket fence. It is one of the oldest and most completely charming houses in the town, and Bette, who lives within her husband's income so far as her household is concerned, pays \$75 a month rent for it! Bette is anti-palace, and I recall a remark I heard on the bus from the two persons sitting behind me. "What gorgeous homes these picture stars have," said mama, a little bit of envy and longing in her voice. Papa's strong confident and assured tones replied, "Yes, but when they lose their jobs, they lose their homes!"



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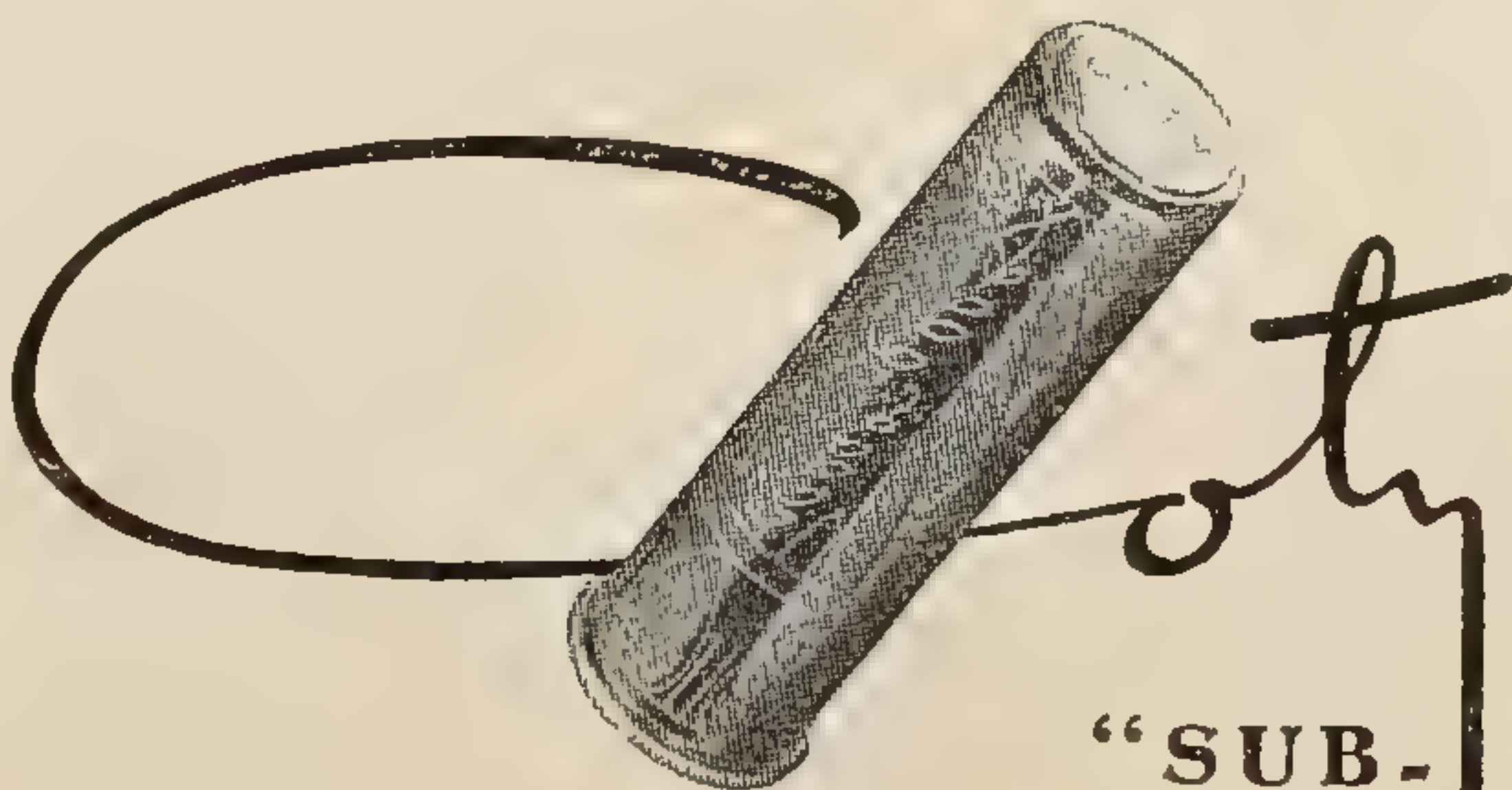
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Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES: Color <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
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"I Do As I Darn Please"

[Continued from page 31]

nounced her intentions of living alone—and alone she lives.

Sylvia and her mother have a perfect understanding that perhaps some of you might not understand, but don't for one minute think that Sylvia doesn't adore her mother just as much as you do yours. Mrs. Sidney never meets Sylvia when she arrives at the Newark airport, Sylvia never even wires her that she is coming, and when she calls her mother as soon as she gets her hat off Mrs. Sidney invariably says, "Hello, darling, how long have you been here?" Now, imagine what a pout most Hollywood mothers would go into, if they thought for one instant that their little precious hadn't come running to them at once. A Florida city nearly had conniption fits last year when Sylvia flew through on her way to New York without stopping to see her mother who was visiting there. But Mrs. Sidney didn't have a fit. She understands her child.

Some twenty years ago in the Bronx (where Sylvia was born on a hot August day) Mrs. Beatrice Sidney realized that she had a Problem Child. Her little girl was certainly different from the other little girls. Sylvia didn't want to play dolls. She didn't want to jump rope with the neighborhood children, or roller skate, or play hide-and-seek or hop-scotch on the well known sidewalks of New York. She might sit on the apartment steps and watch, but she would never play.

She seemed to derive her greatest pleasure from a drawing board and a box of crayons, and she spent hours drawing weird objects that meant nothing to anyone but herself. When she was five her mother took her to kindergarten, hoping desperately that there little Sylvia would learn to like children and would lose that brooding, haunting look that years later was to become famous on every screen in the world.

But Sylvia's first day at school was typical of Sylvia's life. The little five year old Sylvia picked up her little red chair and placed it as far away from the other children as possible, and there she sat—alone. For an hour she patiently made little baskets out of bright strips of paper, then suddenly she pushed back her chair, found her hat and coat in the hall, and started for the door. The kindergarten teacher reminded her that school wasn't over yet, and that they were going to start a very amusing game, but Sylvia merely said, "I want to go home," and home she went.

Sylvia at twenty-five is still the little girl in the red chair who wants to sit alone, as far away from people as possible, and wants to go home when she darn pleases. She still hates anything or anybody who takes away her independence, or rather tries to take it away—no one really succeeds.

Sylvia hasn't been broken. And it is my bet she never will be. Anyway I hope not. It's sort of nice having one person around who has the courage of her convictions.

Binnie's A Bit Of All Right

[Continued from page 25]

had been a burning ambition within me. I did not know exactly what it was I wanted to do, but I knew I wanted to get out of the sphere in which I was living. Going on the stage had never entered my head. As a matter of fact, I had never been inside a theatre. I had heard of them; had stood outside them and watched the crowds go in and out.

"There was a rather cheap dance hall just around the corner from the restaurant. A lot of what you call 'taxi dancers' were employed there to dance with the male customers. These girls used to come to the restaurant to eat. When the dance business was not so good they had to cut down on food. I was sorry for a couple of them one night and gave them each a steak which I charged to an inebriated customer who paid uncomplainingly. The next night the girls came in and told me I could get a job as a taxi dancer at their place if I wanted it. They had spoken to the manager about me. I grabbed the chance. It was the thing that changed my whole life and eventually gave me the chance for stage and screen success.

"I was a bit scared when I started, but I found that all I had to do was give a sickly grin to my partner and walk backwards in time to the music—also keep my feet out from under the other fellows. To my surprise, the manager of the place thought I was a swell dancer."

Then the topsy-turvy life of Binnie began. She soon moved to the Cosmo Club where the caste was a bit higher in the social scale. Ambition began to burn brightly within her. It burned so brightly that she took the young trap drummer aside and told him they ought to do a special dance number.

"He fell for it," said Binnie. "I forgot that he was more than a head shorter than I. However, we rehearsed secretly, and one day went to the manager and asked for a

tryout. He told us to go on that night. We did, and what a night it was! I had a big Spanish shawl draped around me as we sort of swept out on the floor. In my mouth I held an artificial rose. Oh, I thought I was grand. And there was the little drummer, who looked like my small son.

We were serious, but the audience thought it was a burlesque act and started to cheer. Undaunted, we went into the dance. I guess we did look funny, but we didn't realize it at the time. We worked up to the big climax of the dance when he was to whirl me around somewhat like a top, and catch me as I was about to fall. Well, my heel caught in the shawl and down I went right on top of the little fellow. The crowd howled and cheered. The manager came running out and patted us on the back. He thought we did the fall as part of the act. He increased our pay and told us to do the dance nightly, with the fall as the big spot of the act. We were a success, but was I chagrined!"

The act may have been a success, but it spelled trouble for Binnie, for she decided that she was good enough to go on the stage. She quit the Cosmo and started a tour of the theatrical producers' offices with no luck. She craved drama, but the producers couldn't see her. It was then that she tasted hunger. "And it did not taste as well as food, either," chirped Binnie. "But as I look back on it, those days held a lot of fun. Three of us girls lived together. You should have seen us forage for meals. If one of us was invited out to eat by a boy friend we would find out how much money he had. If he had plenty we would slip to a telephone and tip off the other two girls to drop in. Then we all ate, although the boy friends didn't always like it."

Determined to succeed, Binnie grabbed a chance to do a song and dance act on an

amateur night at a cheap theatre in the Limey district. What a night that turned out to be. Binnie took the feathers off two old hats and sewed them on the hem of her only nice dress.

"It was a swell job," she assured me. "Patou may have done better, but I doubt it. When I stepped onto the stage I found the audience not in a very receptive mood. Even if I had been good they wouldn't have liked me. I started to sing 'I'm Looking At The World Through Rose-Colored Glasses.' A disrespectful Limey shouted from the gallery: 'Maybe you are, lidey, but we éynt! . . . Blimey, get orff the stage.'"

"I stuck to it and finally went into my dance. The feathers apparently hadn't been sewn on very well, for they started dropping off, rather flying off. Soon I was surrounded by feathers and in no time the house was in an uproar and you couldn't hear yourself think for the medley of barnyard yells that broke forth. I cried all night, but I think it funny now."

Tex McLeod saw her that night and figured she had something, so he signed her to go to South Africa with him in a western rope twirling act. He taught her to spin a rope enroute, and when she arrived in South Africa she was billed as "Texas Binnie Barnes." She twirled the rope, told stories of her life on the Texas range which she had never seen—in fact, never heard of before. "I simply wowed them," says Binnie.

Soon Binnie returned to England and found her way into a big part in Andre Charlot's revue. Her singing voice made her a hit. But she wanted to do serious things, so she welcomed a part in a picture being made by a small British company. "I found it was a slapstick comedy with me taking all the slaps . . . so many of them I was black and blue. What a broken heart I had!"

Drama was still, as she says, gnawing at her vitals. Her break came in the stage play, "Cavalcade." She was a tremendous hit for ten months at the Drury Lane Theatre. Alexander Korda saw her and signed her for a picture.

"I was afraid to report to the studio," relates Binnie, "for I expected slapstick to pop up wherever I went. However the film was a serious one and I was allowed to do what I call 'act.' I guess I must have pleased, for Korda gave me the role of Katherine in 'King Henry VIII'. I loved it, for it gave me the chance I had been working for so many years. I felt that at last I was what I had dreamed of . . . an actress. All the struggles were as naught then. I laughed at them. I laughed at the hungry days and nights when I didn't know which way to turn. The achievement was worth the struggle and the suffering."

Now Binnie is in America, where she played the role of Lillian Russell in Universal's "Diamond Jim." America was combed for a woman who could give the glamour of Lillian Russell, and they had to call Binnie—the former milkmaid, kennel-maid, floor-scrubber and waitress—to come over and strut the Lillian Russell stuff. That is typical of Binnie's whole life, which has been packed with the unexpected.

And now—

There is a little farm just outside of London. On it is a dear, little, old lady. She is supremely happy, for a farm, with no financial worries is her idea of heaven. She is Binnie's mother. Binnie gave her the farm and the income. "It was the happiest moment of my life when I set dear old Moms down on that place," says Binnie. "She isn't much on education and so-called culture, but she worked her fingers to the bone for us kids, and she is good enough to meet any friends I ever made. If they think she isn't . . . then those friends are not good enough for me."

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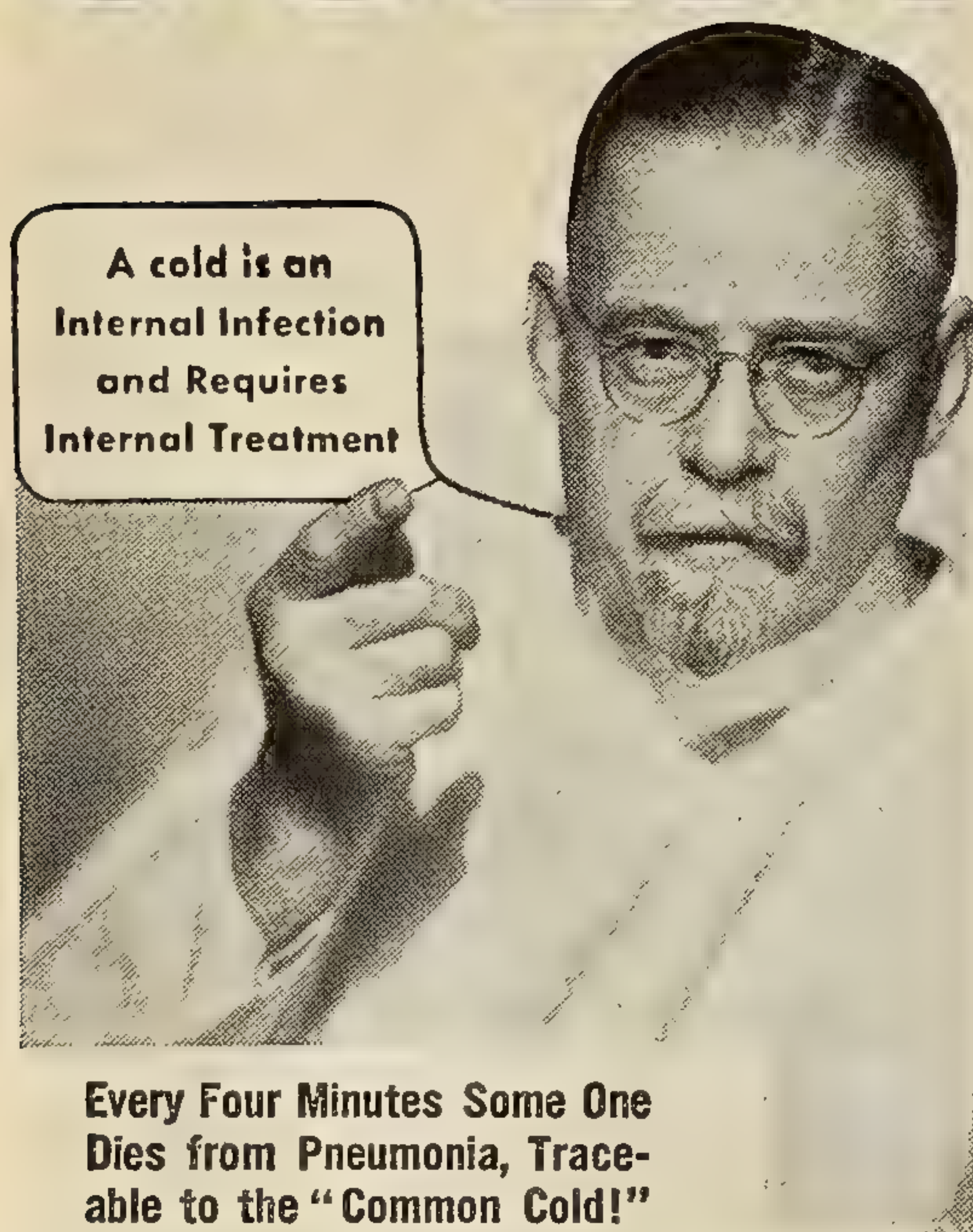
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**GROVE'S LAXATIVE
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Our Good-Will Star

[Continued from page 51]

the other and they always manage to turn that to the camera forever afterwards. Well, I have my favorite side, too. My right side. See, the left side is sort of "sinelly" looking.

I protested; "Impossible. Both sides look perfectly grand to me."

But Helen, whose sense of humor refuses to stop at herself, insisted: "I fell off a horse when I was a child and was kicked right here," indicating a very slight widening of her left nostril, "so I always prefer to be photographed on my right side."

"I told this to the director when we started 'Kingdom of the Damned' and he saw to it that all my long shots and close-ups were photographed on my good side."

"I got so accustomed to turning that side to the camera that I was absolutely amazed when they snapped the last scene of the picture. It happened to be the final scene of the story, too. Funny, isn't it? That happens so seldom. Well, anyway, the last scene showed Conrad Veidt and me standing looking over the rail of a ship, and the wrong side of my face was toward the camera. So I said to the director: "Wait a minute. I'm turned the wrong way. But he just smiled and didn't answer me."

"Then—and it was too comical—Mr. Veidt put his hands on my shoulders and looked me squarely in the eyes and said in that lovely drawl of his: "Darling—Beloved—Bea-utiful. All through this picture you have been photographed on your right side. Am I right?"

"I said, 'Why yes. That's my good side, didn't you know that?'"

"Mr. Veidt shook his head. "Yes, darling, I knew that. But did you know that I had a right side, too, and it happens to be the same as yours? And now, for this last scene, I intend to have my good profile turned to the camera. Just this once. What do you say, Beautiful?"

"I felt terribly selfish and protested that if I had known . . . But Mr. Veidt just joked the whole thing off and insisted that it had been a pleasure, but *he did want that last scene!*"

Just as I finished writing the above I happened to glance up to see the lay-out for this page, which my editor just laid on my desk, and was horrified to discover that, out of all the lovely photographs of Helen that I had given him to choose from, he had inadvertently selected one that—oh, horror of horrors—shows the "wrong" side of Helen's face. At first I was going to suggest a change, then I decided to let it go so that you can all judge for yourselves just how catastrophic it is for a girl like Helen to show the wrong side of *her* face.

In contrast to her many American roles, Helen again played a sympathetic character in her second Gaumont-British picture, "Trans-Atlantic Tunnel." This picture, by the way, attracted so much interest in England that George Arliss and Walter Hus-

ton both offered to play bit parts in it without remuneration. Which is unusual, to say the least. Besides Helen, there are two other Americans in the cast—Richard Dix and Madge Evans.

Helen was absolutely enchanted with England. She was fortunate enough to be there for the Jubilee and consequently saw London at its gayest. Even the weatherman showed the "right" side of *his* face for her benefit. "It actually didn't rain at all while I was there," she laughed.

There may be another reason, also, why Helen felt so contented in England, for in-between her studio work, her participation in the Jubilee and her weekend visits at fascinating country homes, she found ample time to get very clubby with that famous International Tennis Star, Fred Perry. As a matter of fact, they were married a few weeks ago.

It was a gloomy, rainy early Fall afternoon on which we met and I can think of no other girl with whom it would be so pleasant to pass an afternoon of the sort. She has the most delightful manner of confiding little bits of gossip (and I'm a girl who loves gossip, especially on a rainy afternoon) which are endlessly amusing. As I promised to keep these choice tid-bits "off the record," as we say in this field, I'm sorry that I can't re-tell them here.

Helen is much taller than you'd expect—in fact as we walked down Fifth Avenue together later, I felt depressingly short with my once proud five feet three contrasting rather unfavorably, I thought, with her lithesome five feet seven or thereabouts. And she wears clothes better than any other star I have ever met—barring none.

And just so that you won't fail to recognize her if you should be fortunate enough to run across her sometime, I must tell you that she has dark brown eyes that twinkle in the most fetching manner possible, beautifully chiselled lips that twist up at the corners frequently because she has such a ready sense of humor, and a clear white skin which she admits she hates to take the trouble to powder often enough.

Now, don't think for even one brief moment that this amazing pulchritude places Helen on a different plane from those less favored. It does nothing of the kind. Without exception, she is the most approachable girl that I have yet met among the big-name players, in spite of the fact that she has tarried in the clouds for such a long while.

The film moguls in Hollywood have apparently noticed this, too, for Helen has stepped right from one part to another ever since she joined the film colony two years ago. And, now that she has become Mrs. Fred Perry, it will certainly not be a hardship for her to accept the many attractive film rôles that are sure to be showered upon her by the appreciative British.

On Location With A Best Seller

[Continued from page 53]

of all right. Bob plays his first screen rôle in "So Red the Rose"—that of Margaret Sullavan's sweetheart.

Probably no other player has taken a more round-about route to Hollywood than he. He went to England to get here! Graduated from the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, he set out to find work on the stage. Three months of fruitless search ended in his being turned down for a rôle

because he was American instead of English. In disgust, he decided that a man is never appreciated in his own country, so he went off to England.

He spent several months in a small English village, absorbing the atmosphere, characteristics and accent of the natives. Returning to America, he passed himself off as a prominent English actor in New York on his first trip, and was immediately

offered three juicy rôles at once!

One day Bob ran into Margaret Lindsay, a childhood friend, who also entertained acting ambitions. Margaret was down and out and almost ready to give up the stage. Bob told her his experiences, she decided to follow his example, went to England and returned to win a much coveted rôle in "Cavalcade."

But to get back to our story: Being on a southern plantation of Civil War days, we are naturally surrounded by slaves. To be sure, most of them hail from Central Avenue, but there are a few who have actually seen the South.

There is, for example, Alexander Hill. From South Carolina, Alex is the real thing. He works hard and sends all his money home to his mammy. I asked how he happened to come to Hollywood.

"Well, ma'am," he said. "Ah jus' woke up one mawnin' an' says: 'Guess Ah'll go to Hollywood.' So Ah started out to come an' heah Ah is."

Alex hitch-hiked to Hollywood, hiking a good deal more than hitching. The day he arrived, he went out to Paramount studios, where "Mississippi" was being cast, and immediately won a job in the Bing Crosby picture. "So Red the Rose" is his second film appearance, and he says: "So fah Ah's done pretty good by mahse'f." He hopes to follow in the footsteps of that grand colored actor Daniel Haynes, who starred in King Vidor's "Hallelujah," played five successive years in "Green Pastures," and now has a rôle in "So Red the Rose."

One of Alexander's most important scenes showed him driving along the roadway singing a darky song. Director Vidor left the choice of songs to his discretion. Down the path came Alex, crooning a melodious chant about "Down by de ribbah." Vidor ordered a retake. The scene was perfect, but Alex was too good an imitation of Bing Crosby and his crooning about rivers. In the end Alex was prevailed upon to sing another number featuring "Going down dat Gawgia line."

Alexander finished that scene several hours ago. We've already seen rushes on it, and it looks as though Alex may turn out to be a prominent person round-about Hollywood before he's finished.

It's three A. M. now. We'll probably be shooting another two hours. My optimism when I started this story this morning—or should I say yesterday morning?—is beginning to wane. I'm not so sure the compensations of the movie business do make up for its hardships.

The sun that shone so warmly during the day has been replaced by a cold blue moon. Fog is rolling in over the hills. The cast is still working beneath the warm arc lights; but the rest of us are left out in the cold.

We have only the beauty of the set to help take our minds off our discomfort. A mile down the drive, twenty expert horsemen mounted on gorgeous thoroughbred horses are awaiting a cue. In the doorway stand Margaret Sullavan and Randy Scott.

Director Vidor gives his cue. Cameras start grinding. The horses come galloping down the drive to the mansion door, their riders singing "When Johnny Comes Marching Home." At the door they come to a halt, shouting and waving at the players on the veranda. They are on their way to war and have come to take Randy with them. No set could be more alive with color and good cheer.

But out here on the side-lines it's still mighty chilly. Oh, well, we should be finished by five o'clock. Then we can crawl into our warm beds back at the lodge and catch a few much-needed hours of shut-eye.

Tomorrow we go back to Hollywood to shoot studio interiors.

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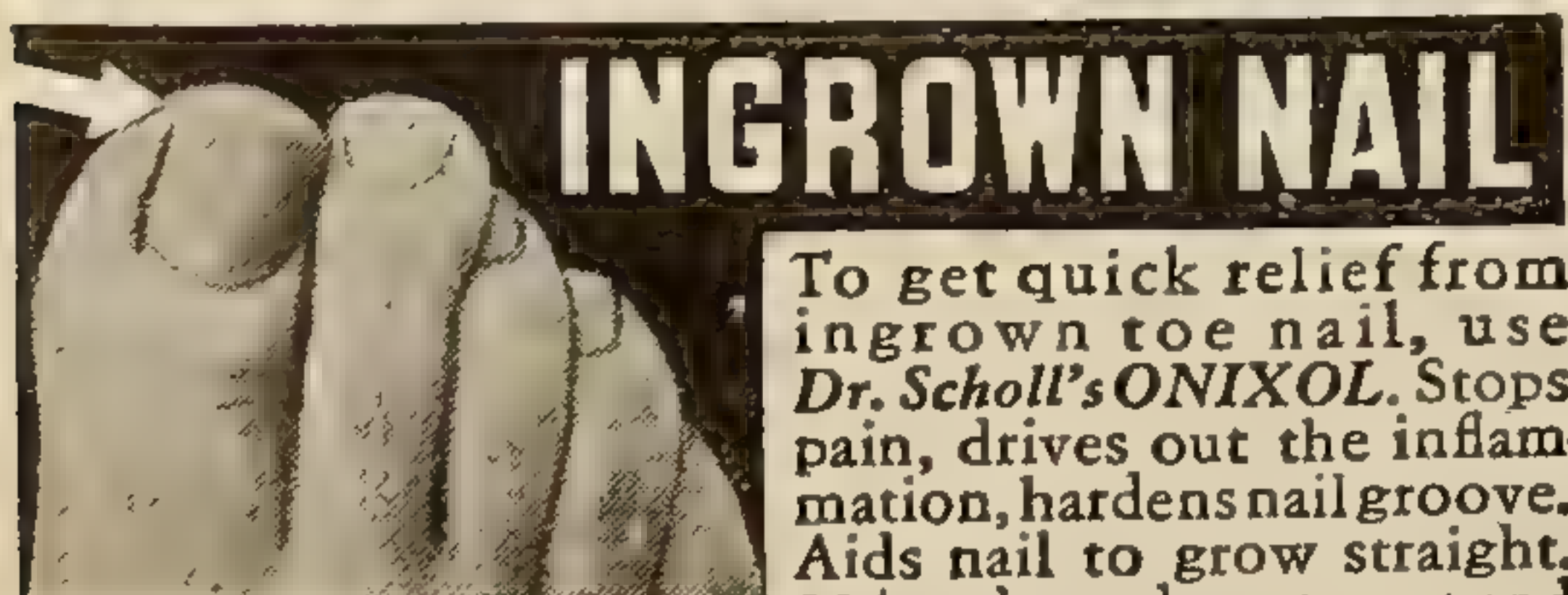
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"I Hope It Lasts"

[Continued from page 24]

grounds, their common determination to conquer Hollywood overbalanced that and made a bond between them. While Cary ran away from home in his middle 'teens and struggled for recognition for years, Randy had no bumps. The Scotts were wealthy and willin'.

They sent their only son to an expensive prep school, to Georgia Tech, where he was the end on the frosh football squad, later to the University of Virginia, and on a European tour. Then on a lengthy vacation jaunt to California which was climaxed by his being encouraged to try pictures. Several of the most important people urged him on. Before he knew it he was a Western hero. And he emerged as one of that tribe who didn't have to split the billing with a horse!

The gaudy trimmings don't thrill him and he isn't extravagant. For several years he and Cary batched together, to save expenses, and my introduction to Randy occurred the evening Cary asked me up to their house for dinner. After Cary's marriage to Virginia Cherrill, Randy moved out. Today they're in adjacent—the grammatical grandeur is what I get from interviewing a scion of the Ol' South!—apartment houses, in central Hollywood.

And they're still running interference for each other, too! (What love-life data I could have picked up!) Since Cary was the quicker success, he was the first to be quizzed by the press. Both boys are scared pink of saying something which might be misconstrued to their detriment. They are so anxious to avoid the mistakes and tragedies they have seen preceding their own assault on Hollywood. Consequently, Randy, his opinions now in demand, has all the earmarks of the trained diplomat.

He was obligingly vague about Cary's matrimonial difficulties. And Cary redoubles in regard to Mr. Scott's love-life. He jus' don't recollect a 'durned thing! Not even the simplest dirt, such as what general type of girl Randy prefers. I thought Cary was a pal of mine, but when I went probing I discovered he's more of a pal to Randy!

The new sensation's plans do not include any flying off to Yuma. He says, inscrutably, "I just haven't fallen in love. I might find the right girl around the next corner!"

The truth is that back in his section of Virginia the landed gentry raise their sons to be particular with their name, and Randy is a chip off the old block. He behaves by inclination, and he is even more elusive since Cary's unhappy venture.

There has been no splurging for Randolph Scott since his surprising zoom. He has stayed on in the same apartment with the same man-servant to attend to all the duties. The place is still as cluttered, I might add, while I'm in my telling trance. This Randy has a magnificent flair for clothes, and he can also show up in astonishingly careless attire. He appears to be terribly methodical, but isn't.

And so it is with his apartment. If he's ready for company, it's neat as your Aunt Effie's. But if his private life is going along in its customary way, there are odds and ends on every table, empty tobacco cans and pipes on every ledge, and you have to push stuff off the chairs to sit down. That is, if you haven't broken your neck stumbling in over his golf clubs, or your ankle by stepping through the guitar. Yes, he has one which he strums to his intimates. (Sweethearts, to you!)

Dolores Del Rio's Fan Mail

[Continued from page 29]

these letters. You cannot advise a person whom you do not know."

"But what would you tell her, Dolores," I coaxed.

She chuckled mischievously then, her dark eyes telegraphing what was to come. "I should tell her something I am sure she would not do. I should tell her 'be clever—forget him. Find someone else—quickly.'" She sighed. "But women in love can never be clever, can they?"

Long, slender, crimson-nailed fingers were flying through stacks of letters again—flipping certain ones here, others there. Rising zig-zag stacks commenced to take form everywhere about us. "Oh—I should like to take a swim—but no—I must finish this, all of it, today."

"But Dolores, these letters, do you answer any of them to the young girls who write about clothes, how to be popular, and the rest?"

"Not directly—but I do try to answer. In interviews I try to talk on subjects that will answer all those things." She held out a letter—

My dear Miss Del Rio:

I have just seen Caliente and thought you were very beautiful; your clothes were gorgeous, and I am going to get a dress just like the one you wore in the dance. I always try to copy your gowns. I am blonde, tall and willowy, and everyone thinks I should go into the movies. Is it as hard as they say to get into the studios? Please write me and send your picture,

Your most ardent fan,

Lynette Dawn.

P.S. My real name is Grace Martin, but I think my first step toward Hollywood is to

get a name that would look more exotic, don't you?

"Will you write her, Dolores?"

"I have given an interview on clothes . . . on copying the fashions one sees on the screen. I have warned girls that screen clothes are designed not only for the scene and the actress playing it, but for the mood of the scene. I have said, 'please do not copy the dresses you see on the screen unless they suit YOU.' My little Lynette has not seen that interview. I shall have my secretary send a copy. She is tall and blonde and certainly should not wear a dress designed for short, dark Del Rio, who wore that dress portraying a dancer."

I was fascinated watching and listening to her. I asked if I could not help with the bulk of letters still to be assorted. We read and marked dozens of letters for answering—letters from Egypt, India, Argentina, Spain, Alaska, Nova Scotia, New Zealand, the Phillipines, England, Canada, Brazil, Hindustan, Turkey, from every state in our Union.

"Oh, here is a typical letter since 'Flying Down to Rio,'" she exclaimed. . . . "Gene Raymond and I were in that together. And what mail I get wanting us to do another picture together! I mentioned it to Gene one day when I saw him at the Vendome, and he said he had the same suggestion from fans. But here's the letter:"

My dear Miss Del Rio:

"Flying Down to Rio" has just come to my town, and I hasten to tell you how much I enjoyed it. Fred Astaire will go far

on the screen, and isn't Ginger Rogers sweet? I hope you liked her. But my greatest hope is that the powers that be will see that you and Gene Raymond are the greatest team of the screen. You with your dark beauty and he so very blond. I hope that you will do many pictures together. Are there any plans for that afoot? Be sure to let me know what your next picture together will be.

Very truly yours,
Charles Borden—British Guiana

She pencilled notes on this letter. "Please tell Mr. Borden that Mr. Raymond is under contract to R.K.O., I to Warner Brothers—but that certainly I hope to do another picture with him."

"But didn't the fans recognize Fred Astaire quickly?" she observed gaily. "Now that young man of the letter will feel that he can instantly appreciate stellar material. He will be a fan of Fred's forever—and why not? I am a Fred Astaire fan myself. Ginger Rogers is sweet. Really sweet. I admire her enormously. As for Gene and myself doing another picture. . . . I hope we do sometime. Do you know Gene? he is a fine young man. So clean and serious about his work. And his laugh! It's fascinating! Sometimes on 'Flying Down to Rio,' I would be sad. I must be honest. I did not think 'Flying Down to Rio' would be such a happy picture. So I would be sad. I would hear that Gene Raymond laugh. When he does it, there is such youth and such fun. I would find myself smiling, too. Then he would play jokes on me. He sent me a large box of flowers one day after he had told me to 'snap out of it.' The large box of flowers turned out to be a large box of scallions! I gave the joke back to him. I left his card in it and sent it to the Director! Gene's laugh rang out. He held out his hand and 'Okay, Mrs. Gibbons, you win!' he said. It would be really fun to do another picture with him." She relaxed in her chair.

"I am all tired with my job for today. But here is one more letter—

My dear Miss Del Rio:

I am an ardent fan of yours because you are so beautiful. I have been in a hospital for the past year, and they do not know when I will leave. An accident. I cannot talk about it because I miss all the tennis, and swimming, and fun I used to have. But your pictures in the magazines are so lovely that I have dared to write to ask if you will send me one for myself. I would like to have it here in my room. With every good wish for your continued success and great happiness.

Marjorie Young, Illinois

"Oh, that I shall answer myself . . . now." She picked up a card on which she wrote, "You are a brave girl," and signed her name. She chose a large expensive portrait from her personal files, and autographed it. "Rose," she called, and her secretary came to the door. She handed her the card—"Telegraph flowers at once to Miss Young—a friend of mine." The clear, firm tone of her voice wavered the slightest as she uttered the last. "I was very ill once—flowers—help." A tiny reminiscent pause—then eagerly:

"We'll swim, now?"

A few moments later, she emerged from the bright red door of the bath house. Breathtakingly beautiful in a white silk bathing suit. Honey colored skin. Black hair tucked under a white bathing cap. Swiftly she dived into the water of the big pool. As we swam leisurely back to the diving board, she became serious again—"Fans are so important. Not just because they like you or don't—but because they keep you so in touch with what is going on in the hearts of the world. Their problems . . . their pleasures. . . . After all, when my days in pictures are over I shall miss them—my fan letters. I should not like to disappoint them," and she pulled herself out of the water, like a bronze and marble statue, poised for a moment on the edge of the pool.



Why
doesn't it **EVER**
ring?

WHAT wouldn't she give to hear it ring? To hear a girl friend's voice: "Come on down, Kit. The bunch is here!"

Or more important: "This is Bill. How about the club dance Saturday night?"

.

The truth is, Bill *would* ask her. And so would the girls. If it weren't for—

Well, bluntly, if it just weren't for the fact that underarm perspiration odor makes her so unpleasant to be near.

What a pity it is! Doubly so, since thousands of women find perspiration odor so easy to avoid. With Mum!

Just half a minute is all you need to use this dainty deodorant cream. Then you're safe for the whole day!

Another thing you'll like — use Mum any time, *even after you're dressed*. For it's harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too — so soothing you can use it right after shaving your underarms.

Mum, you know, doesn't prevent perspiration. But it does prevent every trace of perspiration odor. And how important that is! Use Mum daily and you'll never be uninvited because of personal unpleasantness. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.



MUM
TAKES THE ODOR
OUT OF PERSPIRATION

ANOTHER WAY MUM HELPS is on sanitary napkins. Use it for this and you'll never have to worry about this cause of unpleasantness.

Just Big Babies

[Continued from page 28]

**IF YOU HAD A
TACK IN YOUR TOE**



**You'd take it
out... being
careful to avoid infection**

WHY A CORN HURTS • A corn is hard, dead tissue with tack-like point. Shoe pressure forces the hard point into nerves sending pain throughout your system. That's why a corn "hurts" all over.

HOW TO STOP THE PAIN • Center the dainty soft felt Blue-Jay pad over the corn. Shoe pressure is lifted and pain ceases instantly. A special Wet-Pruf Adhesive strip, exclusive Blue-Jay feature, holds the pad securely in place. (Waterproof soft kid-like finish—will not cling to stocking.)

TO REMOVE THE CORN • In three days mild medication does the work. Remove pad—soak your foot in warm water—and easily lift the corn right out!

Blue-Jay is the modern scientific method of removing corns quickly, safely. Attacks only the corn. Will not injure live skin or flesh.

BLUE-JAY
BAUER & BLACK SCIENTIFIC
CORN PLASTER

Wife Wins Fight with Kidney Acids

**Sleeps Fine, Feels 10
Years Younger—Uses
Guaranteed Cystex
Test**



Thousands of women and men sufferers from poorly functioning Kidneys and Bladder have discovered a simple, easy way to sleep fine and feel years younger by combating Getting Up Nights, Backache, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Stiffness, Neuralgia, Burning, Smarting and Acidity due to poor Kidney and Bladder functions, by using a Doctor's prescription called Cystex (Siss-tex). Works fast, safe, and sure. In 48 hours it must bring new vitality, and is guaranteed to do the work in one week or money back on return of empty package. Cystex costs only 3c a dose at druggists. The guarantee protects you.

BACKACHES due to MOTHERHOOD

Having a baby puts a terrible strain on a woman's back muscles . . . frequently causes years of suffering. Allcock's Porous Plaster does wonders for such backaches. Draws the blood to the painful spot . . . shoulder, back, hips, arms, legs. Pain stops quickly. Allcock's is the original porous plaster . . . take nothing else. Lasts long, comes off easy. Also excellent for chest colds. 25¢ at druggists or write "Allcock, Ossining, N. Y."



ALLCOCK'S

the house (thank you, I am not a snooper) gave me a general idea of what Eloise has to put up with.

I saw snap-shots and negatives gathered over a period of twelve years. Theatre programs marking every play he ever attended, as well as those in which he appeared. Sunday funny papers over a period of eight or more months, scripts of all his pictures, studio press books, cigar bands and match folders from every restaurant he has ever visited in America. Letters from all over the world, year to year calendars, and enough old ties and bedroom slippers to put Moe, the Old Clothes Man, in business for a lifetime. All this I saw at just a casual glance, heaven only knows what I would have dug up if I had really snooped.

And there was the day I was at the Cagney swimming pool with a lot of people when Pat, with the cutest pout on I have ever seen, came up to Eloise and said, "Jim Cagney and Frank McHugh have shark skin make-up boxes. Why can't I have one too? Now really. Isn't it divine? That great big bozo of an Irishman."

Bill Cagney, Jimmie's wife, tells me that when Jimmie finishes his morning shower in the bathroom it looks like a hurricane, assisted by an adequate earthquake, had struck it. Towels, soap, bath mats, and water all over the place. Early in their married life Bill made one or two suggestions to Jimmie about the status quo of the bathroom after he had left it, but she soon grew discouraged. Mr. Cagney might be a big two-fisted he-man in Warners pictures, but in his own bathroom he is still a twelve year old boy. And he's still a boy when it comes to the cookie-box. All during the day or night Jimmie is wont to steal into the kitchen and grab inside the cookie-box. And if the cookie-box is empty—whew. Is Jimmie mad! Bill sees to it that the Cagney household is never without cookies. Lookee, lookee, here comes Cookie.

Big, strong, "Diamond Jim" Edward Arnold is the despair of his children. He has to do the driving. No matter who is at the wheel of the car when he gets in everybody has to move so that he can take the driver's seat. They all want to drive themselves and it makes them plenty mad, but Mrs. Arnold has taught them that they must pamper Daddy about the car. So without much grace about it they all move over, Daddy takes the wheel. They're late for the second performance at the Fox Wilshire already, but what does Daddy do?—always, but always, he drives into a gas station and has the tank filled. The tank is already one half full but Edward Arnold will not drive a car until the tank is completely filled. Heaven knows why, except that during his years of poverty somebody told him once that a person wastes a lot of gas buying just five gallons at a time, and the habit became so strong with him when he was poor that now he can't break himself.

According to Catherine Bellamy, that big he-man of a Ralph Bellamy is always stubbing his toe, scratching his shins, skinning his knuckles, or worse. A freak accident recently, wherein he tripped over his pet poodle, resulting in a fractured ankle, wrist, and dislodged shoulder-blade has prompted Mrs. B. to name her spouse "Brittle-Bones." Of course, one of his pet tricks is to stub his toe over the new rug, just as he is entering the room to meet strange and important people for the first time. If he happens to be carrying a tray of cocktails strange and important people suddenly find them in their face. Gauze and arnica

are always on the bathroom shelf in the Bellamy house.

That Clark Gable, who has all the girls going pitter patter, really has a very even disposition about everything, but he does like to be the one to open the morning paper first. He wants the sports section to be just where the sports section should be and not way over there in the society section. He's very nice about it to the first offenders, but sooner or later you get the idea in the Gable household that the head of the house is to be the one to remove the rubber band. And no matter how much Mrs. Gable wants to know what Cholly Angeleno had to say about that brawl that the Macys threw up in Santa Barbara she very patiently waits until Clark has finished reading about the fights which he saw the night before. Else he'll sulk. Clark also doesn't like to talk before he has had his coffee in the mornings, so if you are ever invited to the Gables don't prattle until Clark has had his Java.

Also, Rea Gable knows enough to have a can of tomatoes always in the ice box, for almost every night Clark eats a can of cold tomatoes before he goes to bed. So you see the world's most popular and devastating movie star has to be pampered at home just like any small boy. But I am sure that Rea had rather pick up papers after him than be treated to love scenes all the time.

The minute Chester Morris enters his front door he gives his own peculiar little whistle, and he wants Sue Morris to whistle right back at him no matter where she is. And if she isn't there—Chester is in despair. Chester is quite sure that Sue has nothing in this world to do but sit around home all afternoon so that she will be sure and be on hand when he opens the front door. And I may say Sue very rarely misses. Then Chester proceeds to feed the puppies. No one must feed those puppies but Chester. He gets very fretful if some good-hearted servant has forgotten and given the purrs their supper before the master arrived.

Chester has his moods, and when he is in a black mood no one must speak to him, not even Sue, but she must be around in case he gets out of his mood and wants to be gay. Dinner will be announced and Sue will go to the table and not even bother to tell Chester when he is in one of his moods, and she has learned never to be the least dismayed or worried when Chester raids the ice-box later.

Chester cannot bear to hear water trickle in his house—and I can certainly sympathize with him in that—so Sue and the servants have to keep a close eye on all the taps. The rat-a-tat-tat of guns in gangster pictures distresses the great big brave Chester not at all, but just let him come home to a demure little trickle in the kitchen. Oh boy!

So help me I have seen women simply go into frenzies over Paul Lukas, the great lover of Budapest. And when he is playing Athos in "The Three Musketeers" or making love to Kay Francis in "Stella Parrish" I agree with them that he is certainly charming and romantic, with just the right amount of an accent to make him so so irresistible. But when the day's work is done at the studio, and Paul has removed the grease-paint, the Great Lover suddenly becomes a little boy and just must be pampered. Like all kids he thinks that everything at somebody else's house is better than at his own. Thanks to Daisy Lukas he has one of the most delightful homes in Hollywood, but when he gets into one of his complaining moods Daisy just lets

him complain himself out.

But the best way to throw Paul into a first class sulk is food. He will call Daisy from the studio in the afternoon and Daisy will tell him that they are going to have pot-roast for dinner. Then Paul will arrive for dinner and find that the pot-roast somehow or other has become chicken. "Sweetheart," Paul mourns, "all afternoon the acids in my stomach have gotten together and said, 'We are going to have pot-roast tonight, isn't that lovely,' and now you give me chicken and my acids are all upset. I bet Ethel has pot-roast for Charlie Butterworth tonight." And immediately Paul launches into a discussion concerning the superiority of the Butterworth cuisine, while Daisy eats her chicken without bothering to listen. Paul is also an excellent clothes-scatterer, and Daisy gets plenty of good bending exercise.

Mae West's recent "tall, dark and handsome"—Paul Cavanagh—has no wife or mother, but he is pampered plenty by his servants. Paul will not drink ice water, and so it is never served in his home as he thinks it is very bad for a person. His cook must be an authority on hot breads (far worse for the stomach than ice water, Master Paul) as he will not eat any other kind, and the bread must be served hot every meal. If those pop-overs aren't hot at breakfast time, well, Mr. Cavanagh may be in a slight pet all day at the studio.

Jack Oakie's mother, Mrs. Offield, takes all his phone calls, lays out his clothes for him, and is delighted to get up any time of night to cook ham and eggs for his friends. His mother always cross-questions him as to where he has been when he comes in, and every now and then when she forgets to do this Jack thinks she is mad with him, so he feels that he is unappreciated and begins to pout.

Lyle Talbot is an ice-box and cupboard scavenger, and a cookie-hound if there ever was one. Lyle just can't bear to see tiny nibbles of this and that cached away in the frigidaire, with the result that his grandmother, who keeps house for him, never finds it possible to keep salad "fixings" on hand. Anchovies, olives, pimento strips, hard-boiled eggs, and asparagus tips are Lyle's especial delight.

The Great Astaire

[Continued from page 21]

Astaire as a personality, and reasoning thusly, they figured that he'd be a bust as movie material. But the shop girls and the stenographers found in him the same charm and appeal which had attracted their debutante sisters. That's where Broadway figured wrong. So did I, for that's the way I had it doped out. I'd like to say that I knew all the time that he'd be a big hit, but unfortunately for my own ego, I didn't.

Had any of us "smart" New Yorkers only realized that Leslie Howard's success on the screen foretold Astaire's success, we could have guessed correctly. The suave, polished Howard and the suave, polished Astaire are cut from different bolts of cloth but they're practically the same pattern. If girls liked Leslie Howard, it was a dead cinch that they'd go for Astaire because these two I think, are a lot alike. Equip Leslie Howard with the flying feet of a Fred Astaire and the resemblance of the types would be startling. Both of them are modest, gentlemanly, lacking in aggressiveness, almost shy—and that is the 1935 model leading man. At least that is the type that the girls seem to prefer now. Send Astaire down one side of the street, and parade Max Baer down the other side, and I'll guarantee that the girls will desert



*"No. 8".....
She is easy to identify*

EIGHT million women have always had to consider the time of month in making their engagements — avoiding any strenuous activities on difficult days when Nature has handicapped them severely.

Today, a million escape this regular martyrdom, thanks to Midol. A tiny tablet, white and tasteless, is the secret of the eighth woman's perfect poise at this time. A merciful special medicine recommended by the specialists for this particular purpose. It can form no habit because it is *not* a narcotic. And that is all a million women had to know to accept this new comfort and new freedom.

Are you a martyr to "regular" pain? Must you favor yourself, and save yourself, certain days of every month? Midol might change all this. Might have you your confident self, leading



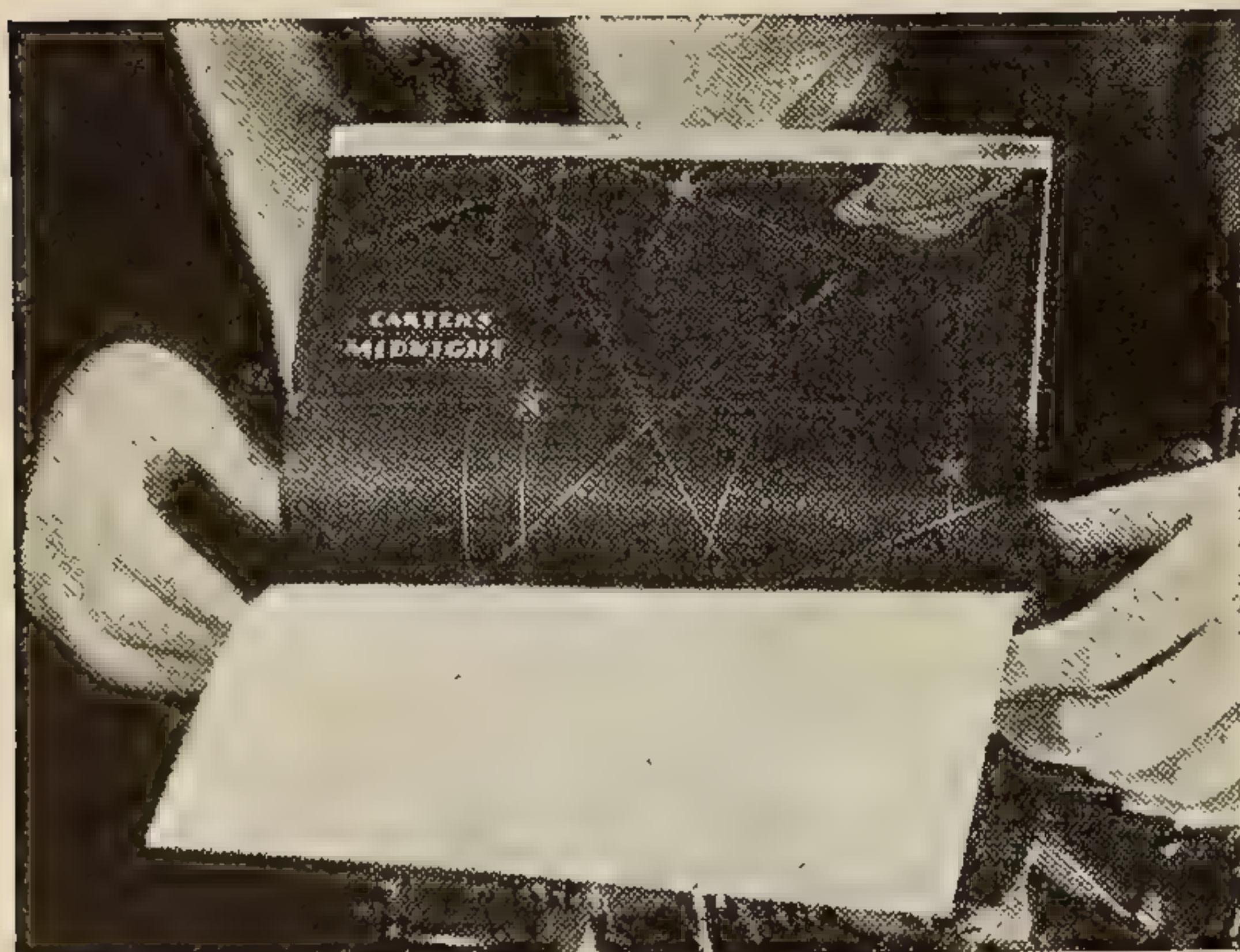
ALWAYS HERSELF
*She knows how to live
... how to get through
the world... the eighth
woman who uses Midol.*

your regular life, free from "regular" pain. Even if you didn't receive complete relief from every bit of pain or discomfort, you would be certain of a measure of relief well worth while!

Doesn't the number of those now using Midol mean something? It's the

knowing women who have that little aluminum case tucked in their purse. Midol is taken any time, preferably before the time of the expected pain. This precaution often avoids the pain altogether. But Midol is effective even when the pain has caught you unaware and has reached its height. It's effective for hours, so two tablets should see you through your worst day. Get these tablets in any drug store—they're usually right out on the toilet goods counter. Or you may try them free! A card addressed to Midol, 170 Varick St., New York, will bring a plainly wrapped trial box.

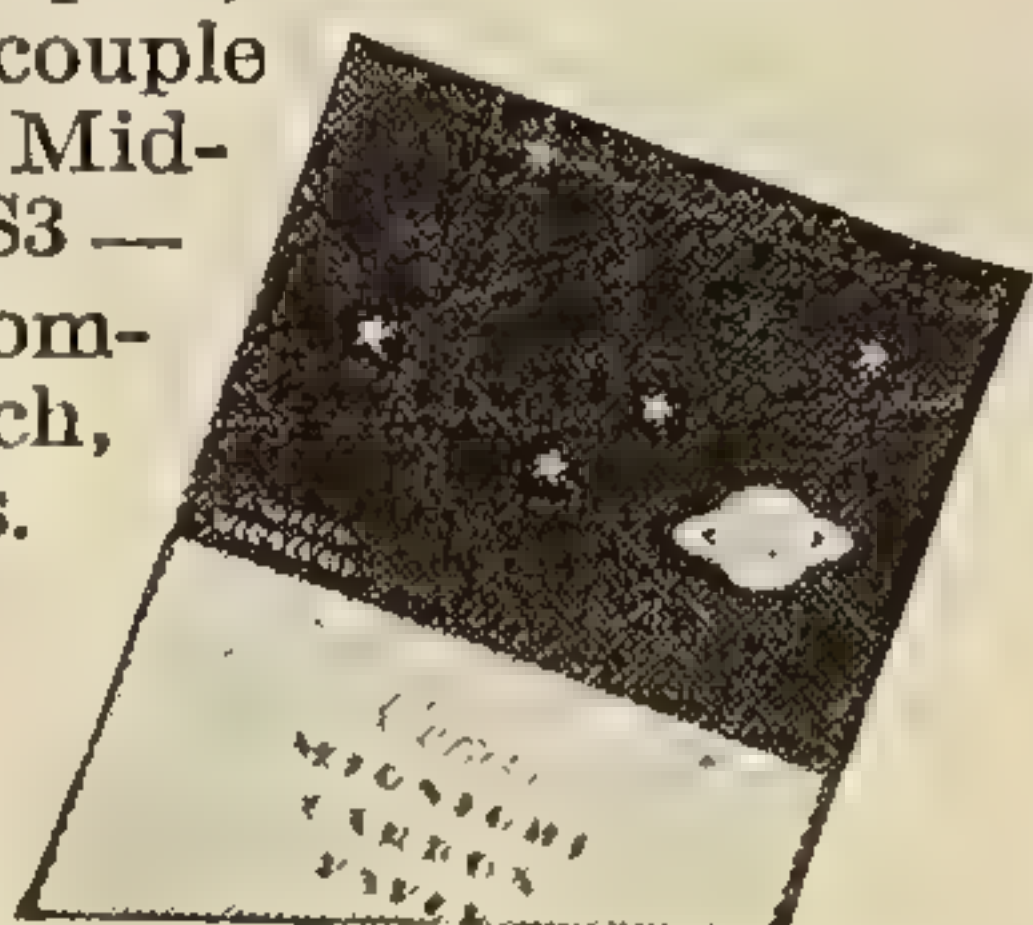
Add a little Sparkle



...to the Day's Long Grind

THE typing won't seem quite so endless when you use a sprightly sheet of Carter's Midnight Carbon. It was designed for folks like you who like things with a dash! It's a good worker, too, for all its gay silver dress. Makes sharp, clear copies, and is clean to handle. Send 10¢ for a couple of sample sheets of Midnight. Address Dept. S3—The Carter's Ink Company, Cambridge Branch, Boston, Massachusetts.

Carter's



MIDNIGHT CARBON PAPER

"Jane's so popular... so slender... since — she learned the Hula!"

You too can win Popularity, be in demand, the center of attraction, the envy of your friends by mastering the Genuine Hawaiian Hula. (Don't be misled by the many false imitations you've seen.) The Real Hula promotes Grace and Poise. Has helped hundreds to gain supple, slender, alluring figures. Experts in demand in night clubs, shows. Fashion note: In sports and evening clothes, the Hawaiian Influence is the rage... new... daring!

Send No Money... Real Native-Made Lei Absolutely Free... Act Promptly

Write immediately for full information on how you can learn the Real Hawaiian Hula. Prompt answers will receive a beautiful native-made Lei, without cost. Act today. Send name and address to:

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DARK, LUXURIANT LASHES INSTANTLY AND safely

Every day more and more beauty-wise women accent their eyes to deeper beauty and meaning... with MAYBELLINE. Instantly darkens lashes to the appearance of long, sweeping luxuriance. Contains no dye... utterly harmless... non-smarting... tearproof. Approved by Good Housekeeping and other leading authorities. Black, Brown, Blue, 75c at reputable toilet goods counters. Refills 35c



Maybelline
MASCARA

Baer for the type that is exactly opposite, as far removed as the two poles.

But enough of speculation as to what made Astaire the new idol of the screen. Let's return to the party at the Central Park Casino and let him do the talking:

"I was having a swell time in England when the first cable arrived that 'Flying Down to Rio' was a success," said Fred. "I read it and the thing seemed absolutely incredible. Then a second cable arrived and, in a few hours, there were twenty or thirty more of them. Then I got one from Pandro Berman, on the R-K-O lot, and there were just four words in it: 'I told you so,' because he had insisted all along that the scenes shouldn't be retaken and had tried to assure me that what looked bad to me on the screen actually was excellent. I knew then that I'd be a success in the movies, because, from a dancing standpoint, my work in 'Flying Down to Rio' could be improved."

Astaire still can't get accustomed to the national adulation which accompanies a movie star. He went out, his first day back in New York, to do some shopping—just as he was accustomed to wander along Fifth Avenue when he was a stage star. To his amazed discomfort, a crowd collected at Saks' Fifth Avenue store. One matronly woman, with two children trailing at her heels, was the first to speak: "Don't you dance with Ginger Rogers?" she asked. Astaire nodded uncomfortably. "My God," the woman gasped, and the awe in her voice communicated itself to the crowd. "Sure it's nice to have people get a kick out of seeing you," said Fred, "but it seems so darn funny to suddenly become an object of attention after fifteen years of going along minding your own business."

He can't understand, either, why it is that he has suddenly been "discovered" as a dancer. "It would be like you writing for fifteen years in a magazine," he explained, "and then suddenly people would rush up and say: 'I never knew you wrote.'"

Say, it isn't flattering to learn that I danced for fifteen years without any of these people knowing about it. It's a good lesson in humility, though. When you're clicking on Broadway stages, you imagine that the whole world must know about it, but not until you get into the movies do you realize how small a portion of the world is represented between Times Square and Columbus Circle."

Astaire was at some pains to correct an impression I'd given in an earlier article in this magazine. Under a story headed "Million Dollar Blunders" I had written that M-G-M was guilty of a Million Dollar Boner in failing to pick up his option, after he had appeared with Joan Crawford in one dancing sequence of "Dancing Lady."

"As a matter of fact, I'd already signed with R-K-O and really had been loaned to Metro," he pointed out. "So far as I'm concerned, I didn't mind the story, Ed, but I was afraid that some of the Metro crowd might be offended. They were awfully nice to me, and Joan Crawford and Clark Gable went out of their way to be helpful. If you can just drop a line in some time, I'd really appreciate it."

That, too, is typically Astaireish, the fear that unconsciously somebody might have been needlessly offended or hurt.

Broadway, which doubted his success in Hollywood, is tickled to death that its judgment was wrong. The Stem, callous and brutal in its estimates of performers, always had high rating for him because he was, at all times, a swell person. Hollywood hasn't changed him in the slightest, which is not surprising. He is still startled by his phenomenal screen adventure, but he's still a bit fearful too: "If they ever go into Technicolor," he argues, "can you imagine how I'll look?" How can you help liking a guy as modest as that? P.S. You can send him a birthday wire, incidentally, on the 26th of the month. A birthday cake is the only thing in Hollywood that can hold a candle to him.

Studio News

[Continued from page 17]

influence seems to predominate, for across the top of one tent is, "Dancers from sunny Hawaii" and across another one is "Real Hawaiian Entertainers." There is the usual crowd milling about, the usual concessions, including hot dog stands and popcorn wagons, to say nothing of the place where you throw rings at walking sticks, etc.

Not being in a carnival mood from "The Virginia Judge" we bend our footsteps this way and that and first thing you know we're right on the set of a fillum called "Collegiate." And right here before my very eyes are Jack Oakie and Joe Penner.

It's the first day of shooting, so, naturally,

the plot hasn't got under way yet.

We open on Lynne Overman stretched out on a couch asleep. Ned Sparks storms into the room, which is the living room of Jerry's (Oakie's) suite. Mr. Overman is Oakie's valet.

"Hey, Sour Puss!" Mr. Sparks grunts.

"Oh, it's you," Overman opines, opening one eye sleepily.

"Where's Jerry?" Sparks wants to know, overlooking the hearty greeting.

"I wouldn't know. This is my day off," Lynne brags.

And lastly on this lot, we have Gladys Swarthout, famous Metropolitan Opera diva in "Rose of the Rancho." This was the Belasco play that made Frances Starr famous about thirty years ago.

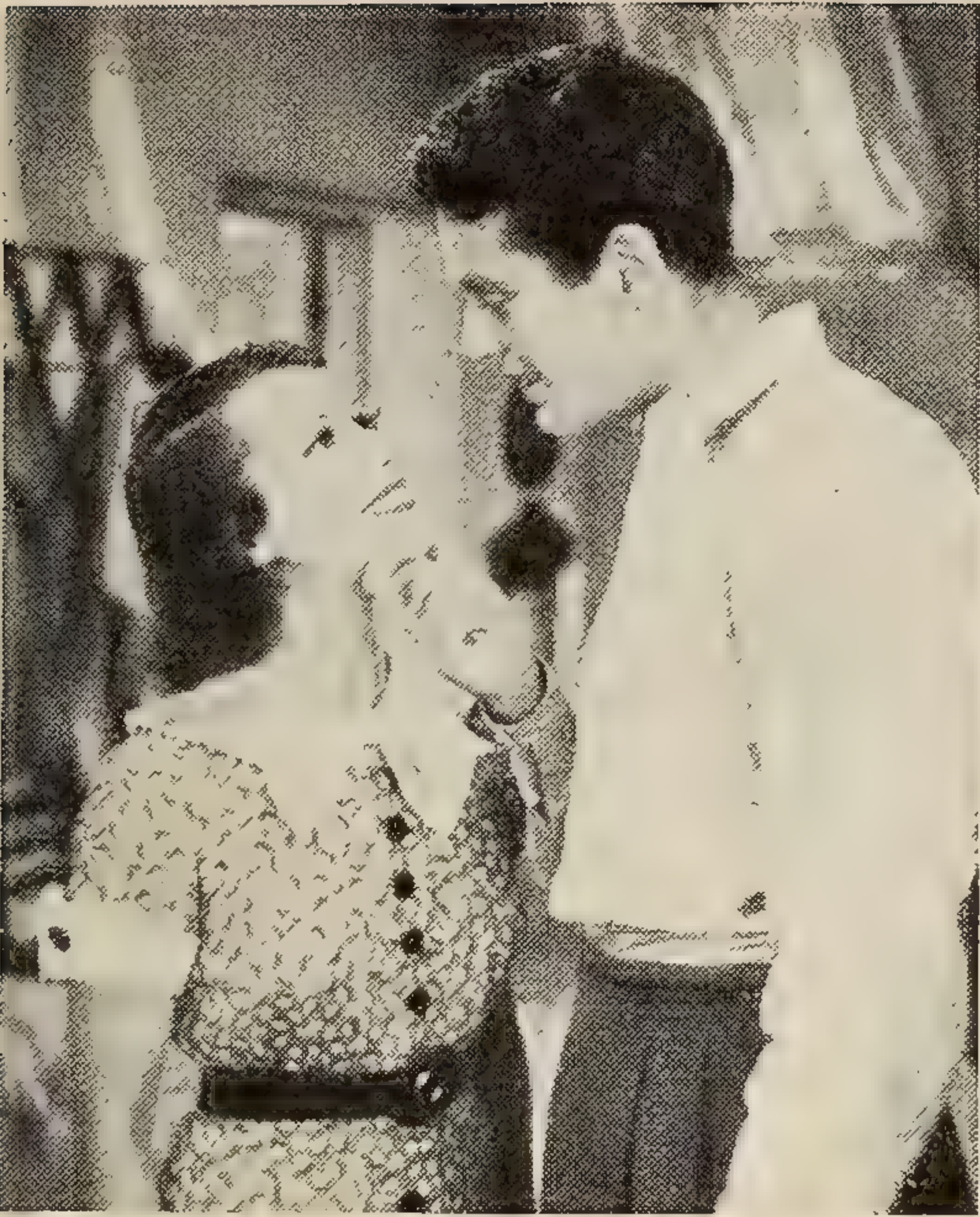
This set is a charming little room in a Spanish rancho in 1852. Through the window can be seen a few vines and flowers and beyond that the hills and dales. Inside the room is a tiny four-poster bed with a lace canopy, valance and tassels. The bedspread is a crocheted affair. The dresser and table are draped with green taffeta and more crochet work.

This is Miss Swarthout's opening song in the picture. She is getting dressed for something, a fiesta probably, and her old duenna, Louise Carter, is assisting her. As she primps, she sings "Never Tell A Secret to A Rose."

So we'll leave her in the midst of her recital of a rose's treachery and amble over to—



A "Rose of the Rancho" scene. This is the picture that introduces Gladys Swarthout.



"Love Song" is another opera picture
—with Lily Pons, Henry Fonda and
plenty of high C's.

R-K-O

HERE we have Miss Hepburn and Cary Grant in "Sylvia Scarlett," but that set, of course, is closed to visitors.

Next, there is Wheeler and Woolsey in "The Rainmakers" but they are on the process stage, and that stage, too, is closed to visitors.

Don't give up hope, gentle fan, all is not yet lost. Right here on the next stage, we find the diminutive Lily Pons in her first picture, "Love Song," and with her is Henry Fonda, straight from "The Farmer Takes a Wife" and "Way Down East."

The set is a studio room in an attic, very sparsely furnished. As nearly as I remember, Henry is a composer and Lily, of course, is a singer. They're married and happy, though poor. Henry finally comes to realize what a great voice she has and gets a job as tourists' guide so he can make enough money to have it properly trained. Lily, unknown to Henry, secures a position singing in a cheap cafe. One day, as these things happen in the cinema, Henry herds a flock of Midwest Americans (although why they have to be "Midwest" Americans, I don't know) into this same cafe and, of course, just like a husband, is outraged to find Lily singing there. To make matters worse, just at the moment he appears, she sees a mouse, screams and jumps for protection right smack into the arms of Osgood Perkins. Henry thinks Ossie has insulted his wife and pokes him right smack in the eye. As you may have surmised, the fat is in the fire and we pick up our two little love birds as they are entering the little room I have described and which, up to this point, has been a nesting place for love's young dream.

"Whether you like it or not, I'm going to give you what you want," Henry rages. "But I don't want anything," Lily expostulates weakly.

"Quit complaining," Henry yells masterfully.

And there you have the beginning of a great picture. Whether the end is great, time alone will tell, but at least it will acquaint you with Lily Pons and her singing and that is worth the price of admission.

And, if you will just follow me, I'll take you right on to another set on which is also a great picture—"To Beat the Band"—featuring Helen Broderick whom, by this time, you will have seen in "Top Hat" and

One Grand Fudge!



EAGLE BRAND CHOCOLATE FUDGE

- 2 cups granulated sugar
- 1 cup water
- 1 1/3 cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
- 3 squares unsweetened chocolate
- 1 cup nut meats (optional)

Mix sugar and water in large saucepan and bring to boil. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and boil over low flame until mixture will form firm ball when tested in cold water (235° F.-240° F.). Stir mixture constantly to prevent burning. Remove from fire, add chocolate cut in small pieces. Chop nut meats and add. Beat until thick and creamy. Pour into buttered pan. When cool, cut in squares.

- Let others have their fudge failures. You needn't. This recipe is never granular—never anything but creamy-smooth perfection. Clip it. Try it.
- But remember—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use Sweetened Condensed Milk. Just remember the name *Eagle Brand*.



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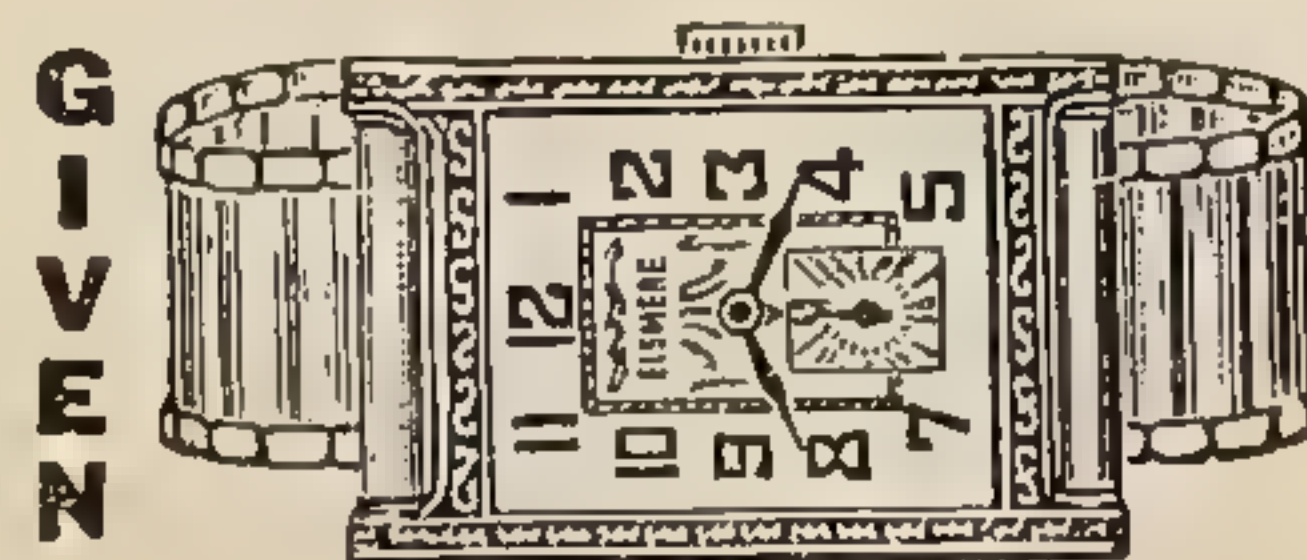
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Photo of myself after losing 28 lbs. and reducing 4½ inches.



Helen Broderick, in "To Beat the Band," living up to her very fine reputation.

whom, by this time, you will be cuh-razy about.

On second thought, maybe this isn't a great picture. Maybe I'm just letting my enthusiasm for Helen Broderick run away with my critical judgment, if any. This is one of those cock-eyed plots about Hugh Herbert inheriting fifty-nine million dollars, provided he marries a widow in three days. He's in love with and engaged to Phyllis Brooks but Phyllis isn't a widow. Hugh stops Roger Pryor from committing suicide, which Roger is determined to do because he has just lost his last million and hasn't a notion where the next one is coming from. And, as Roger and I always say, "what's life without a million? Better death a thousand times!" And, as *Madam Butterfly* always says, "To die when one can no longer live with honor."

No sooner is Roger saved than he has a change of heart and gets so grateful to Hugh for saving him, that he suggests he (Roger) marry Phyllis and *then* commit suicide, which will, naturally, make her a widow.

Hugh agrees—reluctantly, of course—and goes off to tell his lawyer, Helen Broderick, that everything is going to be all right.

Oh, yes! I forgot to mention that in case Hugh doesn't marry a widow in three days the fifty-nine million is to be divided among the boys of Fred Keating's band. Helen decides she'll get more out of the estate if the band gets the money so she goes to tip them off to what's what. Helen is to get one million for her share.

Anyhow, leaving Helen out of it, for the moment, the band is frantic. They want to find Roger so they can stop him from committing suicide for three days and then, of course, Phyllis won't be a widow.

Miss Broderick, having done her duty by tipping off the boys, is standing forlornly in the middle of the foyer of a night club, all done up in one of Bernard Newman's best guimpes, of Swede blue satin with white fox trimmings and looking for all the world as though she'd already got her million.

The elevator door opens and the band rushes out and swarms all over her and practically mobs the gal.

"We've looked all over town for that guy, Barry (Pryor)," Keating yelps.

"Have I got to go through all that again?" Miss B. demands patiently, smoothing her fox.

"We've been to every place in town and can't find him," Keating whimpers.

"That's fine," Helen sarcasms. "Now, be sure to cross the room carefully or you're going to trip over him."

"He's here?" Keating ejaculates incredulously. "Where?"

For answer, Miss Broderick links her arms through those of a couple of the boys and leads them to the door of the dance room.



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Barbara Stanwyck, Pert Kelton and Preston Foster in "Annie Oakley," the film based on the life of Mr. Barnum's crack rifle shot.

"There!" pointing dramatically.

The boys drop her as though she had small-pox (your filthy money, Miss Broderick) and rush on the hapless Pryor. And Helen is left standing forlornly in the middle of the foyer right where we picked her up at the beginning of the scene, with her matching gloves, shoes and bag of Swede blue (the gloves are silk, not kid).

Next we come to "Annie Oakley" which stars Barbara Stanwyck and Preston Foster. You all know, I hope, that *Annie Oakley* was a dame back in the 1880's or thereabouts who was a crack shot with a rifle. Mr. Foster was also a pretty good shot himself but he hadn't been working at that. He'd been in vaudeville with Pert Kelton (who has dyed her hair blond for this epic). When he meets Barbara he drops Pert, teams up with Babs and off they go to make a living giving rifle exhibitions. But things aren't going so well. In fact, something has just gone wrong because we pick up Preston in a cheap hotel room, throwing things haphazardly into a bag. Comes a knock at the door and Pert enters.

"Figured you might need a little cheerin' up," she opines, pouring herself a drink of whiskey.

"Kid," says Preston earnestly, "You're wastin' your time. The great Toby Walker is on the skids."

"Don't let 'em sell you that, Toby," trying to work up some interest. "What you need is a little rompin'. I'm gonna take you out and show you the town." And with that, she snuggles up to him and puts her arm around his waist.

"What can I lose?" Preston wonders, looking down at her and giving an indifferent snort.

Suddenly Stanwyck is standing in the door.

"Well, well," Pert gurgles with a shrill laugh, "if it ain't little Deadeye. Maybe

you'd like to join us. We're just goin' out and paint the town."

But Barbara merely shoots her a dirty look and turns to Preston, speaking quietly, desperately: "Toby, I've got to speak to you."

"Your friend Hogarth was right," Pres retorts, looking down into her eyes and bracing himself. "There's been enough said already."

"But," she begins pleadingly.

"Lissen, Deadeye," Pert breaks in. "Why don't you quit poundin' this man? You never done him a nickel's worth of good. Since the first day he seen you, he's had one piece of rotten luck after another. Ain't you satisfied with the way you got him messed up now?"

Barbara draws back as though she had been struck in the face. She looks at Foster, silent, appealing. For a moment he looks as though he is about to weaken. Then he steadies himself and she gets no satisfaction from his expression. Fighting back the tears she whirls abruptly and runs out of the scene.

"Cheap hotel room, isn't it?" I put it up to Pres when the scene is finished.

"How'd you guess?" he asks in surprise, simulated or otherwise.

"I can tell 'em," I assure him.

"And how!" he rejoins.

Well, all this is getting us nowhere so I leave him and trickle over to the last set, which happens to be Ginger Rogers' first starring vehicle, entitled "In Person," the title of which will be changed.

Ginger plays a popular screen star who, due to one thing and another, finds herself in a mountain cabin, incognito, with George Brent. When George doesn't treat her with the respect she feels she merits, she decides to put him in his place by revealing her identity. George pretends not to believe her and says if she wants to imagine herself a movie star it's OK with him but what he's looking for is someone to do a little work. He rides Ginger so unmercifully that first thing we know we find them at dinner, Ginger in a pale blue taffeta dinner gown.

I should have said George was at dinner. Ginger comes in with a pie, of which she is very proud. She hands him a piece and he takes a bit. "Ha!" says George, "it's a pie!"

"Don't you know what kind?" she asks disappointed.

"Well, it might be berry," George guesses. "Raspberry—or maybe currant. Yes, I believe it's currant, isn't it?"

"You'll never find out," she screams, hurling the whole thing out the window. "I made A-plus in domestic science all through college. And I won every medal for cooking pies in summer camp."

"Did they give medals for washing dishes?" he mocks, "or do you want some help?"

"I wouldn't let you *near* a dish of mine. Not if you begged me on your knees," she screeches.

"I won't," he assures her.

So Ginger starts stacking the dishes. Then she yawns. She's SO tired. As she looks at all the dishes, a pained little expression creeps over her face. "Could I wash them tomorrow?" she pleads. "I'm dead tired."

"Tonight would be better," George informs her coldly, although he is secretly amused by the whole thing.

The director isn't satisfied with the scene and he wants to rehearse some more before shooting it again so there's no use hanging around here and we may as well set sail for—

Columbia

Now there are several pictures shooting here but one of them, "Crime and Punishment," which is being adapted from Dostoevsky's novel of the same name, is being

* Carole Lombard *

in Paramount's "HANDS ACROSS THE TABLE"



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Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
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directed by Josef Von Sternberg. I am unable to decide about (and this does not at all reflect the editorial viewpoint of the magazine) Mr. Von Sternberg. He was impossible at Paramount but he's worse here. Not only is his set closed to visitors, but he appears in overalls and black shirts to put the cast at their ease, he dismisses the company for lunch and gives the cast a half hour and the crew three quarters of an hour when everybody knows it should be the other way 'round and—but what's the use going on. Putting up with him in this opus are Robert Allen, Marian Marsh, Tala Birell and Edward Arnold.

Next, there is "Bodyguard" (temporary title) which features Florence Rice, Ward Bond and Barbara Kent but they're on the process stage.

So we come to "She Couldn't Take It" which stars Joan Bennett and George Raft and features Billie Burke, Walter Connolly and Alan Mowbray.

Connolly is the father of the Van Dyke family consisting of Miss Burke, Joan and that James Blakely whom Columbia is still trying to make an actor of. They're crazier than March hares and driving the old man nuts. When he gets sent to prison for income tax violations he welcomes the sentence feeling he'll get some peace and quiet there. In "stir" he meets George Raft, once one of the biggest racketeers in the country. George has spent his time in prison trying to make something of himself and finally succeeds in becoming a gent. He and Connolly meet up with one another and like each other. Connolly tells him his troubles and Raft says if he were free he'd "straighten out that bunch in no time," which is exactly the way a gentleman would talk.

Connolly dies and George finds himself, according to the will, trustee of the estate. He knows what the old man really wanted was to have the family straightened out. Of course, Joan Bennett is the real problem. And, of course, they clash time without number. And, finally, Joan goes to



Eddie Lowe (how well he is looking) in "Grand Exit."

some of George's old gangster pals and arranges with them to kidnap her and split the ransom. She wants \$100,000 for her share. So they kidnap her. But then is when she gets fooled. She thought the whole thing would be a joke on George but the kidnapers are on the level and really hold her for ransom.

We pick her up in a basement where she's been hidden. What she's doing in a pair of green velvet pajamas, I don't know but there she is. No one else is in this scene. Joan is just sitting on a box sniffing and sobbing.

It's getting late so I can't stop to chat with Joan. I just exchange "hellos" and a couple of anecdotes and send my regards

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to her husband, Gene Markey, and off I go to the next set, which is "Grand Exit" and stars Ann Sothorn and features Edmund Lowe.

This is one about the best fire investigator in the country—Edmund Lowe. Who else could it be when he's featured.

The insurance company he works for is paying through the nose because practically every risk they have in a certain town is going up in flames. Nobody can solve the mystery. So they hire Lowe back (he's quit a number of times before), and he gets to work, along with his assistant, Onslow Stevens. He finds Ann Sothorn at a number of fires and begins wondering about her. Her picture name is Adrienne Maxwell. He becomes suspicious and sends Stevens to find out about an Erwin Maxwell. Eddie is just dressing for a date with Adrienne, little guessing any connection between the two Maxwells, when Onslow returns to report.

Eight years ago Maxwell owned a glass company and when things got tough he tried to float loans. He'd done a lot of business with Eddie's company and tried to put the bee on them for a hundred G's. When they turned him down he laughed at them and said their turn-down would cost them much more than that. He had an insurance policy with them for a million which he intended them to pay by committing suicide. His clothes were found on a dock, also a man who saw him jump overboard and a suicide note, but the body was never recovered, so the insurance company didn't pay off.

"And the company beat the widow and orphans out of another million," Lowe remarks. "How like the boys."

"Orphan," Onslow corrects him. "One daughter—named Adrienne. And that's as far as I got today."

"Adrienne Maxwell," Lowe repeats speculatively, a light beginning to dawn. "Seems to me you got far enough."

"Remember, this was all seven years ago," Onslow warns him. "I didn't have time to check the last six years."

"We'll get that tomorrow," Lowe encourages him. "Here," taking two theatre tickets from his wallet and handing them to Stevens, "are two tickets for the Music Box—and there's a very charming young lady



It's Charlie Chan again but this time he is in Shanghai. Charlie is getting better all the time.

of your acquaintance waiting to be taken there tonight."

"Adrienne?" Onslow guesses. "But she'll be expecting you."

"Just tell her I was busy—something sudden."

"Say!" the dumbfounded Stevens demands, "are you drunk?"

"Not yet," Lowe assures him hopefully.

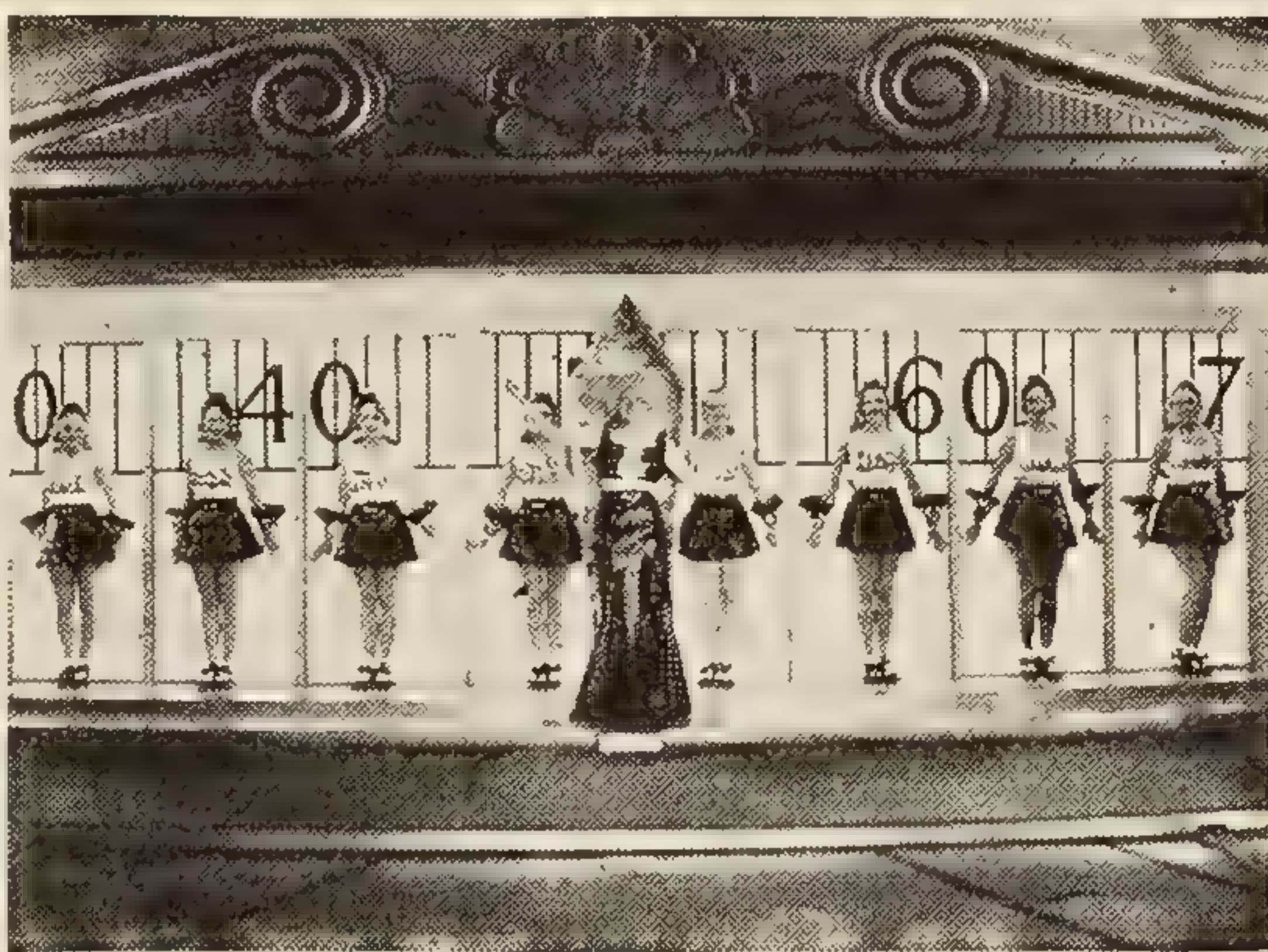
And that's that. Now, we come to—

Fox

There are several pictures in production here, too, but "Thanks a Million" starring

Dick Powell is only rehearsing and I can't get on the stage. "Metropolitan" starring Lawrence Tibbett is on location, so that's out.

We come to the next stage and there's another of the never ending "Charlie Chan" pictures. This time he's in Shanghai and



Alice Faye and a chorus putting over the feature song of "Music Is Magic."

I can't help but think what will he do when he's been completely around the world and there's nowhere left for him to go.

This set is merely the deck of an ocean liner as it is pulling into Shanghai. Warner stands at the rail with a couple of cunning little Chinese children and one little white boy. He sings them a song about a dragon and that's all I could discover about Charlie Chan in Shanghai.

Next door we have another picture called "Music Is Magic." But there again, the plot is completely missing, as this sequence is merely one of the musical numbers. Somebody is monkeying with the dial on a radio and all at once the panel parts and behind the panel you see this beautiful number, led by Alice Faye, that the interested party in front of the radio had previously been listening to. And the way that number is staged is really sumpin'.

En route to the stage, Frank Perrett picks up a beautiful Chinese girl and takes her along with us. She has the longest finger-nails I've ever seen. Alice Faye always prides herself on the length of her finger-nails and it's Frank's idea to have a picture made of the two girls showing both their finger-nails so people can see how much longer Orientals wear their nails than Occidentals. But when we reach the "Music Is Magic" set, Miss Faye takes one look at the other girl's nails and says "NO!" She's not going to be shown up!

"Let's see 'em," I coax.

"No!" says Alice.

"Why not?" I argue, "I'm not going to make a picture of them."

"I don't go around showing my finger-nails to people," she snaps.

Tchk, tchk, Miss Faye, such modesty. And I'll bet you'd feel utterly disgraced if anyone ever saw one of your ears, too!

Anyhow, pretty little Rosina Lawrence, who is also in the picture, is glad to have her hands photographed so everybody's happy. And Rosina does it so graciously, too.

I guess it's just this heat that's getting under everybody's skin and I think maybe a ride will cool me off. So off I go to

Reliance

Reliance makes their pictures for United Artists release and their current production is "The Melody Lingers On," which features Josephine Hutchinson, Helen Westley and Ferdinand Gottschalk, John Halliday, George Houston (a newcomer said to have a marvelous voice), Laura Hope



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derful. Have increased 2 1/2 inches.
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weight." G.

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Crewes and Mona Barrie.
Josephine is studying with Mme. Westley
to become a great singer. The set is the
foyer of the opera house the night after
she's met Houston. She looks very fetch-
ing in a white net dress with little pink
and blue flowers and a white wrap,
trimmed in deep bands of black velvet.
And Miss Westley, whom you should know
by this time is my favorite of all the char-
acter actresses on stage or screen, is really
something in a purple velvet evening wrap,
trimmed with sable, and a purple net dress
threaded with gold. On her head is a
diamond tiara and at her neck a diamond
choker. Big time stuff, my friends. As the
two women enter the foyer, Helen turns to
Josephine.

"You see? I told you not to wear those
clothes. People think you're a tight rope
walker."

"I wish I were, darling," Jo raves en-
thusiastically. "High above the crowds, in
tights and spangles."

"Come down," says Miss Westley dryly,
"you're making me dizzy."

And just then up comes Count da Vigna
(Gottschalk).

"Signora," he murmurs, kissing Miss W's
hand.

"So you're here, too," she mutters grimly,
snatching her hand away. "I don't know
whether it's safe to do this, my dear," she
goes on to Ann, "but you have to take your
chances these days. Count da Vigna, Miss
Prescott, my pupil. He's an old roue," she
adds to Ann.

"I'm charmed, Miss Prescott," Gott bows.

"So am I," Jo smiles, "provided you live
up to your dreadful reputation!"

That's fine talk for an innocent young
girl to be putting out.

David Burton, the director, isn't satisfied
with this scene so he calls them for more
rehearsals. It's hot and the atmosphere is
getting tense so I beat it. But I've never
known Reliance to turn out a poor picture
and I'm sure when this is released, every-
thing is going to be all right.

We next turn our attention, ladies and
gents, to—



The new Warner hit girl, Winifred
Shaw, with Phil Regan and Frank
McDonald in "Broadway Hostess."

M-G-M

Would you believe me, if I tell you that
there is not one single picture to report
out here. It's the first time this has hap-
pened in all the years I've been doing this
department.

"Mutiny on the Bounty" is on the process
stage. "Tarzan" is on location. "A Tale
of Two Cities" I've told you about. Like-
wise "A Night at the Opera." "Let Free-
dom Ring" with Jack Benny and Mary Car-
lisle, is on location, "The Bishop Misbe-
haves" has just finished. "Riffraff," which
was supposed to have started a couple of
days ago, has been delayed and so has
"Black Chamber" starring William Powell.

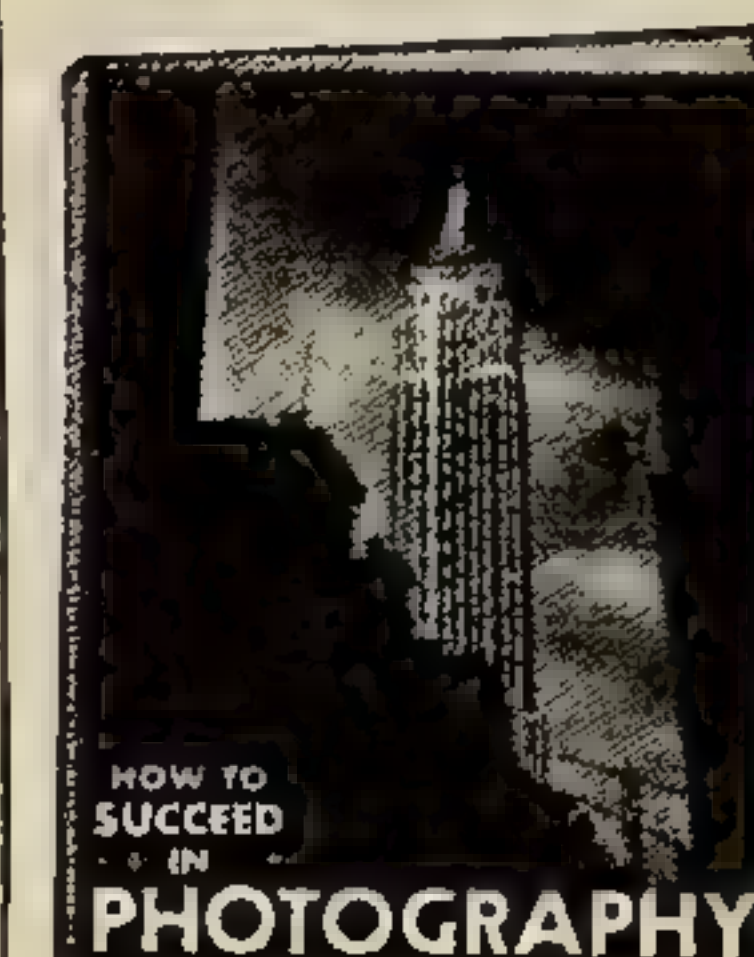
Greatly heartened, I jaunt out to—

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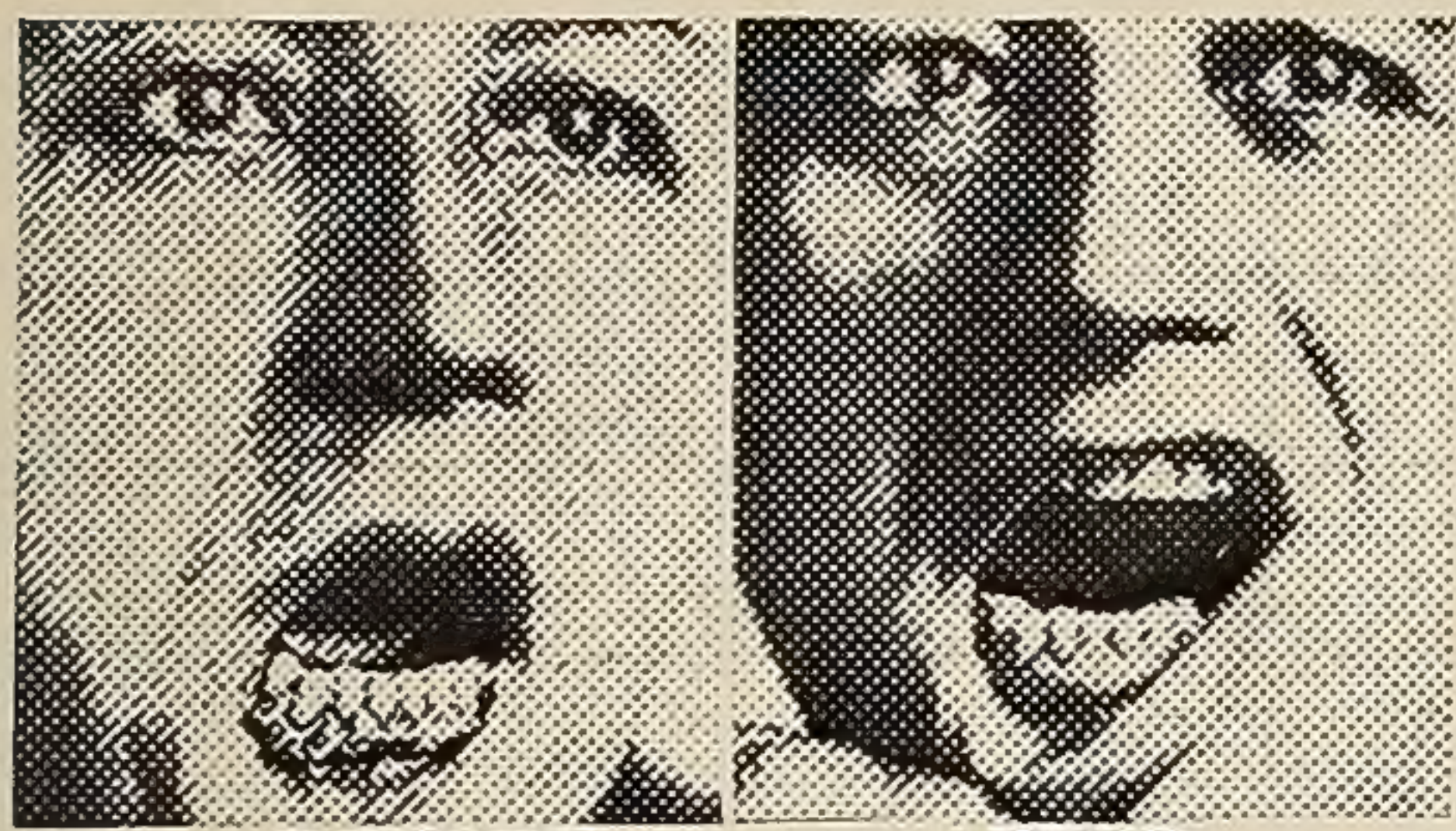
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Warner Brothers

I can scarcely believe my good fortune when I arrive and find the same state of affairs.

"Case of the Lucky Legs" with Patricia Ellis and Warren William is on location. Paul Muni in "Enemy of Man" and James Cagney in "Frisco Kid" are just starting today and they have asked that visitors be kept off the set for today only, until the pictures get under way. "Living Up to Lizzie" has just finished, "Captain Blood" is always closed to visitors, "Stars Over Broadway" is on the process stage. That leaves only "Broadway Hostess," featuring Winnie Shaw and Phil Regan.

On this last picture, they're in Winnie's living room. She's a night club singer—a big hit—and Phil is her piano player. He seats himself at the piano and strums a few chords. "Listen to this," he urges. "Wruble and Dubin wrote it especially for you and I honestly think it's the best thing they've ever written. With that, he sings a chorus of "Let It Be Me" and he's right. It's a swell number and he sings it beautifully. Then Winnie picks it up and she sings it beautifully, too.

So that winds up Warners and we turn our attention to—

Universal

Four pictures going and naught to tell you of any of them. ZaSu Pitts and Hugh O'Connell are working in "Alone Together" but they're on location. So is "Offside" which features Charles Farrell in his return after a long vacation.

The other two—"Magnificent Obsession" starring Irene Dunne and "Hangover Murders" featuring Randolph Scott—are both closed to visitors. Note to Mrs. Suzanne Watson of Audubon, N. J.—I have been intending to answer your letter. You're mistaken. "Showboat" has not yet gone into production and won't for a few weeks yet. When Miss Dunne's set is closed to visitors I can't tell you about your favorite. Sorry.

All of a sudden I get panicky. Here are three big studios with scarcely a picture between them to tell you about. So I be-think me of Mascot, which is fast becoming an important picture factory. I rush out to—

Mascot

And there I find Joseph Santley directing a picture called "Waterfront Lady." In the lead is my friend Frank Albertson. And don't get me wrong. I didn't say he had the title role, I said he had the leading role. Grant Withers is in the picture. The girl is Ann Rutherford, who reads lines like a schoolgirl at a church social. And then, I bump into still another friend. It's Lew Ayres who says he's given up acting and is "sitting in" on this picture to learn about directing. Practically every actor I've ever met wants to be a director but Lew is the only one I've come across who has really taken steps to achieve his ambition.

Not since Warner's "Isle of Lost Ships" and Dick Arlen's "Hell and High Water" have I seen such a realistic set as this one with dozens of shanties on the river, a derelict schooner in the background, etc.

I sure hope this picture turns out well. Joe really knows more about directing than nine tenths of the people in the business. And it is a sad commentary on the picture industry that the thing that has held him back is he's too much of a gentleman to cope with the people who run it. And both Frank and Grant Withers are two of the cleverest comedians on the screen—if they ever get a chance to prove it.

So, at least, as the day begins to cool, so does my temper and I can leave you as we left the Dorothy Parker-Alan Campbell set this morning—on a high note. So long until next month!

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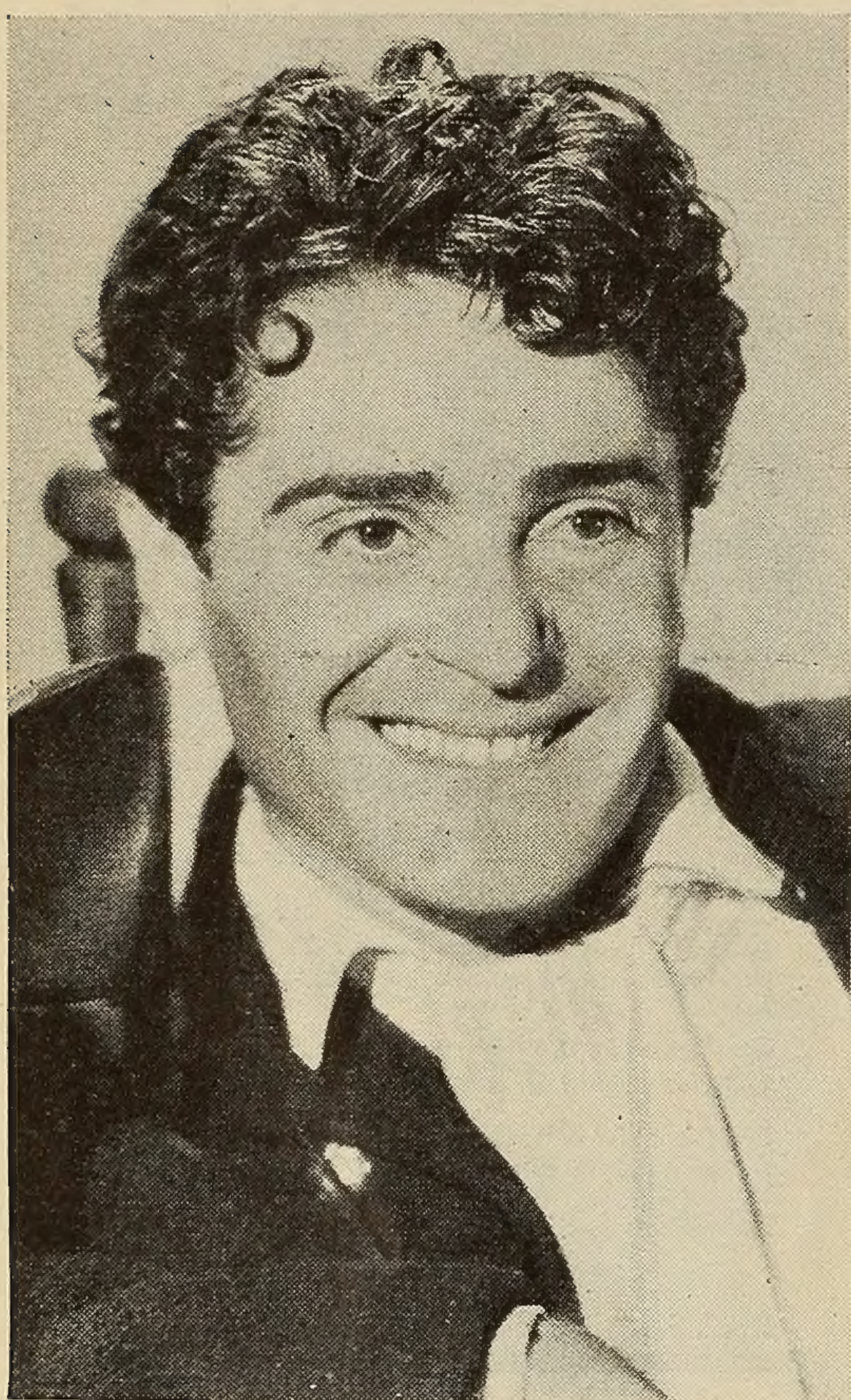
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The Final Thing

A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Charlotte Herbert



Francis Lederer

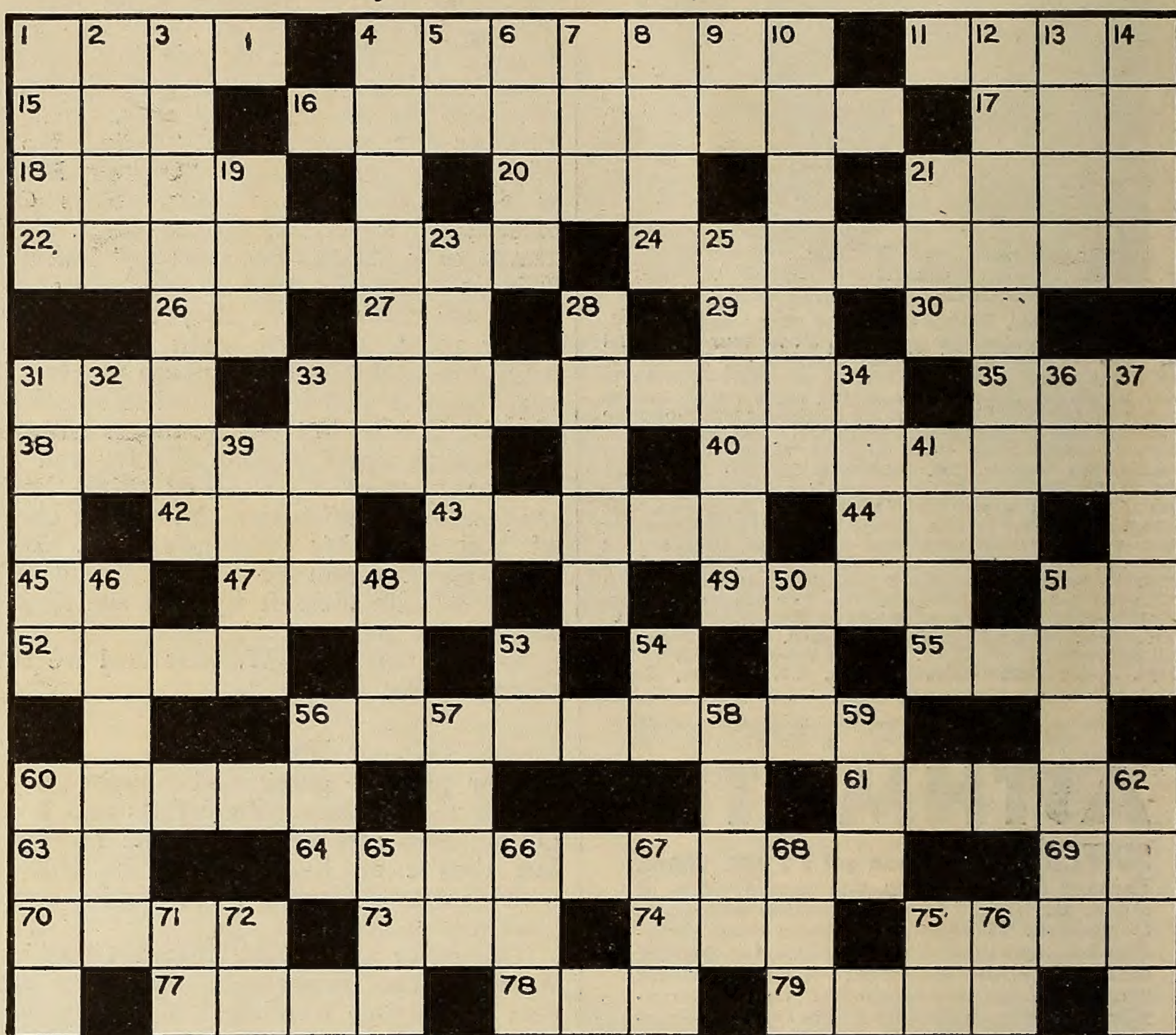
A SENSITIVE boy lived in Prague during the war years. Daily he heard the sobs of bereaved women and saw their white and hungry faces. As he ran to deliver parcels for the department store for which he worked daytimes, he was very careful not to jostle the crippled men who hobbled along the streets so awkwardly on their shiny new crutches, and tears stood in his eyes as he watched new recruits being rushed to the battle lines. Those days left their scar upon the soul of Francis Lederer.

At night he used to hang about the theatre and finally, in fact, he became an actor. As he traveled throughout the length and breadth of Czecho-Slovakia he came to know how wide-spread were the misery and unhappiness caused by war.

The boy became a famous actor, played Romeo to Elisabeth Bergner's Juliet, and at last reached Hollywood to make pictures. But he has never forgotten, and today he is doing all that he can do to prevent wars and to promote universal Peace.

Lederer has a hearty handshake and a twinkling eye that reveals his love of life. But we like to think that his smile is genial, gentle and kind because in the heart of Lederer is the wish to help other people to happiness, and to fix this old world up so that the horrors that he remembers so well as part of his youth shall never come again.

Elmer Keen
THE EDITOR



ACROSS

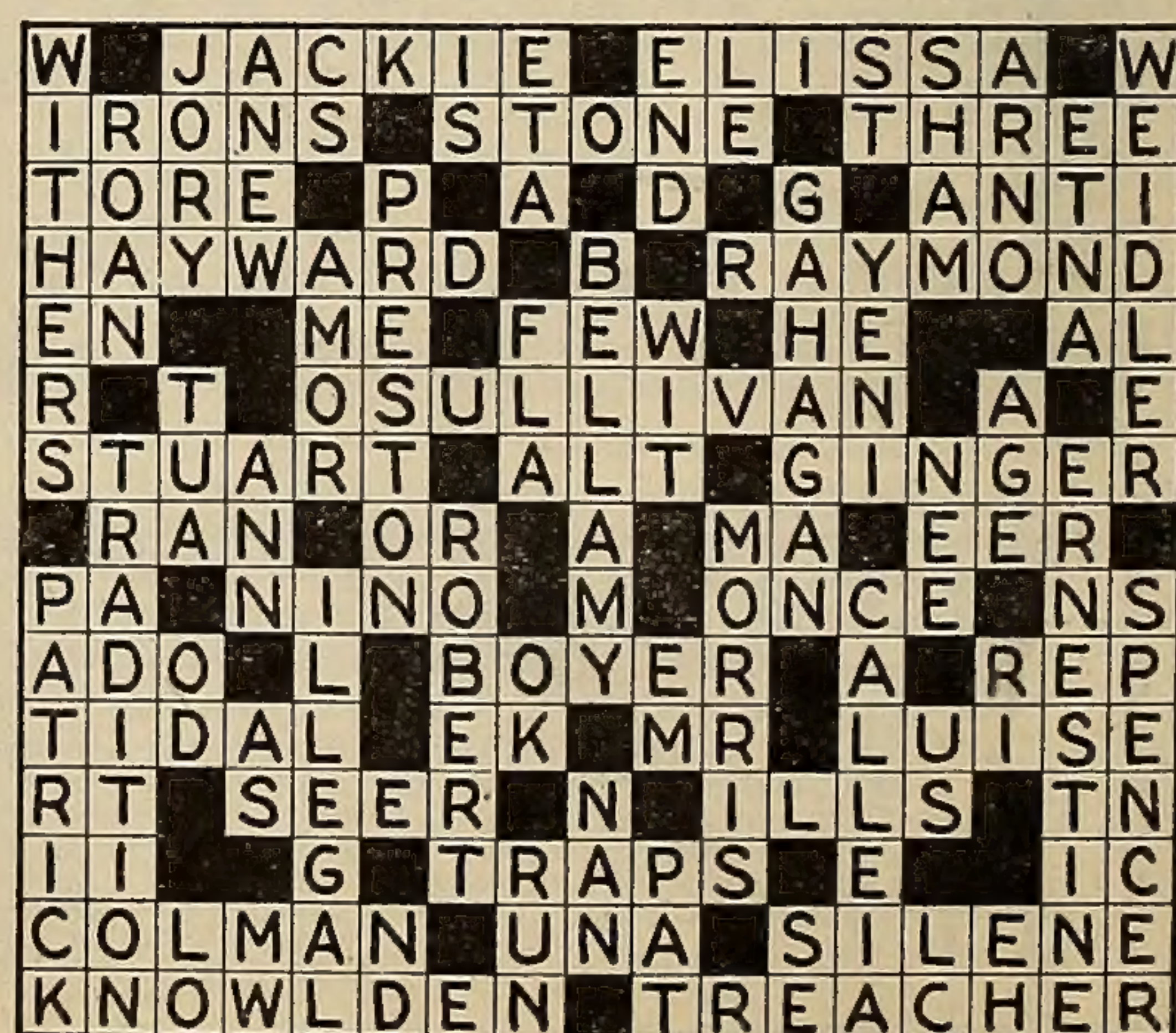
- 1 Star of "Mr. Dynamite"
- 4 Famous director of "The Crusades"
- 11 Ancient name for Ireland
- 15 A sash worn by Japanese women
- 16 They caused a great disturbance on "The Bounty"
- 17 A single unit
- 18 A new foreign actress in "Dressed to Thrill"
- 20 A large radio corporation (abbr.)
- 21 Performs
- 22 To adorn
- 24 He received his B.A. degree at Cornell
- 26 Either
- 27 A denial
- 29 Part of the Bible (abbr.)
- 30 Electrical Engineer (abbr.)
- 31 Star of "The Arizonian"
- 33 Pertaining to military warfare
- 35 Army officers (abbr.)
- 38 Not the same
- 40 An arrangement of troops in the form of steps
- 42 The Supreme Court ruled it unconstitutional (abbr.)
- 43 A mistake
- 44 A thoroughfare (abbr.)
- 45 Exists
- 47 Female sheep (pl.)
- 49 A plot of ground
- 51 Of (Sp.)
- 52 Identical
- 55 To make a blustering sound
- 56 He was the duke in "Naughty Marietta"
- 60 The farmer in "The Farmer Takes a Wife"
- 61 A North American thrush
- 63 A mode of transportation (abbr.)
- 64 Arthur Russell in "Alice Adams"
- 69 A prefix
- 70 The organs of vision
- 73 A runner used in sliding over snow.
- 74 Snake-like fish
- 75 Semi-circular recess of a church
- 77 One of our summer pests
- 78 Father
- 79 A small compartment used as a sleeping place

DOWN

- 1 She portrayed "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"
- 2 A musical wind instrument
- 3 King Richard in "The Crusades"
- 4 We have missed this comedian
- 5 At one time Mrs. Jack Dempsey (initials)
- 6 Deep mud
- 7 Intimately associated (abbr.)
- 8 Page of a book
- 9 The (Fr.)
- 10 Eccentric
- 12 She gets her big chance in "Way Down East"
- 13 To the inside of
- 14 A cosy retreat

- 19 In place of
- 21 A military aviator who has brought down five opponents
- 23 Mrs. Stephen Ames
- 25 She has been elevated to stardom
- 28 What most actors hope to become
- 31 The "Front Page Woman"
- 32 Into
- 33 Well-known Irish novelist
- 34 To converse in a gossipy manner
- 36 Toward
- 37 Expression of contempt
- 39 A large woody plant
- 41 Always
- 46 Delightfully tasty
- 48 A large Australian bird
- 50 Unwell
- 51 Star of "Page Miss Glory"
- 53 Bachelor of Arts (abbr.)
- 54 Six (Roman)
- 56 A barrier across a water course
- 57 She was born in Rock Island, Ill.
- 58 An ancient harp-like stringed instrument
- 59 A suffix
- 60 A celebrated stage actor appearing in "Alice Adams"
- 62 Now appearing on the stage in London
- 65 A forest tree
- 66 Among (poet.)
- 67 A color
- 68 A white priestly vestment
- 71 Type measure
- 72 Therefore
- 75 One
- 76 Now making "Annie Oakley" (abbr.)

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